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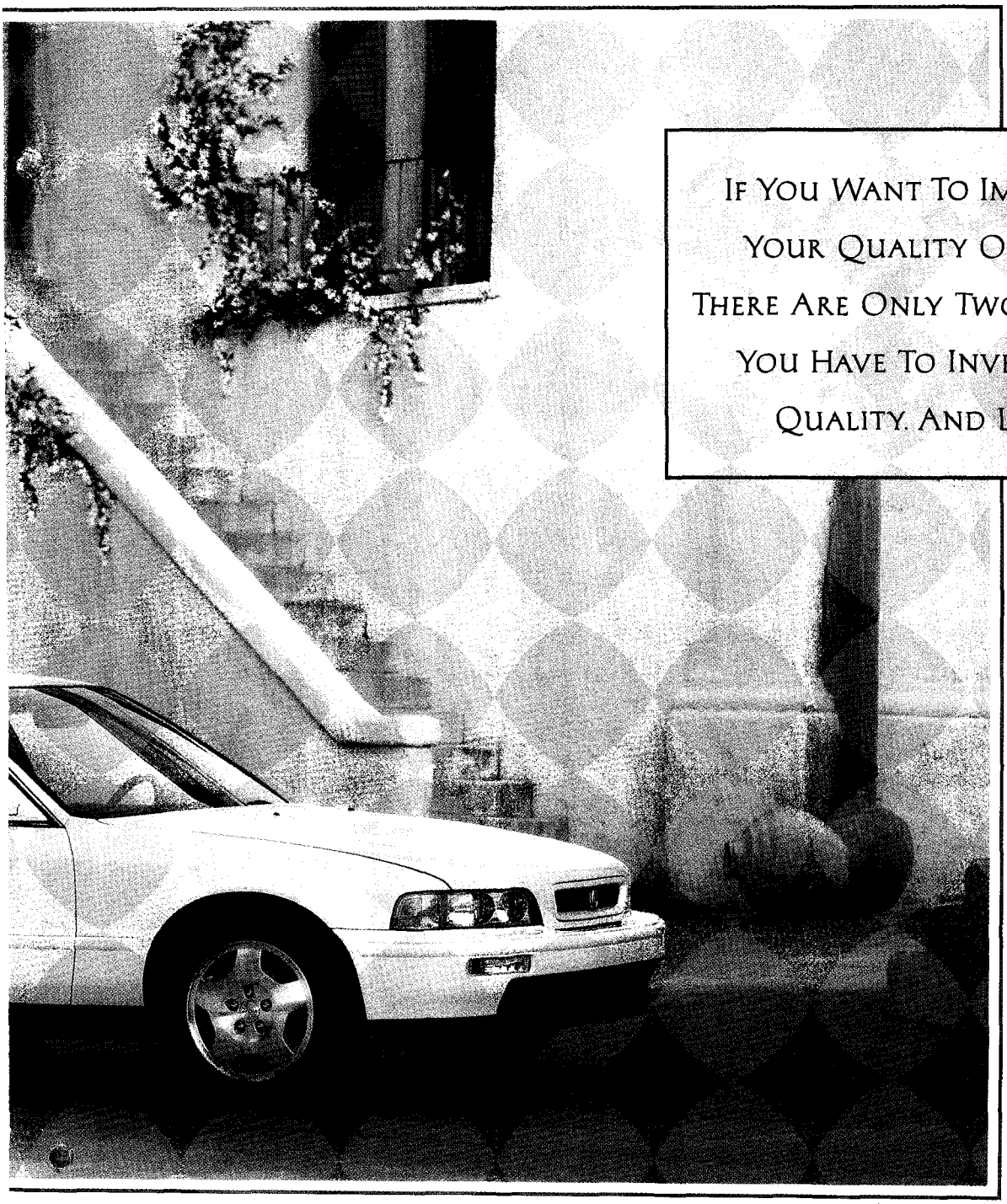

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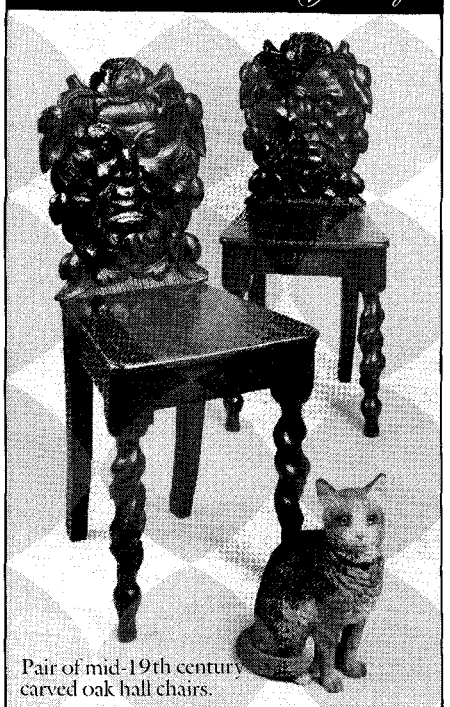

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THE NEW YORKER

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COMMENT

SPY VS. SPY

The Central Intelligence Agency needs more than an overhaul.

R. JAMES WOOLSEY, the Director of Central Intelligence, admitted to a friendly audience at Washington's Center for Strategic and International Studies a couple of weeks ago that things haven't been going too well. There is the incredible but true saga of Aldrich Ames, the C.I.A. officer who until last February, when he got caught, flaunted his K.G.B.-supplied wealth for nearly a decade while betraying the whole of America's spy network inside the Soviet Union. There are angry allegations of sexual discrimination from two hundred previously "hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil" women operatives in the clandestine service. And there have been other annoyances, such as the utter failure of C.I.A. analysts to predict the Soviet Union's demise. Mr. Woolsey's remedy is a time-honored dodge from the bureaucratic manual: the Agency, he announced, has begun a "comprehensive overhaul" of "key structures, programs, and procedures." A preliminary study of the C.I.A.'s clandestine culture which has already been completed, Woolsey said, found that there was indeed gambling on the premises. "It is a culture," the Director summarized, "where a sense of trust and camaraderie within the fraternity can smack of élitism and arrogance."

Smack? Reek is more like it. But Mr. Woolsey, a decent enough fellow caught in a bad spot, is still a new pledge in the frat house—and no freshman, perhaps, can fully grasp how thoroughly trust and camaraderie got mixed up with right and wrong during the long Cold War. C.I.A. officials have dined out for decades on the notion, first promulgated by President Kennedy, in 1961, that "your successes are unheralded—your failures are trumpeted." The reality is more mundane: the vast bulk of the C.I.A.'s successes, as of its failures, are thoroughly known to the press and the public. And those few operations which remain secret are less apt to have been wondrous feats of derring-do than squalid adventures that—barring an extraordinary memoir or two—may never be officially acknowledged or properly investigated.

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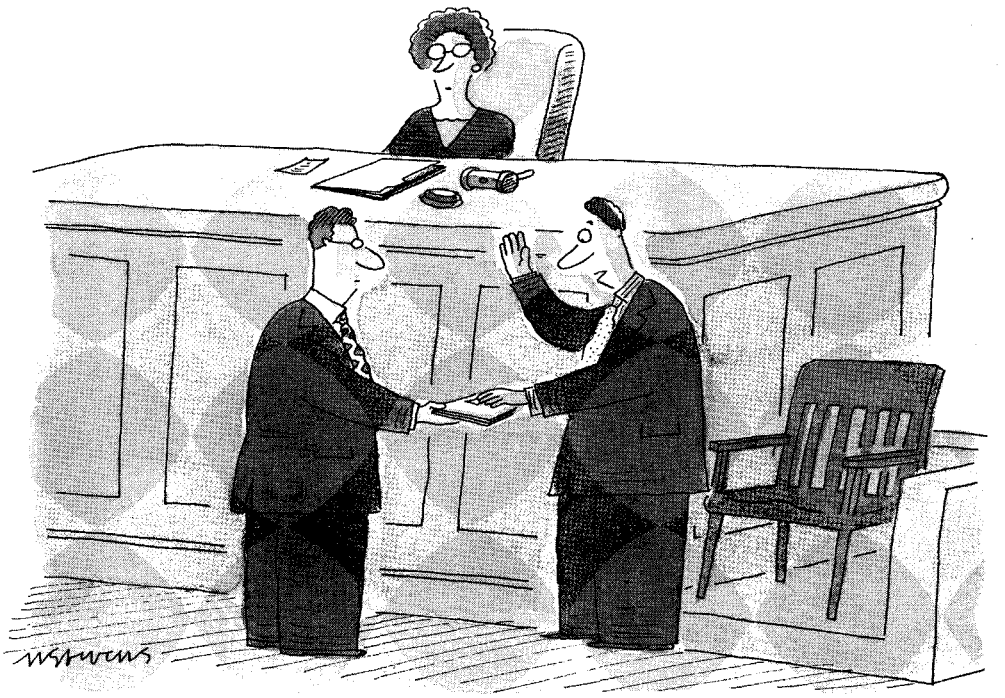
A couple of examples. In early 1966, the highly regarded station chief in Accra, Ghana, under orders, carefully orchestrated a series of cables between himself and C.I.A. headquarters in which a coup d'état against Kwame Nkrumah, the country's fiery populist leader, was proposed and supposedly rejected. (Nkrumah's sins were close ties to Moscow and resistance to the C.I.A.'s entreaties not to establish diplomatic relations with what was still styled Red China.) Meanwhile, via a back channel, the C.I.A.'s men in Accra and Washington repeatedly sought higher approval for the deployment of special C.I.A. operatives who, wearing blackface, would attack and ransack the Chinese Embassy during the chaos of the proposed coup. They were turned down, too, and not just for show. So when the supposedly rejected coup took place, in February, the record of the internal cable traffic revealed only that the station had been instructed not to participate in it. In truth, the station chief, operating under explicit back-channel instructions from Langley, helped a dissident Ghanaian Army colonel overthrow Nkrumah. There was no public hint of American involvement in the coup, which was unexpectedly bloody. However, the station chief was rewarded with an early promotion, and few C.I.A. operatives in Africa failed to understand what had happened.

Years later, a C.I.A. officer with responsibility for many small republics during the heyday of African nationalism was under constant pressure from his superiors in Langley to report on any coups that might be in the offing. His monthly trips to African capitals included meetings with opposition leaders, during which he would learn what he could about possible coups. After one such visit, the C.I.A. officer was approached by an opposition leader and told proudly that a coup would take place within days. It was plain, the C.I.A. officer told his superiors, that the opposition had misconstrued his interest as encouragement. Should he warn the country's President, who was far more competent and responsible than the men seeking his overthrow? C.I.A. headquarters said no; any such warning would suggest that the Agency had taken part in the plotting. As it happened, the plotters were arrested shortly before the coup was to take place, and were packed off to an island jail. This C.I.A. officer, too, got a promotion for his good work.

That the moral rot has persisted to the present day was made clear in a brilliant, and little-noted, article by John Walcott and Brian Duffy in the July 4th issue of *U.S. News & World Report*. The article, which focussed on the C.I.A.'s clandestine service, concluded that the C.I.A. had been "plagued by incompetence, corruption, cover-ups and an embarrassing string of intelligence failures." The clandestine service was depicted as being full of ambitious men who routinely claimed bogus intelligence recruitments and filed bogus reports, which is to say practiced bureaucratic fraud as a way of life.

To what end? It is pretty evident now that the C.I.A., betrayed by Aldrich Ames and others, lost its intelligence war against its often equally bumbling and venal Soviet counterpart. The K.G.B. knew something, sometimes everything, about most of the C.I.A.'s major covert operations against Mother Russia. Yet the endless plots and counterplots, for all the suffering they caused around the world and all the damage they did to the openness of American society, turned out to be perfectly irrelevant to the Cold War's outcome—the collapse of Communism and the victory, if that is the right word, of the West. It does not take a strategic genius to draw the obvious conclusion about the world-historical importance of spy-vs.-spy machinations.

The Cold War is over, but we are stuck with a clandestine service that is decayed, demoralized, and probably inconsequential. Mr. Woolsey says that it can be reviewed, studied, and, presumably, fixed. That seems doubtful. In a Washington *Post* essay Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose knowledge of intelligence activities is as extensive as his anti-Communist credentials are solid, recently depicted the failure of the C.I.A.'s reporting on Russia, which had relied on clandestine sources, as "all-important" and "defining." He added, "There is the record. And what are we going to do about it? Nothing. The system makes a president feel omniscient. A daily digest of SECRETS that no one knows but him and his closest associates. That the secrets so frequently turn out to be wrong, even disastrously misleading, is something for the next fellow to worry about." The Senator's remedy is neither comprehensive overhauls nor cultural studies. It is abolition, and it ought to be tried. —SEYMOUR M. HERSH



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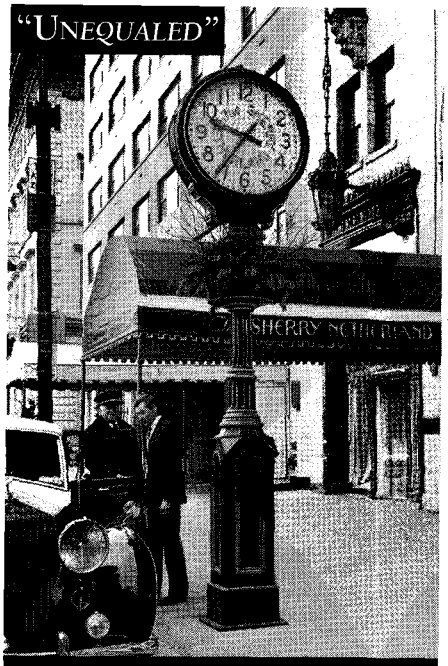

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I found Roger Angell's answer to the question "What makes a *New Yorker* story?" ("Storyville," June 27 & July 4) fascinating. I also recalled the times I had first come upon the work of favorite writers in the magazine. Ironically, however, it was not any of the pieces of fiction in this special issue that made me write this letter; instead, I found myself turning again and again to those startling black-and-white photographs by Richard Avedon, which, in their depiction of your authors, capture much of the warmth, charm, pain, and pathos of the fiction they have published in your pages. For a long time, I couldn't comprehend my fascination with the photographs, but, finally, staring at those reassuring faces, I realized that I was holding something I'd never had: a family portrait.

WILLIAM FERAS
Voorhees, N.J.

Thanks for the news that my favorite novelist is almost broke ("Moby Dick in Manhattan," by James B. Stewart). I had assumed that my admiration for James Wilcox was shared by many thousands of readers. If he had written nothing else, "Sort of Rich" would place me in his debt forever. Can't wait for "Moby Dick in Manhattan"—the idea of an overweight forty-year-old homosexual and a seventy-year-old straight man in the hands of Wilcox can't help making a good story. Keep it up, Jim.

REID AUSTIN
Santa Fe, N.M.

Surely Mr. Stewart goes too far in suggesting that James Wilcox has been deprived of free choice by the Philistines of the publishing world. The need for writers to earn a living by means other than writing is nothing new. Consider Trollope, a prolific producer of high-quality novels despite his job with the British postal service. And what about Faulkner in his menial all-night job in a boiler room? Mr. Wilcox, despite his admirable dedication, is no pioneer of literary sacrifice. For at least one of his novels he received a Guggenheim grant. Let's not extend victimology to those who freely choose their vocations.

C. W. GRIFFIN
Honolulu, Hawaii

I promise I'll buy one of James Wilcox's novels, probably "Sort of Rich," and if I like it I'll buy more. I am able to go out and buy Wilcox's books because I teach at two colleges year-round. I also advise on student publications, and tutor. I do this partly because I enjoy teaching but also because I like to write poetry, and if Mr. Stewart and Mr. Wilcox think the market for literary fiction is bad they ought to take a look at the market—and I use the word loosely—for poetry. Surely Mr. Wilcox could condescend to teach a couple of fiction seminars per semester. He'd still have plenty of time to write. And he could get a new crown!

ED MEEK
Milton, Mass.

The Comment in the double fiction issue contains the following: "Yet fiction . . . always has been, and always will be, as essential to the body and soul of *The New Yorker* as essays and reporting, reviews and cartoons."

Was that a slap or a slip? As one of the poets you have published over

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the decades with apparent pride, I take offense at our exclusion and all that it implies.

JAMES MERRILL
New York City

As a longtime reader of best-sellers, I greatly enjoyed Anthony Lane's book review "The Top Ten." Having already read seven of the Top Ten, I found it interesting and rather amusing that I agreed, for the most part, with his criticisms. It gives my ego a boost to discover that maybe I, a badly educated product of the backwoods of Mississippi, am not too bad a judge of current fiction.

GARVIN WORRELL
Hazlehurst, Miss.

Mr. Lane poses the question, Do people who habitually read best-sellers know the difference between good and bad books? Most of us choose books by word of mouth, advertising, the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the best-seller list. The stamp of the best-seller gives us some clue to which of the thousands of new titles a year might be satisfying to read while sitting on the bus or in a doctor's waiting room. If it's good, so much the better. Voracious, critical readers are everywhere, like good, critical cooks, but many of us don't mind a chili dog as a change from vitello marsala.

ROBIN H. RAY
Somerville, Mass.

I want to thank Anthony Lane for validating my opinion of "The Bridges of Madison County." Until I read his "The Top Ten," I had kept my reaction to this best-seller in a brown paper bag.

CLARA M. GLASSER
Miami Beach, Fla.

In a minor slip in Adam Gopnik's otherwise wonderful "The Great Deflater," Mr. Gopnik quotes a passage that reminds him of the charge that Thurber's work is misogynistic. However, in the passage it is clear that Thurber is primarily turning the gun on himself. In any case, it is fundamentally irrelevant to the lasting nature of Thurber's work. Misogyny won't make his work fade; it only indicates that Thurber didn't live in an age when writers were expected to have responsible gender attitudes. In Mr. Gopnik's desire to show his sensitivity to women's role in society, he briefly became insensitive to Thurber and his work. Great art has nothing to do with our petty moralizing.

WILLIAM HUHN
New York City

In 1934, at age twelve, I saw a copy of Joseph Moncure March's "The Wild Party" on the neighbors' bookshelf. I took it home without their knowledge and hid it in a bureau drawer, under my socks. I read and reread it, and, weeks later, undetected, put it back. I never forgot the first few lines, or the fact that Queenie hung her brassiere-too-soiled-to-wear on the doorknob, or the last line, "And the cops rushed in." It is a pleasure to meet these characters again and to see what they looked like.

JEAN SIMS
Merion Station, Pa.

I am writing to protest the pornographic drawings in "The Wild Party." They certainly do not add anything to the so-called story. You remind me of nothing so much as misbehaving boys on a playground shouting, "Nyaah, nyaah! You can't stop me!" The courts have ruled that you can print dirty pictures if you want to. But why do you want to?

GERALD F. KERCHER
Quaker Hill, Conn.

Forewarned by Nicholson Baker, in "Subsoil," and knowing that life too often imitates art, I escaped. The ivy that climbs decoratively outside my ivory-tower office today entered the room between gothic stone and leaded pane and—quietly, of course—advanced a foot *straight toward me*. I glanced up from reading about livery of seisin and other quaint medievalisms, spotted the plant, thought of Mr. Baker, and fled, not into the closet but to the relative safety of the faculty lounge.

MICHAEL A. HELLER
University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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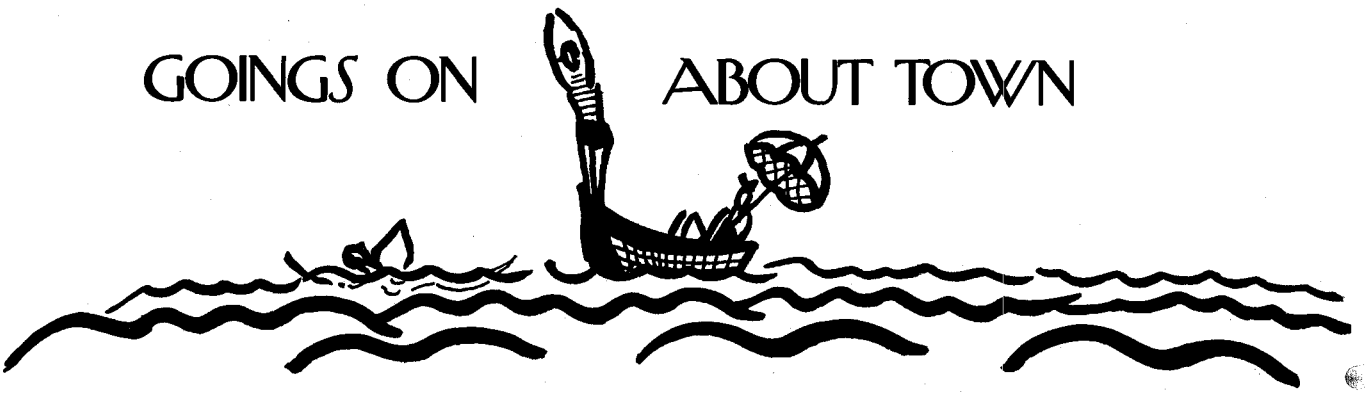

THE THEATRE

Danger Ahead

If a rather hapless Philip Marlowe were chasing villains from Rocky and Bullwinkle and they all shared an apartment with Tom Robbins, the result would be something like "The Continuing Adventures of Dick Danger," a very funny late-night serial that balances really good theatre with chaos. The show, at the Kraine Theatre (85 East 4th Street), is now beginning its thirty-sixth story line, "Dick Pulls Out," which edges into Agatha Christie territory: Dick is on the Transcontinental Express from England to Istanbul when he uncovers an evil plan by A Man Named X to abscond with the Velveeta-cheese fortune. The plot, however, is of only minor significance. What's more important is the group of terrific actors in witty costumes, who take on every pop-culture stereotype around, with occasional breaks for sponsor advertisements and a raffle.

Chris Boal, the creator of "Dick Danger," writes a new episode every two weeks. (He's also written more traditional plays, one of which was shown at the 1992 Edinburgh Festival.) Since there's not much time for rehearsals, some of the laughs are unplanned. "Generally, what the audience thinks are ad libs I wrote and what they think I wrote are ad libs," Mr. Boal notes. Either way, the audience is laughing too hard to care, caught up in what the playwright describes as "a romp for the subconscious, riffing off whatever deep-seated strangenesses are there."

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Adrian Hall is the director of this New York Shakespeare Festival production of the Bard's comedy. Previews begin Aug. 9. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about free tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

Village Light Opera Group—With members of London's Philbeach Society, in Rodgers and Hart's "The Boys from Syracuse." Three performances only: Aug. 4-6 at 8. (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200.)

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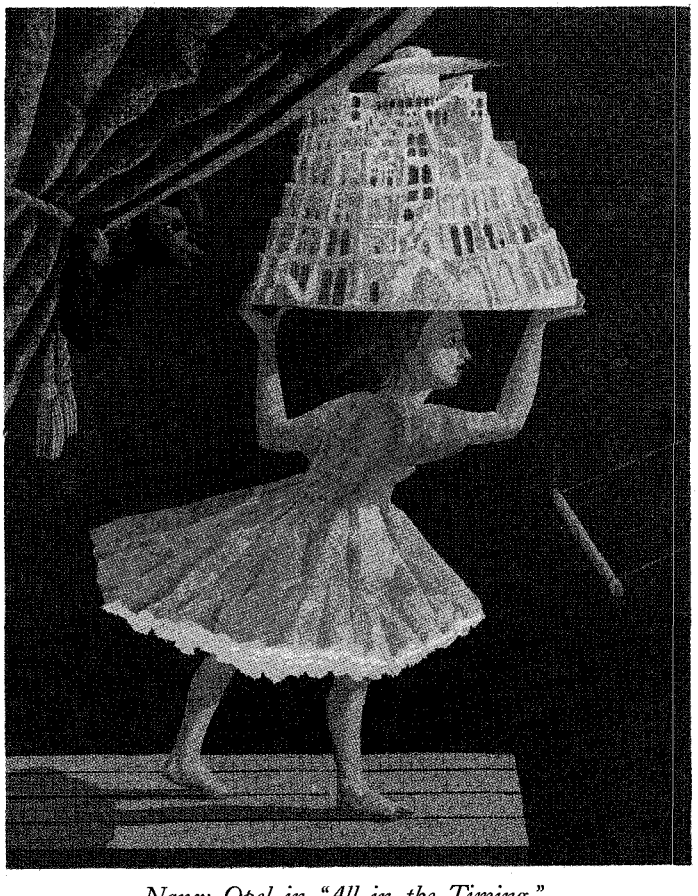
OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—Six sparkling short plays by David Ives add up to one enchanted evening. Ives and the deft director, Jason McConnell Buzas, are wonderfully served by their actors, especially Robert Stanton and Nancy Opel. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)



PETER MALONE

Nancy Opel in "All in the Timing."

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's Broadway money-spinner, adapted from the animated-film version, has a few moments of solid-gold theatrical amazement: the showstopping "Be Our Guest" production number and the Beast's transformation into the Prince. Directed by Robert Jess Roth. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/2/94.) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100.)

Carousel—Nicholas Hytner's authoritative direction combines with Bob Crowley's inspired sets to transplant the National Theatre's 1993 smash hit onto the Vivian Beaumont stage. Bold, beautiful, and controversial, this multicultural reinterpretation launches Rodgers and Hammerstein toward the twenty-first century. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Continuing Adventures of Dick Danger—A late-night serial, on Fridays and Saturdays at 11. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. For information about tickets, call 496-0459.)

Damn Yankees—The big musical hit of 1955 is back, in its first Broadway revival, with Victor Garber as the Devil and Bebe Neuwirth as Lola. George Abbott and Douglass Wallop's book has been jarringly updated by the director, Jack O'Brien (with the help of the hundred-and-six-year-old Mr. Abbott). But the cast delivers Richard Adler and Jerry Ross's music with sporty energy, and Rob Marshall has created some lively dance numbers. (4/4/94) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.)

Grease!—The talented cast and the inventive production team show off the gleeful phonyness of Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey's musical with unembarrassed affection, and the result is a fun fake that's not trying to pass as the real thing. Rosie O'Donnell is very likable as the tough-talking Rizzo, and Billy Porter blows the lid off the joint with his Little Richard-like rendition of "Beauty School Dropout." Jeff Calhoun directed and choreographed. (5/30/94) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

Hedda Gabler—An unintelligible production of Ibsen's play, set, for no apparent reason, in America in the late forties. As Hedda, Kelly McGillis shows a lot of naked dentition and tosses her head around as if she were straining at an invisible bit. Jeffrey DeMunn's hyperactive performance as her abstracted academic husband seems to have been inspired by "The Nutty Professor." Laura Linney and Patricia Conolly give good supporting performances, but they have nothing to support. Directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400. Closes Aug. 7.)

Hysterical Blindness and Other

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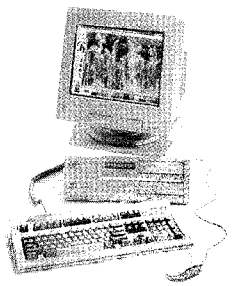

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THE THEATRE–Cont'd

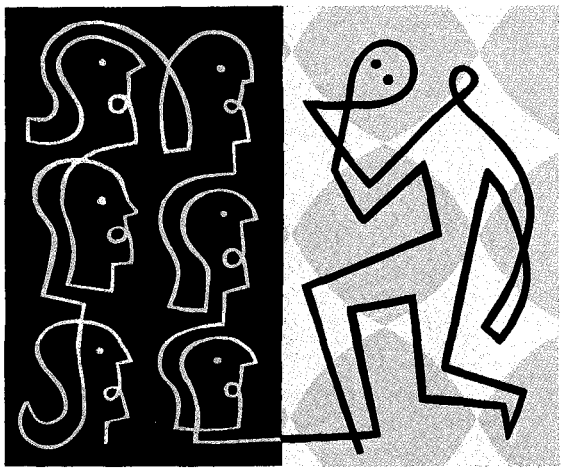
SOUTHERN TRAGEDIES THAT HAVE PLAGUED MY LIFE THUS FAR—An autobiographical musical-comedy revue written by, and starring, Leslie Jordan. It's a tale of growing up Tennessean, thespian, and gay. (Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555.)

AN INSPECTOR CALLS—J. B. Priestley's 1945 mystery is not really a play—it's a speech, about every man's link to every other man. The fine cast, which includes Kenneth Cranham, Philip Bosco, and Jane Adams, has ideas, not actions, to play. Directed by Stephen Daldry. (5/16/94) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

JACKIE MASON: POLITICALLY INCORRECT—A former rabbi from a family of rabbis, Mason uses the stage as his bully pulpit. Behind his shtick, which is sometimes vulgar but always funny, is a fundamentalist disgust at the world's fraud, wickedness, hypocrisy, and inhumanity. (4/25/94) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

OUR TOWN—The National Asian-American Theatre Company presents Thornton Wilder's play. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. Closes Aug. 6. For information about tickets, call 675-0767.)

PASSION—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine's listless epistolary musical, in which the main characters spend much of their time singing love letters to and from each other. Jere Shere and Marin Mazzie are in fine voice as a dashing soldier and his



lover, and Donna Murphy gives a stunning performance as Fosca, the predatory heroine. Lapine, who wrote the libretto, directed. (5/23/94) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

SANCTIFYING GRACE—Colin Quinn, actor and standup comedian, is doing a humorous one-man excavation of his old Irish neighborhood in Brooklyn. He offers up a brutally funny portrait of a block where alcohol, drugs, and regret are bountiful. Quinn co-wrote the piece with Lou DiMaggio. Robert Moresco directed. (Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. 757-3318. Closes Aug. 7.)

SHANGO DE IMA—Choral singing, dancing, live percussion, and a colorful set inflect this Yoruban mystery play, creating a celebratory mood that aptly expresses its Afro-Cuban religious roots. Written by Pepe Carril. (Nuyorican Poets Café, 236 E. 3rd St. 465-3167. Closes Aug. 28.)

STOMP—A group of eight British rhythm specialists who use unconventional percussion instruments. The noise is terrific. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

SUBURBIA—Eric Bogosian holds up a mirror to a group of angry and aimless twenty-somethings who hang out in the parking lot of a 7-Eleven, and asks, "What's wrong with kids today?" The answers, alas, are predictable and unilluminating. With Steve Zahn, as a whacked-out dervish of free-floating manic energy, and Josh Hamilton, Wendy Hoopes, and Martha Plimpton. Directed by Robert Falls. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Aug. 28.)

THAT'S LIFE!—A seriocomic revue about the variety of Jewish life in America. Thirteen composers and lyricists collaborated on the twenty musical numbers. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000.)

THREE TALL WOMEN—A moving, poetic play by Edward Albee, which is dominated by the huge, heroic performance of Myra Carter. Jordan Baker and the droll and delightful Marian Seldes are also in the cast. Directed by Lawrence Sacharow. (5/16/94) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

ANGELS IN AMERICA: "Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika." (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.) . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **FAMILY SECRETS:** Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN:** Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **LAUGHTER ON THE 23RD FLOOR:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. (Closes Aug. 27.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

DANCE

FELD BALLETS/NY—The opening performances of a two-week engagement include "Consort," "Kore," "Ogive" (preview of a première), and "Wolfgang Strategies." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Aug. 8-9 at 8. Through Aug. 20.)

NETA PULVERMACHER AND DANCERS / ZVI GOTHEINER AND DANCERS—The former will present "Five Beds/Children of the Dream"; the latter, "Other Marches." (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 4 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

LOS MUÑEQUITOS DE MATANZAS—A group of thirteen percussionists, singers, and dancers from Cuba. (Prospect Park Band Shell, Prospect Park W. at 9th St., Brooklyn. Aug. 6 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

PILAR RIOJA—The renowned flamenco dancer in an extended engagement. The program includes two new works, "Sixth Dance" and "Ritmos," plus two Andalusian folk songs, "Café de Chinitas" and "El Vito." (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Aug. 9 at 8. Through Aug. 21.)

OUT OF TOWN

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Aug. 3-4 at 8, Aug. 5 at 8:30, and Aug. 6 at 2 and 8:30: Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company. . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 7, Aug. 5 at 8, Aug. 6 at 5, and Aug. 7 at 7: ODC/San Francisco. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 8: Martha Graham Dance Company. Through Aug. 13. (Becket, Mass. 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

Heartbreaker

"I CAN'T make you love me if you don't," Bonnie Raitt sings in a gorgeous ballad from her 1991 album, "Luck of the Draw." But the truth is that Raitt is a woman who commands affection. In 1990, almost two decades after the singer's début recording established her as a musician's musician and a critics' darling, her grand-slam victory at the Grammy Awards was the feel-good story of the year. "Nick of Time," the LP that earned her three of those four statuettes, had already been celebrated as an artistic triumph; after the Grammys, the album, which was produced by Don Was, shot up to No. 1 on the pop chart. "Draw" followed suit, garnering still more tributes to the singer's long-overdue, hard-won commercial success.

Of course, what makes Raitt's fans love her is more than the poetic justice of her story. Rarely do style and substance merge as gloriously as they do in Raitt's warm, whiskey-kissed vocals. She could teach Whitney and Mariah volumes about the power of subtlety and restraint. She's equally impressive on slide guitar, and has never had trouble attracting topnotch collaborators. The recently released "Longing in Their Hearts" is her third album with Was, and, like its predecessors, it boasts some of the finest blues and R. & B. players in the business. Raitt has described the first single, "Love Sneaking Up on You," as a funk tune. "It makes you wanna do the wild thing," she says. "That's why I do this for a living—to break people's hearts and do the wild thing." At Radio City on August 3 and 4, she'll no doubt get us all hot and bothered.

CONCERTS

LOLLAPALOOZA 1994—The fourth annual edition arrives in town, with the Smashing Pumpkins, the Beastie Boys, George Clinton and the P-Funk All-Stars, the Breeders, A Tribe Called Quest, Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, L7, Green Day, Luscious Jackson, and others. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Aug. 5-6 at 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

MORPHINE / JUNIOR BROWN—An inspired double bill. Morphine is a power trio with a twist: it has no guitar player—just a drummer, a sax player, and a two-string bassist/vocalist. The band's skeletal instrumentation might sound like a drawback, but Morphine takes full advantage of its sonic limitations, weaving monstrous riffs in and around singer Mark Sandman's eerily sinister baritone. / Kirksville, Indiana,'s own Junior Brown is the hippest country act around: a great poker-faced singer and hot-shot guitarist who sings the praises of his "Hillbilly Hula Gal" while tossing off burning solos on a thingamajig he calls a "guit-steel"—a custom-made hybrid of an electric guitar and a lap steel. This is country music for people who hate country music. (Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, mid-Park at 72nd St. Aug. 6 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

LAURA LJUNGKVIST

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JOHN MELLENCAMP—Mellencamp is the Jeff Bridges of rock stars: instantly recognizable, consistently solid, and often inspired, but too much of a regular guy to have created the sort of larger-than-life mystique required of a true pop icon. Like Bridges, the singer-songwriter has let his work speak for itself, and the modest radiance of Mellencamp's heartland rock is now being echoed by a number of Generation X bands, who grew up on songs like "Jack and Diane" and "Pink Houses." The small-town singer's current album, "Dance Naked," is particularly lean and unpretentious, and his live shows always rock. The group Texas will open. (Jones Beach Theatre. 1-516 221-1000. Aug. 8-9 at 8.)

CLASSICAL JAZZ—Lincoln Center's annual summer jazz series. Aug. 3: "Live from Lincoln Center: The City of Jazz." As hodgepodges go, a lineup rarely gets more dazzling than this: Wynton Marsalis's septet, the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, Doc Cheatham, Gerry Mulligan, Harry (Sweets) Edison, and the Roy Hargrove quintet, among others.... ¶ Aug. 4: "Tenor on Top." On paper, this combination looks wonderful: the brilliant writer/arranger/saxophonist Jimmy Heath will lead a big band that features the equally brilliant tenorist Joe Henderson. The only problem is that Henderson's languid and poetic sound isn't fashioned to cut through a large ensemble. Wynton Marsalis and the Heath Brothers are on hand to pinch-hit.... ¶ Aug. 5: "Art Farmer: Autobiography in Soul and Swing." Not only is the poised and lyrical trumpeter and flugelhornist one of the supreme stylists in jazz history but he has also had the good sense to surround himself with many of the best musicians of the day. Some of Farmer's cohorts for this concert include Benny Golson, Jim Hall, Gerry Mulligan, and Ron Carter, as well as (surprise) Wynton Marsalis.... ¶ Aug. 6: "Cornet Kings Before Armstrong: The New Orleans Music of Buddy Bolden, King Oliver, and Freddie Keppard." Clarinettist and musicologist Michael White salutes the men who made the music happen; with Wynton Marsalis, bassist Reginald Veal, drummer Herlin Riley, and others.... ¶ Aug. 7: "Battle Royale: Altos and Trombones." A cutting session is like a boxing match—you want things to get ugly. The saxophonists include two incomparable dyed-in-the-wool bop players, Phil Woods and Charles McPherson, going up against two young ones, Jesse Davis and Wes Anderson; the trombone segment features hard-bopper Curtis Fuller and swing master Al Grey facing down Ronald Westray. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. Concerts at 8.)

BONNIE RAITT—With Bruce Hornsby. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Aug. 3-4 at 8.)

CHICAGO—With Roscoe Martinez. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 5 at 8.)

"A HARLEM HOMECOMING"—Maurice Hines, the Diva Big Band, and the Boys Choir of Harlem. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 650-7100. Aug. 5 at 8; Aug. 6 at 2 and 8; and Aug. 7 at 3, a benefit.)

MICHAEL BOLTON—With Celine Dion. (Jones Beach Theatre. Aug. 6-7 and Aug. 10 at 8.)

NIMA—The London-based singer, with Rikki Jai (from Trinidad) and XLNC (also from the U.K.) in an afternoon of music of the Indian diaspora. (Central Park SummerStage. Aug. 7 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

THE ISLEY BROTHERS—With Angela Winbush. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Aug. 7 at 7.)

JULIUS HEMPHILL SEXTET—Sculpture Garden, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. 1-718 638-5000. Aug. 7 at 3.

RICHIE HAVENS—Alice Tully Hall. Aug. 9 at 8:30.

CLUBS

BLARNEY STAR, 43 Murray St. (732-2873)—On Aug. 3: an evening of Irish concertina music with **NOEL HILL.**

KARI KROLL

Morphine at Central Park SummerStage and at the Mercury Lounge.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Decent sight lines, great greasy food, prodigiously talented waitresses, and a consistent roster of high-quality acts. On Aug. 3: **SHADOWFAX** appears. **ROCKAPELLA** offers doo-wop pop on Aug. 4. On Aug. 5, catch **FAIRPORT CONVENTION,** the legendary British Celtic-folk band that gave the world Richard Thompson.

CAFÉ SIN-É, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—On Aug. 6, **JOSEPH PARSONS** and **BOBBY RADCLIFF** light up this tiny peach-colored storefront.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—On Aug. 3, a sampling of San Diego rock, with **RUST** and **INCH.** Both bands are about as original as their names. They sound as if they were nursed on guitars and predigested leather, but we're not complaining: it's a formula that makes for solid, high-fibre grunge.... ¶ Next door, at CB's Gallery, the amusing Canadian band **MOXY FRÜVOUS** swings by on Aug. 5-6.

DON HILL'S, 511 Greenwich St. (219-2850)—A tidy little West Village bar with an above-average P.A. system and docket full of topnotch local bands.

DUPLEX, 61 Christopher St., at Seventh Ave. (255-5438)—Everyone is a star here—the pianist, the bartender, the waiters, and the audience. Wigstock impresario the **LADY BUNNY** continues her extended run.

FLANNERY'S, 205 W. 14th St. (929-9589)—A well-scrubbed, amiable Irish pub with many of the classic features (pints of Guinness, non-stop TV sports) and a few of the near-classics (a CD jukebox, a portrait of Elvis).

LIMELIGHT, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. On Aug. 9, the fabulous, hyena-voiced **NINA HAGEN** is here with alternative-rockers **CERTAIN DISTANT SUNS.** Wednesday night is Disco 2000.

LUDLOW STREET CAFÉ, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—An unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can drink cheap and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

MANNY'S CAR WASH, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—**MARK HUMMEL & THE BLUES SURVIVORS** are in on Aug. 3. On Aug. 5: the **BILL PERRY BLUES BAND.**

MAXWELL'S, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—Many of the bands that play here today will be playing somewhere more expensive tomorrow. Postmodern popsters **GUMBALL** play on Aug. 4, with **RUST.**

MERCURY LOUNGE, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—Downtown's newest little club that could. Beyond the long bar, you'll find a dimly lit room with a small stage that's been playing host to some very hip rock acts. On Aug. 6: **FIVE CHINESE BROTHERS.** The Brothers formed more than a decade ago at Columbia University (as the Special Guests) and have since become local heroes and one of smart pop's great journeyman acts. Think Squeeze or Crowded House, only louder, looser, bluesier—more American. On Aug 7, don't miss the excellent **MORPHINE.** Former dB **PETER HOLSAPPLE** sits in on Aug. 9.

NELL'S, 246 W. 14th St. (675-1567)—A Victorian-style club, home to an eclectic crowd of downtown youngsters dancing to throbbing funk and techno-pop.

PADDY REILLY'S MUSIC BAR, 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210)—**BLACK 47** usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. **HUGH MASEKELA** and Malian singer **OUMOU SANGARE** continue through Aug. 4. Beginning Aug 9: African sax-and-keyboard giant **MANU DIBANGO.** Anyone who missed Dibango's performance last week at Central Park SummerStage should make plans to attend this very special gig by the godfather of African pop. Dibango first tickled American ears in 1972, when he had a hit with "Soul Makossa." His excellent new record, "Wakafrika," is something of a greatest-hits collection and features such unlikely guests as Sinéad O'Connor, along with the obligatory appearance by Peter Gabriel, whose epic dirge "Biko" is reinterpreted with a blast of pure Cameroonian fire. Closed Sundays. Dining.

SUPPER CLUB, 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940)—Upstairs at this gilt and lamé club is the Blue Room, a plush little nook with celestial wallpaper, far from the midtown racket. Thursday nights belong to **GIANT STEP,** a roving collective of musicians, rappers, and d.j.s who mix jazz, funk, and hip-hop.

TRAMPS, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—This broad, spacious, and agreeable club offers a consistent lineup of blues greats. On Aug. 3, an appearance by blues heavy turned soft-rock maestro **ELVIN BISHOP,** who fooled around and fell in love back in 1975. On Aug. 5, local faves **URBAN BLIGHT** serve up raucous R. & B.-flavored rock and roll. Monday nights, Tramps hosts Soul Kitchen, an evening of seventies R. & B. for devotees of Don Cornelius.

WETLANDS, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A warehouse complex for neo-hippies and other party animals. The **SKATALITES** arrive on Aug. 5. On Aug. 7, check out the Meatmen.

ZANZIBAR, 73 Eighth Ave., at 13th St. (924-9755)—On Aug 4: **ANTON FIG'S SKOLLIE.** Fig is best known as David Letterman's drummer, a position he's held for the past nine years. For this gig, he leads a trio. With bassist Keith Lentin and former Beach Boy Blondie Chaplin.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, weekends to the Freddy Francis trio, and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that also features a tapas bar—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. Through Aug. 6: actor and jazz pianist **MICHAEL MORIARTY,** late of TV's "Law and Order" and Broadway's "My Fair Lady," presents his "Jazz Cabaret '94" revue—a revised version of his acclaimed 1990 show.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—An airy two-tiered space with pastel walls and potted greenery. On Aug 5: the **JOANNE BRACKEEN** quartet, featuring **CECIL MC BEE.** Sunday evenings belong to **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS.** Dining.

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Singer **ANGELA BOFILL** continues through Aug. 7. Beginning Aug. 9, bop legend **FREDDIE HUBBARD** and his quintet trade sets with **BILL EVANS' PUSH.** Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. The **CHICO FREEMAN** trio is in Aug. 3-6. Beginning Aug. 8, a quartet featuring vibraphonist **STEVE NELSON** and pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** appears. Dining.

CAJUN, 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174)—A New Orleans-style restaurant specializing in Dixieland and swing. On Fridays, catch the Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues band. Saturdays belong to the New Atlantic Jazz band.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In Bemelmans Bar, the excellent **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano.

THE COOLER, 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785)—Deep in the heart of the meat district, an authentic old locker has been converted into a comfortable lavender and stainless-steel paradise. *On Aug. 6:* **LUBRICATED GOAT** and **TRIPHAMMER** headline a night of experimental noise. Aug. 7: A benefit for saxophonist Marion Brown. Scheduled to appear are **MAX ROACH, DAVID MURRAY, PHAROAH SANDERS, RASHIED ALI,** and the **HAMIET BLUIETT** trio, among others. The Cooler will be closed for summer vacation Aug. 8-24.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **CLAUDIO RODITI** quintet is here through Aug. 7. The **RICHIE COLE** quintet starts an engagement on Aug. 9. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

FEZ, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden below the Time Café. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is a fine spot to take in a show. On Aug. 6, don't miss the **DAVID TRONZO** trio. Tronzo is some kind of a mad scientist, having spliced together two completely disparate idioms—slide guitar and bebop jazz. On a bad night, he sounds like Duane Allman grafted onto Charlie Parker. On a good night, he's like nothing you've ever heard before. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday.

FIVE SPOT, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Aug 5-6: **JAREESE,** an R. & B.-flavored quintet. Dining.

IRIDIUM, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—The **CINDY BLACKMAN** quintet is here on Aug. 5-6. Aggressive, controlled, and increasingly musical, Blackman reminds us that women drummers can swing a band into exhaustion, too. Judging by her recordings, Blackman's philosophy holds that if you've got something to say, say it loud. Starting Aug. 9: **KENNY DREW, JR.**

IRVING PLAZA, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Every Sunday, this former burlesque theatre is home to the Swing Dance Society, a New York cottage industry that devotes itself to the preservation of the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, and a piano. **PETE MALINVERNI** appears through Aug. 6, accompanied by **BEN ALLISON** on Aug. 5-6.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—On Aug 3: downtown oddity **ELIOTT SHARP** presents a night of twisted guitar music. On Aug. 8: **TIM BERNE'S BLOOD COUNT** arrives.

LE MADELEINE, 403 W. 43rd St. (246-2993)—Every Sunday evening, guitar great **GENE BERTONCINI** lights up this cozy Hell's Kitchen bistro with his simmering melodicism and chordal grace. Monday nights feature **JOHN WALLOWITCH** and **BERTRAM ROSS.**

METROPOLIS, 31 Union Square W. (675-2300)—On Aug. 5-6: pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and his quintet. A onetime Charlie Parker associate, Bishop sounds just as he should—relaxed, authoritative, and fluent in a bop dialect learned firsthand. Monday nights, catch **CON-TRI-BUTION,** a reggae-tinged jazz collective.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—On Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble. The rest of the week, conductor **LOREN SCHOENBERG** presents "Jazz Show Boat," a duded-up version of the Kern and Hammerstein classic. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **CYBILL SHEPHERD** continues through Aug. 6. The model turned actress turned L'Oréal spokeswoman has been studying music since the sixties and once performed with Stan Getz. Accompanying Shepherd for this engagement, which features rock and blues numbers as well as standards, are pianist Tom Adams, keyboardist Robert Martin, bassist Don Falzone, and drummer Jack J. LeCompte. Closed Mondays.

RED BLAZER TOO, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Thursdays belong to Stan Rubin's big band and Phoebe Légère; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and the Kit McClure sextet; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A jazz outpost where the musicians are always top-shelf. The **RANDY WESTON** quartet plays Aug. 3-7. The pianist has steeped himself in the music of North Africa, but there's still plenty of the Brooklyn bopper left in him. Weston incorporates the jagged pith of Thelonious Monk, the fragrant harmonic tones of Duke Ellington, and the nasty rhythmic edge of Bud Powell; his African leanings come out in the expansiveness and deep, soulful groove that permeate the proceedings. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

TATOU, 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144)—The beautiful people may be gone, but this gaudy room now plays host to fine music seven nights a week. The **NAT JONES** trio entertains every weekend. Dining.

TAVERN ON THE GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—The **TOMMY FLANAGAN** trio continues through Aug. 7. Now sixty-four, Flanagan presides over all of jazz piano. Of a poetic cast, he unreels endlessly supple melodic lines, paying them out at whatever tempo they demand. His up-tempo numbers whip and snap and dazzle, but his slow and medium-tempo ballads move right inside you. The wonderful singer **JIMMY SCOTT** begins an engagement on Aug. 9.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Trumpeter **WALLACE RONEY** fronts a quintet, featuring bassist **RON CARTER,** through Aug. 7. Thwarted thus far by an understandably severe case of hero worship, the gifted Roney will have to kick some butt at this important gig in order to dispel those Miles-clone accusations that plague him like a self-inflicted curse. Beginning Aug. 9: the **LOU DONALDSON** quartet. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

VISIONES, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Saxophonist **WILLIE WILLIAMS** performs on Aug. 5-6. Williams is an alumnus of Arthur Taylor's Wailers, which is to say he swings vigorously, nurturing a sound that's tough and taut enough to pierce a club's walls.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Aug. 6: a trio featuring saxophonist **JED LEVY** and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN.** Begining Aug. 8: pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** starts a one-week run.

ART

Cache and Carry

ART thieves sometimes prove to be an archeologist's best friends. Seven years ago, Peruvian police raided the hideout of an art-theft ring and found a fabulous treasure of gold and silver objects stolen from an adobe pyramid at the village of Sipán. Archeologists identified the loot as artifacts of the pre-Inca civilization known as the Moche. The thieves led them to the pyramid, where they found a series of undisturbed royal tombs dating to the fourth century A.D. It was an incalculably important find, proving that the Moche were one of the world's major ancient civilizations.

Doubters are invited to examine the evidence in a spectacular new exhibition called "Royal Tombs of Sipán," at the American Museum of Natural History (through January 1). The Moche were superb metalsmiths: massive gold and silver necklaces, with beads in the form of peanuts, spiders, and feline gods, are remarkably pure and wrought with exquisite skill. Inevitably, the precious metals steal the show, but the ceramics on display are probably the finest art works in the exhibit. Moche portrait heads speak as eloquently as Roman busts, and a set of zoomorphic jugs brim with wit and charm.

The installation is a model of its kind, instructive without being condescending or dull. The museum has supplemented the exhibit with a full-scale replica of the principal tomb. The curators don't do themselves any favor by comparing the Sipán tombs with the treasure of Tutankhamun—it's not even a close contest—but they are probably right to identify Sipán as the richest burial site ever excavated in the New World.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Four Silk Kashan Rugs." . . . ¶ "Dali: The Early Years." It is fashionable to dismiss the Spanish Surrealist Salvador Dali (1904-1989) as a purveyor of schlock, yet his brilliant, visionary early works are as original and influential as any produced by Surrealism. The nightmarish concupiscence of "William Tell and Gradiva" (1931) is not merely raunchy: it shocks, still. "The Persistence of Memory" (1931), with its famous melting watches, is one of this century's unforgettable images. The show also includes a video installation of scenes from "Un Chien Andalou," Dali's historic collaboration with Buñuel. . . . ¶ "Picasso and the Weeping Women: The Years of Marie-Thérèse Walter and Dora Maar." Some eighty paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Divine Protection: Batak Art of North Sumatra." Seventy primarily wooden works from the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, ranging from a three-inch-square ritual book to puppets. . . . ¶ Twenty-seven paintings by Sidney Nolan (1917-92), an Australian who chronicled the adventures of his countryman Ned Kelly, a nineteenth-century outlaw. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "The Decorative Arts of Frank Lloyd Wright." Furniture,

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ceramics, textiles, sculpture, architectural fragments, photographs, stained glass, metalwork, and drawings. Through Sept. 4. (There is a concurrent show of Wright works at the Guggenheim Museum.) (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Masterpieces from the David and Peggy Rockefeller Collection: Manet to Picasso" includes Cézanne's "Still-Life with Fruit Dish" and Matisse's "Interior with Girl Reading." Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of movie stills, from films ranging from "Intolerance" (1916) to "Danton" (1983). . . . ¶ "Sense and Sensibility: Women Artists and Minimalism in the Nineties" includes seven contemporary women artists who engage aspects of minimalism in a way that recasts the movement's formal problems in terms of femininity and domesticity. In "Color Chart Flat #1" (1993), Rachel Lachowicz parodies Ellsworth Kelly's "Colors for a Large Wall" (1951), itself in the collection of the Modern, using eyeshadow instead of paint. Andrea Zittel's comically spartan "Living Units" combine kitchen, vanity, and sleep stations in a single unit, which folds up into a neat, rather Judd-like box. . . . ¶ "Lee Friedlander: Letters from the People." The subjects of these black-and-white shots are, literally, messages—or parts of messages. Friedlander photographed individual letters of the alphabet and numbers that he came across as he walked the streets, including parts of commercial signs and all sorts of graffiti. . . . ¶ Luc Courchesne's "Family Portrait" is an interactive video-and-computer installation in which the viewer can address set questions via computer to any of the eight people (a group of friends in Marseilles) Courchesne has captured on video. Through Aug. 23. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Oskar Kokoschka, Works on Paper: The Early Years, 1897-1917." This show of the German Expressionist's drawings and watercolors ranges from a sophisticated, conventional *Naturstudie* done at age eleven to a looser, wilder study for a lithograph, "Soldiers Fighting Each Other with Crucifixes" (1917). The exhibit's twenty-year span shows the artist trying on different styles and evolving into a full-blown Expressionist. Also included are color illustrations for a fairy tale Kokoschka wrote called "The Dreaming Boys." Through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ "The Tradition of the New: Post-War Masterpieces from the Guggenheim Collection" doesn't have the élan of a typical Guggenheim show, but taken as a crash course it's very satisfying. An amble up the ramp begins with Abstract Expressionism and ends with minimalism. Detours out of the rotunda include a room devoted to Donald Judd (1928-94) and one to Joseph Beuys (1921-1986), both of whom are well represented in the permanent collection. . . . ¶ "Frank Lloyd Wright's Designs for the Guggenheim Museum." Through Sept. 7. (There is a concurrent show of Wright works at the Metropolitan Museum.) (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6, and Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Rolywholyover A Circus." John Cage (1912-92) took his title from Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" and used, among other things, a computerized version of the "I Ching" to create a circus. Cage said, "The basic idea is that the exhibition would change so much that if you came back a second time, you wouldn't recognize it." It includes a rotating exhibit of work by fifty artists, including Rauschenberg and Joseph Cornell; *enso* scrolls; an interactive computer installation; an object each from the permanent collections of several New York museums; and a media room with a program that is always changing. For schedule information, call 423-3836. Through Aug. 7. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6, and Saturday evenings until 8.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Selected works of Leon Polk Smith, an American abstract painter. . . . ¶ From the museum's contemporary-art collection, an exhibit of paintings by Mark Rothko and Ad Reinhardt, and sculpture by Louise Nevelson, among others. . . . ¶ An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection, samples of twentieth-century decorative arts and industrial design, including studio pottery and an Electrolux vacuum cleaner. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"Bauhaus Workshops: 1919-33." Furniture, metalwork, glass, textiles, and ceramics made by disciples of the German school of architecture and design, including Mies van der Rohe, Josef Albers, and Marianne Brandt. . . . ¶ "Sculptural Concerns: Contemporary American Metalworking." Jewelry, sculpture, and furniture, among other craftwork. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Bard Graduate Center, 18 W. 86th St.—"Cast Iron from Central Europe, 1800-50." During the Napoleonic wars, Prussian women were encouraged to exchange their gold jewelry for iron products to help finance the war; this patriotic effort was one of the reasons for that half century's imaginative use of iron in everything from garden furniture to earrings. Details of production, seen here in lithographs, a scale-model blast furnace, wooden molds, and a roughcast of jewelry, are sprinkled throughout this charming show, which contains more than two hundred decorative cast-iron objects. Through Aug. 7. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.)

The Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum.

BARRY MUNGER

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of more than two hundred paintings and works on paper by Joseph Stella (1877-1946), the American Futurist, who occupies a small but secure niche in the canon of twentieth-century American art. This show emphasizes the immigrant experience; Stella is the perpetual outsider, stranded between the traditions of the old country and the New World. . . . ¶ "Edward Hopper and Jack Pierson: American Dreaming." Two devotees of forlorn, sad-sack Americana. For this installment of the Collection in Context series, the Whitney asked Pierson to curate a show of his own works and works by Hopper (1882-1967), drawing on the museum's extensive Hopper holdings. . . . ¶ "Ideas and Objects: Selected Drawings and Sculptures from the Permanent Collection." Sculptures by fifteen artists, coupled with drawings that relate to the finished works. Through Sept. 4. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Royal Tombs of Sipán." Gold, silver, and gilded copper objects of the Moche, a pre-Inca civilization of northern Peru. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"The Currency of Fame: Portrait Medals of the Renaissance." Gold, silver, bronze, and lead depictions of Lorenzo de' Medici and Dürer, among others. Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Sèvres porcelain, Limoges enamel, and paintings by Vermeer, Rembrandt, Whistler, and El Greco are all on view in this former residence of Henry Clay Frick (1849-1919). (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Worthy Use of Summer: Jewish Summer Camping in America." A historical and ethnographic study of the recreational camps that emerged at the beginning of this century. Five of the featured camps, including a secular Yiddish camp and one for Conservative Jews, reflect varying cultural and ideological inclinations in depth. Through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ A companion exhibit to the

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ART–Cont'd

above, "Camp Pinecliff, 1981: Photographs by Gay Block." Through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ "A Postcolonial Kinderhood." A bedroom installation by Elaine Reicheck, featuring twelve samplers embroidered with quotations about Jewish identity. Through Aug. 14. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Treasures in Heaven: Armenian Illuminated Manuscripts" focusses on the Gospel as the central cultural artifact of the Armenian people. Enormous pains were taken to illustrate the manuscripts and protect them from marauders; it was thought that therein lay salvation for book owner and maker. The approximately ninety manuscripts on display offer a variety of illustrative techniques, from the folksy to the ornate, executed in remarkably vibrant mineral-based colors. Through Aug. 7. . . . ¶ Letters from Theodore Roosevelt—a devoted father—to his son Quentin. Addressed to "darling Quenty-quee," they were written during a boat trip in 1907. Through Aug. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—To celebrate its recent reopening and its twenty-fifth anniversary, the museum has organized a three-part show, "Artists Talk Back: Visual Conversations with El Museo." The first exhibit, "Reclaiming History," focusses on Latin-American history. Through Aug. 14. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 5; Thursdays, noon to 7.)

Museum for African Art, 593 Broadway—"Western Artists/African Art." An exhibit of African objects that define African art for Western artists. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5:30; Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"New York Beauties: Quilts from the Empire State." Twenty-two of the approximately six thousand quilts obtained through the museum's New York Quilt Project are on view. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Stickball Hall of Fame" includes a film of a stickball game, photographs from 1898 to the present, and jerseys. . . . ¶ "Modern Metropolis" includes more than two dozen vintage prints of New York, from the early part of this century. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Becoming Visible: The Legacy of Stonewall." Photos, posters, and related material place the Stonewall rebellion in the larger context of gay history. . . . ¶ "New in the Berg Collection, 1991-1993." Manuscripts that the library acquired during this period include Nabokov's papers and several poems by Anne Sexton. . . . ¶ "German Literary Landmarks: From the Enlightenment to the Romantic Era" documents the rise of modern German literature (from the mid-eighteenth to the mid-nineteenth century), with first editions of works by Goethe, Schiller, and Kleist. Children's books from the same period will also be on display. Through Aug. 6. (Mondays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Revealing Roots: Uncovering Influences on the Contemporary American Puppet Theatre." Six stunning exhibits show how the puppetry traditions of Japan, Indonesia, Mexico, and Western Africa, among other places, have infused American puppet artistry with their mythos and technique. . . . ¶ "Out in Public: Post-Stonewall Performance and Protest." Plays, cabarets, operas, and songs with gay themes, chronicling the crossover between protest and theatre. Through Aug. 27. (Open Mondays and Thursdays, noon to 8; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

"Jewish Summer Camping in America," at the Jewish Museum.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Rd., Long Island City—Works from every period of the Japanese-American sculptor's life (1904-88) are installed in a garden and open-air galleries carved from, and added to, an old photo-engraving factory. While it's all of interest—early gold-plated brass works, cast-bronze models for unrealized playgrounds, Japanese paper lanterns adapted for electricity—stone is at the core. The names of the stones alone are senuous—jasper, serpentine, Languedoc marble, red Persian travertine—and they rise among the birches, ivy, brick, and steel of Queens like indigenous art, like relics of civilization. (Open Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Schomburg Center, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—"South Africa: The Cordoned Heart." Photo-essays on the conditions of black South Africans. . . . ¶ Photographs of Nelson Mandela's June, 1990, visit to New York City. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

South Street Seaport Museum, 207 Front St.—"Ship, Sea, and Sky: The Marine Art of James Edward Buttersworth." Sixty paintings by Buttersworth (1817-94), an English immigrant. Through Aug. 23. (Open daily, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Hale Woodruff Memorial Exhibition–Curators' Choice." The third in a series, in which the work of little-known African-American artists is selected for exhibition by curators from around the United States. . . . ¶ Minimalist bronze sculptures by Helen Evans Ramsaran. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

"Graffiti"—The School of Paris hits the playground in Georges Noël's urbane abstractions, a number of them dating from the nineteen-sixties. This French artist builds up thick surfaces with a compound of silica and acrylic, then proceeds to scratch it away in deep striations that have an air of classical inevitability. The most recent piece, "The Answering Machine" (1988), is overtly Twomblyesque, and has an agitated New World energy. The surfaces of the paintings may be distressed, but the artist clearly is not: Noël's attitude in these works is so cool that it verges on the dandiacal. His canvases are supplemented by photographs of real graffiti, by Brassaï, Lee Friedlander, and others. Most poignant are Aaron Siskind's carefully composed studies of angst-ridden scribblings from the Midwest of the nineteen-fifties. Through Sept. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures representing phases in the career of the renowned Abstract Expressionist, from the late forties to the mid-eighties. There is one delicate yet large painting from the artist's last productive period, several drawings that show de Kooning at his very best, and some sculptures, like the ugly, lumpy "Clam Digger," from 1972, which demonstrate that even geniuses have bad days. Through Aug. 12. (C & M, 45 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dorel Dobocan—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by a Romanian artist. Through Aug. 26. (Sander, 19 E. 76th St.)

Roberto Juarez—"Postcards," small paintings of oranges. Through Aug. 26. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Kainen—Forty abstract paintings, from 1934 to 1992. Through Oct. 1. (Equitable, Seventh Ave. at 51st St. Opens Saturdays at noon.)

"Art en Route: M.T.A. Arts for Transit"—An exhibition of paintings, sculpture, drawings, and models, including a watercolor collage by Romare Bearden that was the prototype for a glass triptych at the Westchester Square station, in the Bronx, and a composition by Roy Lichtenstein for a porcelain mural in the Times Square station. Also included are photographs, tiles, decorative grilles, and other architectural elements, dating from the turn of the century. Through Sept. 23. (PaineWebber, Sixth Ave. at 51st St.)

"Graphic Design in Revolutionary Russia"—An exhibition of photographs, drawings, and posters by Gustav Klucis, Alexander Rodchenko, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 52 E. 76th St.)

"Heads and Torsos"—Drawings by Georg Baselitz, Eugène Leroy, Markus Lüpertz, A. R. Penck, and Don Van Vliet. Through Sept. 10. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

"White Works"—Eighteen painters and sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, John Chamberlain, and Dan Flavin, examine the notion of white. Through Sept. 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Who Needs a Bathing Suit Anyway?"—A group show featuring work by Milton Avery, Paul Cadmus, and Jared French. It explores nudity in American art. Through Aug. 17. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Rita Ackermann / "The Fall Collection"—Paintings of naughty nymphets, all of them dead ringers for this Hungarian-born artist, executed in a linear, cursive style. The girls—they can only be called girls—wear expressions of either bored anomie or bland contentment as they engage in a variety of

ESTHER WATSON

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illicit activities. / In the back room, "The Fall Collection," a set of albums and singles, documents the career of the Fall, the archetypal art-punk band from Britain. Through Aug. 12. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Christina Bothweel—An installation in the gallery windows of a chicken-wire cage for the artist's grotesque dog sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Art in General, 79 Walker St.)

Jef Bourgeau—In his first New York show Bourgeau combines homey antique objects with tiny video monitors that make absurdist commentaries on the vicissitudes of life. Through Aug. 26. (LedisFlam, 130 Prince St.)

Lloyd Gunther Dallet / Jackie Moore Watson—Wooden panels based on antique botanical prints. / Spanish landscapes. Through Sept. 20. (Roy, 46 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Heizer—Several stone sculptures hang from massive steel cables and rough-hewn boulders have been set into the walls and floor. Through Aug. 15. (Ace, 275 Hudson St., at Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—An exhibition that features "Reclining Connected Forms," one of Moore's last monumental sculptures. Through Sept. 10. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

"Sanctuary"—Five artists working in a variety of mediums. Through Aug. 26. (Tz'Art, 28 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

AUCTIONS

Posters—In the midst of the auction world's summer hiatus, Swann has scheduled a sale, on Aug. 3 at 6, that includes Art Nouveau, Art Deco, and modern posters. Pick your subject: movies, minstrels, Judaica, propaganda, the military. (104 E. 25th St. For information, call 254-4710.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

William Eggleston—A mini-retrospective titled "From Graceland to Wasteland," presenting Eggleston's colorful, often lurid vision of the South. Through Aug. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Art Kane—Forty years of landscape and fashion photography. Through Aug. 12. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

W. Eugene Smith—Images by a photographer best known for his photo-essays in *Life*. Through Aug. 19. (Mann, 42 E. 76th St.)

"Flowers"—A group show featuring work by William Abranowicz, Walker Evans, Graciela Iturbide, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

"1969: Context & Event"—Photographs of the Woodstock festival, juxtaposed with photographs from the same period taken by Diane Arbus, Lee Friedlander, and Garry Winogrand. Through Aug. 30. (Pace MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Photography in Germany (1913-35)"—A group show featuring work by Albert Renger-Patzsch, Werner Matz, and others. Through Aug. 26. (Schickler, 53 E. 76th St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Paradise Outlaws: Fifty Years of the Beat Generation." Photographs by Mellon Tytell. . . . ¶ "Henri Cartier-Bresson: Hommage." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—German-born photographer Lotte Jacobi's portraits of artists and intellectuals, including a wonderful shot of Albert Einstein in a leather jacket (1938) and a closeup of J. D. Salinger (1950). . . . ¶ Photographs of India and Europe by Ferenc Berko. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Jewish Museum, the Museum of the City of New York, the New York Public Library, and the Schomburg Center.)

CHRISTINA LEIGH

CLASSICAL MUSIC

More Than Mostly

SPECULATION swirled this summer around the fate of Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart festival, a staple of New York's summer musical scene since 1966. As rumors circulated that Lincoln Center might scrap the festival, Mostly Mozart diehards (in league with the Musicians' Union) organized demonstrations outside Avery Fisher Hall, their fears fuelled by the stony silence of Lincoln Center's administration. Late last month, Lincoln Center finally brought the uncertainty to, if not a full stop, at least a semicolon by confirming what most interested parties already knew: that it intends to reduce Mostly Mozart to four weeks (from its current seven) to make room for a completely new international-scale arts festival, which will also be four weeks long.

It sounds like a win-win proposition, except for the musicians who will have to wait and see if the new festival will provide enough work to make up for what they have become accustomed to. Mostly Mozart had lost some of its urgency in recent years; four weeks should be enough both to accommodate the most stimulating of its programming and to satisfy its devoted supporters. Now the speculation can focus on the new festival, which may begin as soon as July, 1996. Early indications are that it really will assemble distinguished talent, both traditional and cutting edge, encompassing a residency by the New York Philharmonic, major touring ensembles, and lots of new work reminiscent of what now goes under the rubric of "Serious Fun!" Most exciting of all is that it may provide a forum for ongoing, substantive coöperation among Lincoln Center's disparate constituents, a heretofore elusive partnership that could make the arts complex much more than the sum of its parts.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—Free outdoor concerts, with fireworks following. Zdenek Macal conducts Howard Hanson's Symphony No. 2 and Dvorák's Symphony No. 8. (Heckscher Park, Islip, Long Island. Aug. 6. . . . Cunningham Park, Queens. Aug. 7.) . . . ¶ Leslie Dunner conducts Verdi's "Nabucco" Overture, Mozart's Symphony No. 36 (the "Linz"), and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4. (Great Lawn, Central Park. Aug. 8.) (Evenings at 8. For rain date information, call 875-5709.)

Mostly Mozart—At Avery Fisher Hall. Aug. 3: Mark Elder conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Rossini's "La Scala di Seta" Overture and Mozart's Symphony No. 38 (the "Prague"); Itzhak Perlman is the soloist in Viotti's Violin Concerto No. 22 and Mozart's E-Major Adagio (K. 261) and C-Major Rondo (K. 373). . . . **NOTE:** Pianist Ian Hobson will present a pre-concert lecture-recital focussing on Hummel's F-Sharp-Minor Sonata, beginning at 7 and open to ticket holders. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: The Canadian Brass and the Star of Indiana Drum and Bugle Corps. . . . ¶ Aug. 5-6: Gerard Schwarz conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture, Mozart's Violin Concerto No. 5 (with Shlomo Mintz), and Haydn's Symphony No. 103; baritone Hermann Prey is the soloist in arias by Mozart and songs by Schubert (with orchestral accompaniments arranged by Liszt, Britten, Webern, and Felix Mottl). . . . **NOTE:** Mr. Hobson will present pre-concert lecture-recitals, open to ticket holders, both nights at 7. . . . ¶ Aug. 9-10: Hans Vonk conducts the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in Mozart's Symphony No. 33 and Violin Concerto No. 3 (with Tricia Park), as well as Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (with André Watts). . . . **NOTE:** In pre-concert recitals, beginning both nights at 7 and open to ticket holders, Ms. Park and pianist Robert Koenig will perform works by Francesco Maria Veracini, Bright Sheng, and Fritz Kreisler. (Evenings at 8. 875-5030.)

Baritone Hermann Prey at Tanglewood and at Mostly Mozart.

RECITALS

Juilliard Freebies—Free hour-long concerts by student ensembles from the Juilliard School. The Ventrissimo Woodwind Quintet. (Dante Park, 63rd St. at the intersection of Broadway and Columbus Ave. Aug. 4 at 6:30. . . . Continental Insurance Atrium, 180 Maiden Lane. Aug. 9 at 12:30.) . . . ¶ The Ethos Percussion Ensemble. (Stuyvesant Park, Second Ave. at 15th St. Aug. 9 at 12:30.)

Bargemusic—Cellist Fred Sherry and pianist Mihae Lee perform Beethoven's Cello Sonata No. 4; violinist Mark Peskanov and Ms. Lee play Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata; and all three join for Dvořák's F-Minor Piano Trio. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 4 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 4, the Thursday event being a candlelit dinner-concert.)

Summergarden 1994—The Museum of Modern Art's summer survey of early-twentieth-century musical styles continues with songs by Berg, Webern, Ruth Crawford Seeger, Stefan Wolpe, Alexander Mosolov, Virgil Thomson, Satie, Weill, Milhaud, and Nicolas Slonimsky; with mezzo-soprano Nan Hughes and pianist Joel Sachs. (Sculpture Garden, Museum of Modern Art, 14 W. 54th St. Aug. 5-6 at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

City Island Baroque Ensemble—Harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman is featured in Bach's Concertos in D Major and in A Major. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Aug. 7 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Presenting works by Ginastera, Villa-Lobos, Jack Délano, and Carlos Guastavino; with soprano Brenda Feliciano and pianist-conductor Pablo Zinger. (Aug. 7 at 2. Rockwood Drive Circle, Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. . . .At 4: McGinley Center, Fordham University, Bronx Rose Hill Campus. No tickets necessary for either concert. For information or directions, call 1-718 601-7399.)

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CLASSICAL MUSIC–*Cont'd*

ILAN RECHTMAN—Pianist, performing Beethoven's C-Major Sonata (Op. 53, the "Waldstein") and Chopin's four ballades. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Aug. 7 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

COLLEGIUM ATLANTIS—A multinational Baroque ensemble consisting of recorder, transverse flute, violin, cello, and harpsichord makes its New York début with a program of chamber works by composers well known (such as Purcell, Handel, and C. P. E. Bach) and obscure (like Johannes Fredrikus Groneman). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Aug. 9 at 5:45.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD—Aug. 3 at 8:30: Baritone Hermann Prey and pianist Leonard Hokanson perform Schubert's "Winterreise."... ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducts the Boston Symphony in Stravinsky's Suite from "Pulcinella," Mozart's E-Flat Major Piano Concerto (K. 482, with Emanuel Ax), and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings... ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: David Wroe conducts the Boston Symphony in Barber's Overture to "The School for Scandal," Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto (with Joshua Bell), and Dvořák's Symphony No. 9 ("From the New World").... ¶ Aug. 7 at 2:30: Mr. Ozawa conducts the *Boston Symphony in Haydn's Symphony* No. 44 (the "Trauer"), John Harbison's Cello Concerto (with Yo-Yo Ma), and Strauss's "Don Quixote" (featuring Mr. Ma and violist Rebecca Young).... ¶ This week also marks the beginning of the annual **TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.** Some of the highlights follow. Aug. 4 at 8:30: The Bang on a Can All-Stars perform works by Evan Ziporyn, Tom Johnson, Davidovsky, David Lang, Michael Gordon, Louis Andriessen, Steve Martland, and Julia Wolfe.... ¶ Aug. 6 at 11 A.M.: Mr. Andriessen's "M is for Man, Music, Mozart," a video collaboration *with Peter Greenaway*.... ¶ *Aug. 6 at 2:* A four-hour-long marathon concert that includes John Adams' "The Wound Dresser" and Silvestre Revueltas's "Homenaje a García Lorca."...¶ Aug. 7 at 8:30: Reinbert de Leeuw conducts Messiaen's "Des Canyons aux Étoiles," with pianist Peter Serkin.... ¶ Aug. 8 at 8:30: Music by Davidovsky, Carter, Kirchner, and Shapey....¶ Aug. 9 at 8:30: Mauricio Kagel's "Phantasiestuck," Piano Trio, and "...den 24. December, 1931..." (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1600.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—Aug. 4 at 4:15: Pianist Donna Lee Weng performs Bach's D-Major Toccata, Villa-Lobos's "As Tres Marias," Beethoven's Sonata in E-Flat Major (Op. 31, No. 3), Schubert's "Six Moments Musicaux" (D. 780), and Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse."... ¶ Aug. 5 at 8:30: Classical guitarist Manuel Barrueco plays original works and arrangements of Bach, Mozart, Mauro Giuliani, Chick Corea, Granados, and Turina.... ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: Mark Morganelli directs a "jazz meets Broadway" program, with appearances by members of the cast of "Black and Blue," the Junior Mance trio, saxophonist Gary Bartz, and many others.... ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center perform Mozart's Clarinet Quintet and Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time." (Katonah, N.Y. 1-914 232-1252.)

GLIMMERGLASS OPERA—"Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with soprano Theodora Hanslowe, tenor Paul Austin Kelly, and baritones Mark Oswald and Philip Cokorinos; conducted by Stewart Robertson. (Aug. 4 at 8 and Aug. 8 at 2.)... ¶ "Ariadne auf Naxos," with sopranos Sheila Smith and Valerie Gonzalez, mezzo-soprano Charlotte Hellekant, and tenor Allan Glassman; directed by Mark Lamos and conducted by Stewart Robertson. (Aug. 5 at 8.)... ¶ Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," with soprano Dana Hanchard and countertenors David Daniels and Brian Asawa; directed by Jonathan Miller, and with Jane Glover conducting a period-instrument ensemble. (Aug. 6 at 8.)... ¶ Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe," with soprano Angelina Réaux, mezzo-soprano Diane Lane, and baritones James Busterud and Tony Tanner; Hal France. (Aug. 7 at 2.) (Cooperstown, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-607 547-2255.)

ASTON MAGNA FESTIVAL—The final concert of the season features period-instrument performances of childhood works by Mozart: his "Gallimathias Musicum" (K. 32, a quodlibet of some twenty movements, many of which incorporate popular songs and folk tunes), his opera "Bastien und Bastienne" (K. 50, sung here in English), and his motet "Exsultate, Jubilate!" (K. 165). (Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, N.Y. Aug. 5 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-914 758-6822.... ¶ St. James Church, Great Barrington, Mass. Aug. 6 at 6. For information about tickets, call 1-413 528-3595.... **NOTE:** "Bastien und Bastienne" will also be presented on Aug. 6 at 2, at St. James Church, as a "family concert.")

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—Aug. 5 at 8:30: Chamber works by Rameau, Ravel, Joan Panetti, and Chausson (his "Concert for Violin, Piano, and String Quartet").... ¶ Aug. 6 at 8:30: Chamber music by François Devienne, Ravel, Betsy Jolas (a première), Debussy, and Messiaen (his "Oiseaux Exotiques").... ¶ Aug. 7 at 3: Renaissance music, plus a music-theatre work by Peter Schickele, performed by Calliope: A Renaissance Band, in a "family concert." (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. 1-203 542-3000.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—This week's concerts feature the Leontovych String Quartet. Aug. 6 at 8: Schubert's "Quartettsatz," Shostakovich's Quartet No. 14, and Brahms' Clarinet Quintet (with clarinettist Charles Stier).... ¶ Aug. 7 at 3: Beethoven's Quartet in E-Flat Major (Op. 127) and Schubert's "Trout" Quintet (with pianist Jon Klibanoff and double-bassist Alvin Brehm); the concert also includes two works by the English violist and composer Harry Waldo Warner that were performed during the festival's inaugural season, in 1930. (Falls Village, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 824-7126.)

MAVERICK CONCERTS—Violinist Charles Libove and pianist Nina Lugovoy perform Beethoven's Sonatas in A Major (Op. 12, No. 2), C Minor (Op. 30, No. 2), and A Major (Op. 47, the "Kreutzer"). (Woodstock, N.Y. 1-914 679-8217. Aug. 7 at 3.)

SPORTS

(The Yankees play at Yankee Stadium, 1-718 293-6000, and the Mets at Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499.)

BASEBALL

YANKEES—Vs. the Baltimore Orioles, Aug. 8-9 at 7:05.

METS—Vs. the Atlanta Braves, Aug. 3 at 7:40.... ¶ Vs. the Florida Marlins, Aug. 5 at 7:40, Aug. 6 at 8:05 (Umbrella Night), and Aug. 7 at 1:40.

RUNNING

HEAT WAVES—The New York Road Runners Club's Equalizer 10K race gives an eighty-nine-year-old lady a chance to show up some gent half her age. The race has staggered starting times, with the first wave heading out on Aug. 6 at 9:06 A.M. A one-mile kids' equalizer race starts at the same time. For information about registering, call 860-4455.

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

STICKBALL—Members of the Original Stickball Old Timers will teach the young'uns a thing or two about the street game, on Aug. 4 at 2. Participants can also take in the "Stickball Hall of Fame" exhibit. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. No charge beyond museum admission. Sign up to play by 1:45.)

"SLEEPOVER"—Boys invade an all-girls slumber party (oh no!) in this musical by James Beloff and Philip Freedman, which is performed by actors aged nine to seventeen. *Recommended ages: three and older.* (Tada!, 120 W. 28th St. 627-1732. Aug. 3-7 at noon and 2. Through Aug. 13.)

"THE GREAT BRAIN"—Theatreworks/USA is offering free performances of a new musical with an old theme: the meaning of friendship. The book is by Michael Slade, the score is by David Evans, and the lyrics are by Faye Greenberg. Recommended ages: six and older. (Promenade Theatre, Broadway at 76th St. Aug. 3 and Aug. 6 at 11, and Aug. 4-5 at 11 and 1. Tickets available on a first-come, first-served basis, starting at 10 on the day of the performance.)

ON THE WING—Observe the hundreds of butterflies in Wave Hill's gardens and make a butterfly-shaped hat to take home. Environmental artist Noah Baen will be on hand

"Stickball Hall of Fame," at the Museum of the City of New York.

JOE DAVIS

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to help with the activities. (Independence Ave. at W. 249th St., the Bronx. 1-718 549-3200. Aug. 6-7, from 1 to 4.)

"THE TRUE STORY OF RUMPELSTILTSKIN"—A marionette production of the German folktale. (Swedish Cottage Marionette Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 10:30 and noon. For reservations, which are required, call 988-9093.)

CALYPSO TIME—An afternoon of West Indian songs, music, and dance, for five-to-twelve-year-olds. (96th Street Branch of the New York Public Library, 112 E. 96th St. Aug. 9 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

STORYTELLING—At the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Central Park (near Fifth Ave. at 72nd St.), Saturdays at 11. . . . ¶ At the Lefferts Homestead, in Brooklyn's Prospect Park (near Flatbush Ave. at Empire Blvd.), Sundays at 1 and 2.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

OUT OF IT—In August, Lincoln Center turns inside out for Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors. Aug. 5 at 8:15: Los Muñequitos de Matanzas. Percussionists, singers, and dancers from Cuba, with a penchant for the rumba. (Damrosch Park.) . . . ¶ Aug. 6, from 3 to 6: The two-day Tenth Annual Roots of American Music Festival kicks off with the folk duo Magpie, balladeer Sally Rogers, and bluesman Keb' Mo'. (North Plaza.). . . ¶ Aug. 6, from 6 to 10: Junior Wells does the blues, Barry and Holly Tashian team up for some bluegrass melodies, Christine Lavin blends folk and comedy, and Tommy Makem puts a little Irish on the evening. (Damrosch Park.). . . ¶ Aug. 7, from 3 to 5: The ragtime guitar of Larry Johnson, and Irish folk music with Renegade. (North Plaza.). . . ¶ Aug. 7, from 6 to 10: The Gospel Stars of Hartford; Texas blues with Carol Fran and Clarence Hollimon; country harmonizers Robin and Linda Williams; and country-folk singer-songwriter Nanci Griffith. (Damrosch Park.). . . ¶ Aug. 9, from 5:30 to 7: The world première of "Under the Uplands," with composer Leroy Jenkins, dancer Felicia Norton, and choreographer Tamar Rogoff. Followed by Casselberry-DuPreé singing everything from gospel to blues. (Fountain Plaza.) (For complete schedule information, call 875-5400. It's all free. Through Aug. 28.)

HARLEM FASHION—Look for ball gowns, paper millinery, and lingerie at the Harlem Institute of Fashion's annual block party and fashion festival, on Aug. 6, from noon to dusk. (126th St., between Malcolm X and Adam Clayton Powell Blvds. No tickets necessary.)

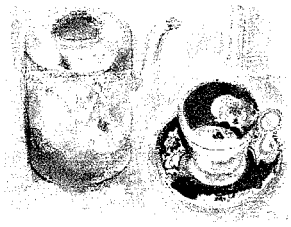
DRAMATIC POETRY—Viveca Lindfors and Players present "An Actor Works . . . Poetry," in which the poems of such writers as Walt Whitman, Dorothy Parker, Robert Frost, and Anna Deavere Smith are dramatized. (Swedish Church, 5 E. 48th St. Aug. 3 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

SCALED DOWN—The New York Ship and Boat Model Festival will dock at the South Street Seaport on Aug. 6-7, from 1 to 5. Model-boat builders will display their work and demonstrate how to rig junior clipper ships and put the finishing touches on your own QE2. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary.)

NOON TUNES—WorldFest 1994, a two-week celebration of international music and dance, is coming to a close this week. Aug. 3: Inishfree Step Dancing Troupe. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: William Cepeda and Afro-Rican Jazz. . . . ¶ Aug. 5: Bragada and Bahian Carnival Extravaganza. (MetLife Building, 200 Park Ave., at 45th St. Performances at 12:15 and 1 each day. No tickets necessary.)

EDELWEISS—The Brooklyn Botanic Garden will offer a tour of plants native to Central Europe, on Aug. 7 at 1. At 2:30, baritone Richard Malone, from the Bielefeld Opera House, in Germany, will perform classical and contemporary German music. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

TEATIME



To "take tea" is to do more than just slurp up a cup of hot stuff; it is to enjoy a small repast between lunch and supper. Here are some places that do tea—and not the kind that comes in bags. Times and prices vary.

ANGLERS & WRITERS, 420 Hudson St., at St. Lukes Pl. (675-0810)—Fishing paraphernalia—creels, Wonderreels, and colorful lures—and beat-up books by Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, and Maupassant adorn the walls, as does a motley collection of teapots. High tea consists of a generous scone, an assortment of finger sandwiches, a piece of cake or pie, and a pot of tea. The owner's mom bakes the desserts right there in the kitchen, and that makes all the difference.

THE GOLD ROOM, at the New York Palace, 455 Madison Ave., at 50th St. (888-7000)—Designed by McKim, Mead & White in the late nineteenth century, this former music room, in what was once the Villard mansion, is now rococo run rampant. Gold leaf makes the room glow, and the vaulted ceiling is decorated to within an inch of its life. A couple of fifteenth-century Florentine reproductions adorning the lunettes and a plucking harpist complete the scene. Afternoon tea includes finger sandwiches passed butler style, scones with Devonshire cream, and a chef's selection of confectionery. And, at twenty-four dollars per person, the tea isn't the only thing to which one might apply the word "steep."

THE PALM COURT, at the Plaza, Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (546-5350)—The gigantic crystal chandelier above the entrance helps prepare you for the high gilt ratio. The room, with its eponymous palms lurking around the perimeter, creates an oasis amid the hotel-lobby bustle. Two guys in tuxes go at it on the violin and piano, playing anything from Broadway show tunes to Viennese waltzes. The Palm Court Tea is a swank spread of English tea sandwiches, scones with Devonshire cream, miniature pastries, and the requisite silver pot of tea.

SALON DE THÉ, at Henri Bendel, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St. (373-6323)—Its Lalique-designed windows overlooking Fifth Avenue, this light-filled room in the fashionable French-accented department store has an eclectic teapot collection, including a reposing camel and a clock stopped at two-fifty, formally displayed on the walls. L'Après-Midi à Bendel is attended by waiters in snappy white jackets and black bow ties; they serve tea in silver pots and place tiered trays on the table, which are filled with assorted finger sandwiches, mini-pastries and fruit tartlets, and scones with Devonshire cream. For an extra kick, at an extra charge, you can have a glass of champagne.

T SALON, RESTAURANT, AND TEA EMPORIUM, 142 Mercer St., at Prince St. (925-3700)—A long, serpentine, copper-clad counter, teapot chandeliers that spill bulbs from their spouts, and Frank Gehry-designed chairs all help fill this cavernous space located underneath the Guggenheim Museum SoHo. Many of the large selection of teas available are custom-blended by the owner, a former perfumer, and have names like Whispering Heaven and Jasmine Monkey King. Besides Proper Afternoon T—a scone, T sandwiches, T pastries, and a chocolate-dipped piece of fruit—this shop also observes New York T Time, which includes a glass of port or sherry and is served at a later hour.

THE TEA BOX, at Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., between 54th and 55th Sts. (350-0179)—Situated on the basement level of the Japanese department store/gallery are two rooms—one airy and white-bright, the other low-ceilinged and softly lit—where the atmosphere is befittingly Zen-like and reposeful. East-West Afternoon Tea is cross-cultural, with the Occident represented by butter cookies, Bernachon chocolates, and Earl Grey, and the Orient by Osenbei cookies, nori rolls, and bright-green matsuchairi-sen-cha.

TEA & SYMPATHY, 108 Greenwich Ave. (807-8329)—Anglophile Heaven right down to authentic Marmite (not on the menu; ask for it by name), for those who either were brought up on the stuff or are just gluttons for punishment, and posters of a bobby and a bagpiper on the door to the loo. This place is cute, cozy, and a wee bit cramped, containing exactly ten tables. The wait staff cheerfully and efficiently navigate the tight turns, wearing T-shirts with "Bangers & Mash" emblazoned across their backs. Afternoon tea, for the hale of appetite, is made up of scones with clotted cream, sandwiches, cakes, biscuits (that's British for cookies), and, of course, pots of tea.

HOMEGROWN—The New York Botanical Garden will offer home gardeners a chance to learn from the professionals. Tips on cultivating annuals, starting a first garden, and planting for autumn will be in the offing. (Bronx Park. Aug. 6-7, from 11 to 4. Admission by contribution.)

UPPER WEST SIDE JAZZ—The Jimmy McGriff organ combo will be aboard the Jazzmobile on Aug. 3, from 7 to 9. Visitors can take in the tunes at Grant's Tomb, near a festival of African-influenced crafts, food, and clothing. (Riverside Drive at 122nd St. No tickets necessary. Wednesdays through Aug. 31.) . . . ¶ The tenth annual Riverside Park Arts Festival tunes up on Aug. 7, from 4 to 7, with tapster Jimmy Slyde and bebopper Barry Harris's trio. The festival runs Sundays through August, highlighting jazz musicians and visual artists. (Hudson River Boat Basin, at W. 79th St. No tickets necessary.)

SIMON SAYS—The Simon Studio will present a series of spoken-word performances, starting Aug. 8 at 7:30. The program includes Edgar Allan Poe's short stories and poems, read and dramatized by George Flowers; serial readings of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Joe Bevilacqua and Leonard Jacobs; episodes from a cartoon series adapted for radio; and the staging of an original one-act play, "Seekers of Truth," by Richard Zinober. (West End Gate Theatre, Broadway at 114th St. For more information, call 802-8167. Mondays through Sept. 26.)

READINGS—Aug. 5 at 8: B. J. Ashanti and Jayne Cortez will read from their own poetry. (Frederick Douglass Creative Arts Center, 270 W. 96th St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8: Peter Cameron will read from his new novel, "The Weekend." (A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. No tickets necessary.)

WALKS & TOURS—Aug. 6 at 9:30 A.M.: The ins and outs of the Staten Island Ferry; sponsored by the New York Transit Museum. For more information, call 1-718 330-8601. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at noon: Adventure on a Shoestring will tour Arthur Avenue in the Bronx, a mecca of Italian food. For more information, call 265-2663. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 10: The Urban Park Rangers will offer a free three-hour get-acquainted tour of Central Park, from Columbus Circle to the Great Lawn. Comfortable shoes and sustenance are recommended. Meets at Central Park W. and 59th St., in front of the Maine Monument.

CHLOE CHEESE

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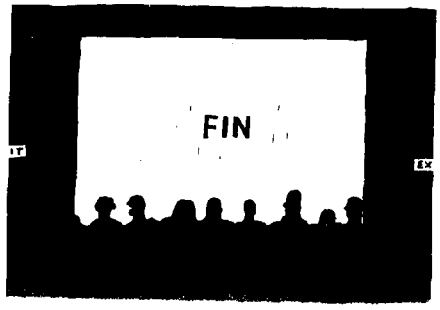

THE MOVIES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "White" (†).
Theatre 2: "Go Fish" (directed by Rose Troche), with Guinevere Turner.
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).
Theatre 4: "Barcelona" (Whit Stillman), with Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman.
Theatre 5: "Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.
Theatre 6: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee, in Mandarin).

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
"Passione d'Amore" (1981, Ettore Scola; in Italian).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: "True Lies" (†). From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "North" (†).
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 5: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 6: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis.
Theatre 7: "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Dialogues with Madwomen" (Allie Light and Irving Saraf).

VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 2: "The Mask."
Theatre 3: "Foreign Student" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask."
Theatre 5: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 6: "Lassie" (†) and "The Wedding Gift" (†).
Theatre 7: "Sankofa" (Haile Gerima).

19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 5: "The Mask."
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).

MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.

34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce).
Theatre 3: "True Lies" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 4: "Lassie" (†); and "I Love Trouble" (Charles Shyer), with Julia Roberts and Nick Nolte.
From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Barcelona" (Whit Stillman), with Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman.

SUTTON I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lassie" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"True Lies" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.

MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Flintstones" (Brian Levant), with John Goodman, Rick Moranis, Elizabeth Perkins, and Rosie O'Donnell.
Theatre 2: "Baby's Day Out" (Patrick Read Johnson), with Joe Mantegna, Lara Flynn Boyle, and Joe Pantoliano.

59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).

CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "I Love Trouble" (Charles Shyer), with Julia Roberts and Nick Nolte.
Theatre 2: "The Wedding Gift" (†).
Theatre 3: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear), with Tony Danza, Danny Glover, Christopher Lloyd, and Joseph Gordon-Levitt.

FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy), with Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: "Speed" (†). From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 4: "North" (†).
Theatre 5: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins), with Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 4: "Blown Away." From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis.
Theatre 2: "It Could Happen to You" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Wolf" (Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer.

NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller, in Italian).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.

EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce).

PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "True Lies" (†). From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

ORPHEUM VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 2: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 4: "North" (†). From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).
Theatre 4: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 7: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis.

86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Angels in the Outfield" (William Dear), with Tony Danza, Danny Glover, Christopher Lloyd, and Joseph Gordon-Levitt.
Theatre 2: "The Lion King" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "The Olympic Summer" (directed by Gordian Maugg, in German).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "Jules and Jim" (1962, François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre. . . . Aug. 5-7: "The 7th Voyage of Sinbad" (†); and "The 3 Worlds of Gulliver" (1960, Jack Sher), with Kerwin Mathews, Jo Morrow, and June Thorburn. . . . Aug. 8: "The Phantom of the Opera" (1925, Rupert Julian; silent) and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1923, Wallace Worsley; silent), both with Lon Chaney. . . . Aug. 9: "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms" (†); and "Clash of the Titans" (1981, Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.
Theatre 3: "The Boys of St. Vincent" (John N. Smith).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins), with Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy), with Alec Baldwin. From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao, Professore!" (Lina Wertmüller, in Italian).
Theatre 2: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 3: "Just Like a Woman" (Christopher Monger), with Adrian Pasdar and Julie Walters.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 4: "My Life's in Turnaround" (Eric Schaeffer and Donal Lardner Ward). From Aug. 5: The best of the International Tournee of Animation.

CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "True Lies" (†).
Theatre 2: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis.
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins), with Jeff Bridges and Tommy Lee Jones.
Theatre 5: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 6: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Aug. 4: "Speed" (†). From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).
Theatre 8: "Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce).
Theatre 9: Through Aug. 4: "True Lies" (†). From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy), with Alec Baldwin.
Theatre 2: "North" (†).
Theatre 3: "Lassie" (†); and "I Love Trouble" (Charles Shyer), with Julia Roberts and Nick Nolte.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Forrest Gump" (†).

WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Schindler's List" (Steven Spielberg), with Liam Neeson.
Theatre 2: "Reality Bites" (Ben Stiller), with Winona Ryder, Ethan Hawke, and Stiller.
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg), with Sam Neill, Laura Dern, Jeff Goldblum, and Richard Attenborough.
Theatre 4: "Serial Mom" (John Waters), with Kathleen Turner.
Theatre 5: "The House of the Spirits" (Bille August), with Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep, Glenn Close, and Winona Ryder.
Theatre 6: "The Cowboy Way" (Gregg Champion), with Woody Harrelson and Kiefer Sutherland.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"True Lies" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Foreign Student" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Reservoir Dogs" (1992, Quentin Tarantino), with Harvey Keitel, Tim Roth, Chris Penn, Steve Buscemi, and Michael Madsen.

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Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Barcelona" (Whit Stillman), with Taylor Nichols and Chris Eigeman.

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"Bhaji on the Beach" (Gurinder Chadha).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"Widows' Peak" (John Irvin), with Mia Farrow, Joan Plowright, and Natasha Richardson.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Just Like a Woman" (Christopher Monger), with Adrian Pasdar and Julie Walters.

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Lassie" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"North" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Eat Drink Man Woman" (Ang Lee, in Mandarin).
Theatre 2: "White" (†).
Theatre 3: "Four Weddings and a Funeral" (Mike Newell), with Hugh Grant and Andie MacDowell.
Theatre 4: "Eat Drink Man Woman."
Theatre 5: "Belle Époque" (Fernando Trueba, in Spanish).
Theatre 6: "Red Rock West" (John Dahl), with Nicolas Cage, Dennis Hopper, Lara Flynn Boyle, and J. T. Walsh.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"True Lies" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Mask" (Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 3: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Lion King" (†).
Theatre 5: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis.
Theatre 6: "The Client" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Spanking the Monkey" (David O. Russell), with Jeremy Davies and Alberta Watson.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy), with Alec Baldwin. From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).
Theatre 2: "Speed" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 2: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "It Could Happen to You" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Client" (†).
Theatre 3: "Speed" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Mask" (directed by Chuck Russell), with Jim Carrey.
Theatre 5: "The Mask."
Theatre 6: "Black Beauty" (Caroline Thompson), with Sean Bean and David Thewlis; and "Blown Away" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 7: "The Mask."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"The Lion King" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "Forrest Gump" (†).
Theatre 2: "North" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mi Vida Loca" ("My Crazy Life"; Allison Anders).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Clear and Present Danger" (Phillip Noyce), with Harrison Ford.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 4: "Wolf" (Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer. From Aug. 5: "The Little Rascals" (Penelope Spheeris).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 4: "The Shadow" (Russell Mulcahy), with Alec Baldwin. From Aug. 5: "Airheads" (Michael Lehmann).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A series of films from M-G-M studios. Aug. 4 at 2:30: "The Catered Affair" (1956, directed by Richard Brooks), with Bette Davis, Ernest Borgnine, Debbie Reynolds, Barry Fitzgerald, and Rod Taylor. . . . Aug. 4 at 6: "The Big House" (1930, George Hill), with Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, and Robert Montgomery. . . . Aug. 4 at 8: "The Beginning or the End" (1947, Norman Taurog), with Brian Donlevy, Robert Walker, and Beverly Tyler. . . . Aug. 5 at 2:30: "Night Must Fall" (1937, Richard Thorpe), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Whitty. . . . Aug. 5 at 6 and Aug. 7 at 3: "Libeled Lady" (†). . . . Aug. 5 at 8 and Aug. 7 at 1: "Love Crazy" (1941, Jack Conway), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . Aug. 6 at noon and Aug. 9 at 6: "Moonfleet" (1955, Fritz Lang), with Stewart Granger, George Sanders, and Jon Whiteley. . . . Aug. 6 at 2:30 and Aug. 8 at 6: "Blow-Up" (1966, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. . . . Aug. 6 at 5 and Aug. 8 at 2:30: "The Boy Friend" (1971, Ken Russell), with Twiggy and Christopher Gable. . . . Aug. 7 at 5: "Fame" (1980, Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Paul McCrane, and Gene Anthony Ray. . . . Aug. 9 at 2:30: "Fury" (1936, Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Walter Abel, and Bruce Cabot.

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A series of French films. Aug. 3 at 3:45 and 8: "Devil in the Flesh" (†). . . . Aug. 3 at 6 and 10:10: "The Grand Maneuver" (1956, René Clair), with Michèle Morgan and Gérard Philipe. . . . Aug. 4 at 4 and 7:50: "And God Created Woman" (1956, Roger Vadim), with Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens, and Jean-Louis Trintignant. . . . Aug. 4 at 5:50 and 9:45: "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (1961, Jean-Gabriel Albicocco), with Marie Laforêt and Paul Guers. . . . Aug. 5-6 at 4 and 7:50: "La Marie du Port" (1949, Marcel Carné), with Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel. . . . Aug. 5-6 at 6 and 9:50: "The Walls of Malapaga" (†). . . . Aug. 7 at 4 and 8 and Aug. 8 at 6 and 10: "Les Biches" (1968, Claude Chabrol), with Jacqueline Sassard, Trintignant, and Stéphane Audran. . . . Aug. 7 at 6 and 10 and Aug. 8 at 4 and 8: "The Story of Adèle H." (1975, François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani. . . . Aug. 9 at 4 and 8:05: "Lover's Net" (1954, Henri Verneuil), with Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gélin, and Trevor Howard. . . . Aug. 9 at 6:20 and 10:20: "Port of Shadows" (1938, Carné), with Gabin.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A program of films by Howard Hawks. Aug. 6 at 2: "The Criminal Code" (1931), with Walter Huston. . . . Aug. 6 at 4: "Ceiling Zero" (1935), with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. . . . Aug. 7 at 2: "Hatari!" (1962), with John Wayne. . . . Aug. 7 at 5: "El Dorado" (1967), with Wayne, Robert Mitchum, and James Caan.

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Aug. 4 at 7:30 and Aug. 5-6 at 6: "The Genius" (1993, Joe Gibbons). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 9 and Aug. 5-6 at 8: Five films by Gibbons.

Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 41st St.—Mondays, starting at dusk, free drive-in-style moviegoing, beginning with Looney Tunes cartoons and coming attractions. The feature film on Aug. 8 will be Mervyn LeRoy's "Mister Roberts" (1955), with Henry Fonda, James Cagney, William Powell, and Jack Lemmon. (Rain date will be the following night.)

Film al Fresco, at Le Madri Restaurant, 168 W. 18th St. (727-8022)—Sunday evenings, more films out of doors, with food and live music beginning at 6 and the main feature starting at about 9. On Aug. 7, the feature will be Gianni Amelio's "Il Ladro di Bambini" ("Stolen Children"), in Italian, with Enrico Lo Verso, Valentina Scalici, and Giuseppe Ieracitano.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Aug. 3 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Shades of Doubt" (1993, Aline Isserman; in French).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On Aug. 7 at 7, David Butler's "Calamity Jane" (1953), with Doris Day, Howard Keel, Allyn McLerie, and Philip Carey.

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 3 at 6:30 and 9: "Veiled Aristocrates" (1932, Oscar Micheaux) and "Murder in Harlem" (1935, Micheaux). . . . ¶ Aug. 4 at 6:30: "Warrior Marks" (1993, Pratibha Parmar) and "Finzan" (1990, Cheick Oumar Sisoka). . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 6:30 and 9: "Haiti: Killing the Dream" (1992, Katharine Kean) and "The Panama Deception" (1992, Barbara Trent). . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 1 and 3:10: "The Second Coming" (1993, Blair Underwood) and "Black Athena" (1992). . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2, 4:40, and 8:20: "Blacks Britannica" (1978, David Koff) and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1983, Ivan Dixon). . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 6:30: "Black and Blue" (1987, Lamar Williams), "The Murder of Fred Hampton" (1972), and two short films. . . . ¶ Aug. 9 at 6:30: "The FBI's War on Black America" (1990, Denis Mueller), "Dhoruba Bin Wahad: Framing the Panthers in Black and White" (1990), and "The Autobiography of Malcolm X" (1972, Marvin Worth).

Opening August 5, Adam Sandler, Brendan Fraser, and Steve Buscemi in "Airheads."

DOUG ALLEN

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MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

AIRHEADS—Brendan Fraser, Steve Buscemi, and Adam Sandler are members of an L.A. rock band who take a radio station hostage in order to get some airtime for their demo. Also with Joe Mantegna, Michael Richards, Chris Farley, Amy Locane, and Ernie Hudson. Screenplay by Rich Wilkes. Directed by Michael Lehmann. Opening August 5.

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER—"Patriot Games" cohorts Harrison Ford, Anne Archer, and James Earl Jones return in another thriller based on a Tom Clancy novel, again directed by Phillip Noyce. Also with Willem Dafoe. Screenplay by John Milius, Donald Stewart, and Steven Zaillian. Opening August 3.

DIALOGUES WITH MADWOMEN—A documentary about seven women with mental-health problems, seen through interviews and re-enactments. Directed by Allie Light and Irving Saraf. Opening August 3.

EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN—Ang Lee ("The Wedding Banquet") directed this story of a Taiwanese chef (Sihung Lung) who may know food but has no idea how to deal with his three unmarried daughters—or with the widow next door. With Ah-Leh Gua, Kuei-Mei Yang, Chien-Lien Wu, and Yu-Wen Wang. Written by Lee, James Schamus, and Hui-Ling Wang. In Mandarin. Opening August 3.

THE LITTLE RASCALS—Spanky, Alfalfa, Buckwheat, and the gang raise a ruckus in a modern-day comedy inspired by the Hal Roach series. The script is by Paul Guay, Steve Mazur, and Penelope Spheeris, who also directed. Opening August 5.

Caroline Thompson's "Black Beauty."

THE OLYMPIC SUMMER—A boy from the German countryside is seduced by a wealthy widow during the 1936 Summer Olympics, in Berlin. Still photographs and archival footage invoke the flavor of the period. With Jost Gerstein and Verena Plangger. Written and directed by Gordian Maugg. Based on a novel by Günther Rücker. In German. Opening August 3.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

THE CLIENT—Joel Schumacher's thriller, based on a John Grisham best-seller, has a familiar chase-picture plot: innocent citizen stumbles on some incriminating information about the Mob, and runs like hell. The reluctant witness here is an eleven-year-old Memphis boy, Mark Sway (Brad Renfro), whose lawyer, Reggie Love (Susan Sarandon), acts as a sort of surrogate mother. Her legal duel with the steely prosecutor Roy Foltrigg (Tommy Lee Jones), who wants Mark to testify, plays like a desperate, drawn-out custody battle. Sarandon and Renfro work so beautifully together that Jones—who's superb—doesn't steal the movie. This is safe-as-houses entertainment, directed with no particular finesse, but it's refreshingly straightforward and unpretentious. It's the first Grisham-based thriller that actually lowers itself to provide a thrill or two. Also with Mary-Louise Parker, Anthony LaPaglia, and J. T. Walsh. Screenplay by Akiva Goldsman and Robert Getchell.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/1/94.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

FOREIGN STUDENT—Set in 1956, this anorexically thin soap opera about a Frenchman's freshman interlude at a college in the Shenandoah Valley overrelies on period tunes (such as "Sh-Boom"), a gooey theme song ("You Turn My World Around"), and Byron's poetry for its smidgen of weight and texture. The semi-sensitive white European (Marco Hofschneider) and a cultured black outsider (Robin Givens) fall in love yet can't overcome the ensuing misunderstandings and missed opportunities. You expect to get more out of the characters, including Rick Johnson's sadness-tinged quarterback and Edward Herrmann's wry, ex-O.S.S. academic; it's a relief to hear the narrator confess that he wishes he'd got more out of them, too. Menno Meyjes adapted Philippe Labro's autobiographical book; Eva Sereny directed.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Festival.)

FORREST GUMP—Warm, wise, and wearisome as hell. Tom Hanks plays Forrest Gump, a simple Alabama soul who serves his country without hurting a fly; he saves his comrades in Vietnam, woos the dippy Jenny (Robin Wright), and runs back and forth across the continent. Hanks does his best to convince us that Gump is, in fact, a character, and not merely a bulging sack of virtues, but the movie takes the fight out of him. The director, Robert Zemeckis, is no slouch, as he proved in the "Back to the Future" trilogy, where he invented his own brand of smart, critical nostalgia. Here, however, the whole film is tuned up to Gump's pitch of gentle sweetness. The visual effects are neat enough, with Hanks showing up in old footage of Kennedy and L.B.J., but the movie just keeps on jogging, like its harmless hero, in no particular direction. With Sally Field as the hero's loving mother.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, Baronet, Coronet, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, Guild, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—The main characters in Andrew Bergman's sweet-spirited romantic farce are a cop named Charlie (Nicolas Cage) and a diner waitress named Yvonne (Bridget Fonda)—a pair of generous, honest, kindhearted working-class lovers who might have seemed too good to be true even in one of Frank Capra's sunny populist comedies. Bergman treats their impossible virtuousness as a species of screwball-comedy idiosyncrasy, and makes us believe in them. Cage gazes at Fonda with his characteristic look of stricken canine ardor, Fonda flashes back one of her radiantly loopy grins, and we smile at both the rightness and the weirdness of their union. Rosie Perez, as Charlie's beady-eyed, greedy wife, gets most of the big laughs, but it's the relationship between the cop and the waitress that gives the picture its distinctive comic spirit. The joy that Charlie and Yvonne take in doing good has the erotic quality of a shared secret, a ticklish pleasure that only they know about. Also with Seymour Cassel, Wendell Pierce, Stanley Tucci, and Isaac Hayes. Screenplay by Jane Anderson.—T.R. (8/1/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

LASSIE—The creator of "Saturday Night Live," Lorne Michaels, produces a hollow, post-yuppie update: this time a father and stepmother (Jon Tenney and Helen Slater) move their recalcitrant son (Thomas Guiry) and obliging little daughter (Brittany Boyd) from Baltimore to the Shenandoah Valley and pick up the heroic collie en route. Everything in the movie smacks of trend-surfing, from its escape-the-city setup to the self-referential touch of the girl's watching "Lassie" on TV, to the musical shift from rock to country. The new Lassie (again, played by a laddie) brings a burry edge—a Peter Falkish shrewdness—to the derring-do, as if acknowledging the humor of enacting an all-seeing, all-knowing canine. Daniel Petrie directed the shopworn script by Matthew Jacobs, Gary Ross, and Elizabeth Anderson. With Frederic Forrest as the bad guy and Richard Farnsworth as the grandpa.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, Sutton, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Columbus Circle. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Aug. 4.)

THE LION KING—Disney's new animated feature is a coming-of-age story about animal royalty. It's "Bambi," but with carnivores. The hero, a young lion named Simba, is born to the purple, but before he can ascend to the throne he has to make cute friends, court a soft-eyed female of the species, and see his father die (in a scene that may actually jerk kids' tears more shamelessly than its counterpart in "Bambi"). Between traumas, the movie serves up soothingly banal musical numbers (composed by Elton John and Tim Rice) and silly, rambunctious comedy. The animation, computer-assisted in some of the more elaborate sequences, is sometimes impressive, but rarely impressive enough to overcome a certain impersonality—a stubborn mechanical coldness. Among the celebrity voices on the soundtrack, two performances stand out: Jeremy Irons, as the villainous lion Scar, does an elegant, funny George Sanders impersonation, and Nathan Lane, reading the part of a peppy, skeptical meerkat, gives the picture a welcome shot of Warners-style brashness. Directed by Roger Allers and Rob Minkoff.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

NORTH—The director, Rob Reiner, slips on a banana peel and crushes an entire cast in this fantasy about a boy who becomes a "free agent" so he can leave his self-absorbed parents and roam the world to audition better ones. Kids will recognize North (Elijah Wood) as two insufferable types put together—a paragon and a whiner. Adults are portrayed first as oblivious tyrants, then as grovelling idiots. Nothing in the movie works, not even the lampoon of media-whipped frenzy as a little monster named Winchell uses North's case as a political organizing tool. The amalgams of TV stereotypes that satirize foreign and regional cultures are embarrassing. Alan Zweibel and Andrew Scheinman adapted Zweibel's jokebook of a novel; the players include Jon Lovitz, Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Jason Alexander, Alan Arkin, Graham Greene, Kathy Bates, and Bruce Willis.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, First &

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62nd Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, 62nd & Broadway, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Orpheum VII; through Aug. 4.)

Speed—Trouble on the Los Angeles freeway. Evil mastermind Dennis Hopper (who else?) is a disgruntled psycho who wires a bomb to the bottom of a city bus. Enter Keanu Reeves as a young cop who is one step behind Hopper, but catching up fast. The director is Jan De Bont, who used to be a cameraman; this is his first feature, and he sees the plot through in a surge of bright images. The result is clean, delirious, and, yes, speedy—the best big-vehicle-in-peril movie since Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear." You leave the theatre exhausted, and blissed out. With Sandra Bullock, who gives a gutsy performance as a passenger who finds herself behind the wheel of the bus.—A.L. (6/13/94) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Orpheum VII, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Center.)

True Lies—James Cameron and Arnold Schwarzenegger join forces for their first outing since "Terminator 2," and it's a bumpy ride. The tale begins and ends in a flurry of joke violence; Cameron has decided to spoof what he used to take seriously, and the result, though bright and deafening, feels oddly slack—he loosens the screws, and our interest drops away. Schwarzenegger plays along with this, stumbling into James Bond territory as a suave international spy named Harry Tasker; it's a stiff and rather sad sight. The middle chunk of the film defies belief—not with special effects, unfortunately, but with humdrum misogyny. Harry suspects his wife (Jamie Lee Curtis) of adultery, kidnaps her, and subjects her to a series of humiliations, apparently in an effort to win back her love. Yeah, right. This section has no logical link with the rest of the picture; the two plots are just banged together as a kind of vague discourse on secrecy. Tom Arnold saves the show as Harry's sidekick; Charlton Heston pretty well wrecks it again by turning up with an eyepatch.—A.L. (7/25/94) (Movieland 8th Street Sixplex, 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

The Wedding Gift—One positive and one negative factor separate this fact-based British film from typical disease-of-the-week movies: the exhilarating teamwork of Julie Walters and Jim Broadbent, who convey the spiritual kinship and shared humor that sustain a middle-class marriage stressed by the wife's paralyzing illness; and the drama-denying nature of the script, which robs the film of drive or momentum by focussing on her life after doctors have virtually given up trying to identify or cure her ailment. The depictions of medical condescension and incomprehension are spot-on but go nowhere, and the subplot about the husband's attachment to a blind female novelist is sketchy. Richard Loncraine directed Jack Rosenthal's script.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Cinema II.)

White—The second in Krzysztof Kieślowski's "Three Colors" trilogy—"Blue" was released here in 1993, and "Red" was recently screened at the Cannes festival—is the story of a Chaplinesque Polish Everyman named Karol Karol (Zbigniew Zamachowski). The picture traces his progress from utter ignominy, in Paris, to a strange kind of personal power, which he acquires in the unsettled new society of his homeland. Kieślowski has abandoned the elegantly abstract style and enigmatic tones of his recent work and has adopted instead a folksy-picaresque manner, which doesn't suit him. Mysteriously, this great filmmaker lacks the mundane skills to keep us interested in a story that has no real spiritual dimension. Kieślowski isn't searching for immanence: everything has only its face value, and you feel as if a light had gone out in the world. In Polish and French. Also with Julie Delpy.—T.R. (6/20/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

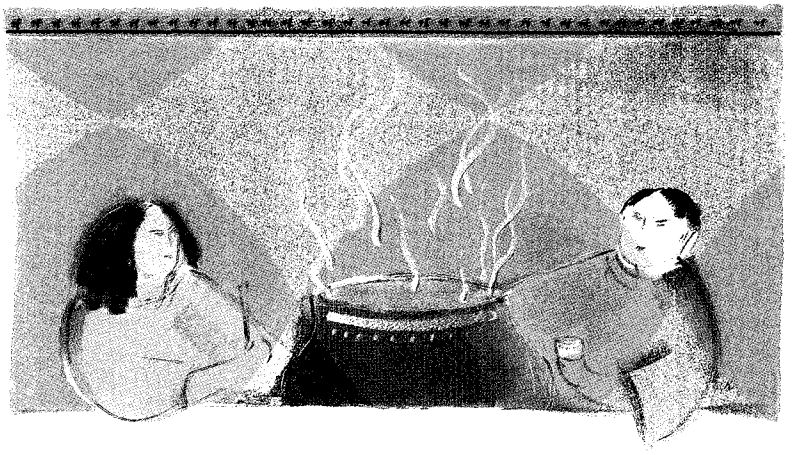
REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms (1953)—A low-budget fantasy-movie milestone: it kicked off the nuclear-revved dinosaur craze of the fifties and marked techie genius Ray Harryhausen's entrance into creature features. The dialogue scenes are barely functional or literate—at one point, someone refers to the Loch Lomond monster (surely he means Loch Ness?). But the director, Eugène Lourié (Jean Renoir's production designer), does some neat welding of sci-fi and documentary ambience, both when an A-bomb first rouses the beast from Arctic depths and when the beast reaches its ancestral stomping grounds in New York. Harryhausen's colossus has a handmade quality that's graver and more mysterious than the computerized swifties of "Jurassic Park," which owes something to this movie's final scene of the dinosaur trapped in an amusement park. Script by Lou Morheim and Fred Freiberger, from a Ray Bradbury short story. With Paul Christian, Paula Raymond, Cecil Kellaway, and Kenneth Tobey.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 9.)

The Devil in the Flesh (1947)—Raymond Radiguet, a prodigy and now a legend, wrote the novel when he was seventeen; at twenty he was dead. But his account of the clandestine love affair between an adolescent schoolboy and the discontented wife of a soldier hounded the woman who was his model all her tragic life (she insisted that the precocious Radiguet had invented the sexual aspects of their relationship). Claude Autant-Lara re-created this story of the First World War with nostalgic tenderness. His dramatization treats the affair with such delicacy that many critics consider the love scenes to be among the most beautiful ever photographed. "Devil in the Flesh" is perhaps the kind of wartime love story that people hoped to see when they went to "A Farewell to Arms": it has the beauty and despair of lovers attempting to save something for themselves in a period of hopeless confusion. It isn't really as good a movie as people want to believe it is, but the young Gérard Philipe was so extraordinary a camera subject that despite the dozens of roles which followed, he is best known for his incarnation of the passionate, egocentric schoolboy. Micheline Presle is the woman. With Denise Grey and Jean Debucourt. The script is by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost. In French.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 3.)

Libeled Lady (1936)—A wisecracking newspaper comedy, from M–G–M, with Spencer Tracy as the editor whose paper is being sued for libel, Jean Harlow as his fiancée, Myrna Loy as the maligned heiress who is suing, and William Powell as the man Tracy hires to put Loy in a compromising position, so she'll drop the suit. And, in order to give Powell the married status necessary for the plan, he asks Harlow to marry Powell—just for a few weeks. That's only the beginning of the complications. The director, Jack Conway, keeps up the fast pace by a lot of shouting and busywork—people are always rushing in and out, and practically every line is meant to be funny. Some of them are, and the others are, at least, perky. The picture isn't bad—it's enjoyable, but it's rather charmless. It's constructed like a seventies sitcom, and it has the same kind of forced atmosphere of hilarity; it looks and sounds factory-made. The stars (and the supporting players, too) do their patented characters—the ones they'd invented some years earlier. (Almost nothing seems to be happening for the first time.) Loy is assured and level-headed; Harlow is a tough cookie—loud and shrill but sentimental at heart; Tracy is a solid man's man; Powell is a suave ladies' man.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; Aug. 5 and 7.)



Opening August 3, Ang Lee's "Eat Drink Man Woman."

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad (1958)—As Sinbad, Kerwin Mathews is no Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but this garish, high-pitched "Arabian Nights" adventure clicks as a vehicle for Ray Harryhausen's storybook special effects. He provides a Cyclops that's part rhino, part centaur; an undulating serpent-woman; infant and adult incarnations of a two-headed bird called the Roc; and a fiery-eyed dragon. Courtesy of Harryhausen, Sinbad's sword fight with a skeleton is more thrilling *and* more believable than his bout with mutineers. Bernard Herrmann's score gives a boost to the swashbuckling. Directed by Nathan Juran, from Kenneth Kolb's script. With Kathryn Grant as a diminutive princess, Torin Thatcher as an evil sorcerer, and Richard Eyer as a boy genie.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Aug. 5-7.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1949)—Jean Gabin and Isa Mirance are the restless, lonely lovers in this Franco-Italian production, directed by René Clément. Gabin plays a Frenchman, wanted for homicide, who has fled to Genoa; there he spends a few days with the troubled Miranda and her impressionable daughter (Vera Talchi) before the police close in on him. Though the film won international recognition (the Best Director and Best Actress Awards at Cannes, and the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film), it's a rather uneasy mixture of the romantic, melodramatic prewar French style and the harsh, poetic postwar Italian style (especially in the semi-documentary use of the Genoa-waterfront locations and in the attempt at a fresh approach to character). There was gossip that the French team of Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, who worked on some of Gabin's fatalistic, atmospheric prewar successes, rewrote Cesare Zavattini and Suso Cecchi d'Amico's neo-realist script. Whatever the reasons, Clément seems to be pulled in different directions; his "sensitivity" is like a glue holding the picture together. In French and Italian.—P.K. (Walter Reade Theatre; Aug. 5-6.)

RUTH SOFIR KELTER

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

HARRY AND LOUISE

In real life, Harry and Louise, the fictional stars of the television commercial created by the health-insurance industry to raise alarm about the Clinton Administration's health-care plan, are actually named Harry and Louise—a touch of authenticity that the producers of the commercial believe makes it seem more real. But, unlike most people, the real Harry and Louise are discouraged by the health-insurance industry from speaking about their health insurance—or about much else, for that matter. This is what the Health Insurance Association of America said, anyway, when we called the other day. "They don't make comments by themselves," a spokeswoman said, "because it's in their contracts, and also because of the seriousness of our message."

Fortunately, the Democratic version of Harry and Louise—Alan Brooks and Mary Wickliffe, the actor and actress who star in the Democratic National Committee's parody of the Harry and Louise commercial—are happy to talk about themselves, about their health insurance, and even about the possible health-insurance plans of the other Harry and Louise. "We want them to talk," Harry Thomason, the director of the Democrats' commercial, said of his Harry and Louise when we called him. And no sooner had we hung up than we heard from his Harry and Louise. Results-wise, it was like the difference between calling the Politburo and calling Boss Tweed.

As it turns out, Mary Wickliffe was able to draw on her own experience in portraying the Democrats' Louise, for she currently has no health insurance at all. The last time she had any coverage was in 1991, shortly after she co-starred in a commercial for a breakfast cereal called Basic 4. The success of that commercial qualified her for insurance with the Screen Actors Guild. (Most likely, the real Harry is covered by this plan, too.) "When you're on it, the plan is absolutely wonderful," Mary said. "Prescriptions are zip. It's the kind of thing that most actors would kill to stay on. But I lost it." In lieu of affordable insurance, Wickliffe now treadmills religiously and takes a lot of vitamins.

Alan Brooks *is* covered by a health-insurance plan at the moment, thanks to an imminent appearance as a thug who torments Laura on "General Hospital." His soap work qualifies him for insurance through the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists, which picks up eighty per cent of the doctor's bill after a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar deductible. Cosmetic surgery is not covered, and neither is psychiatric care, but if Brooks should ever get a movie career going he would become elegible for the Guild's plan, under which psychiatric coverage would kick in at the end of three years. (It might be argued, of course, that an actor who had steady work for that long wouldn't *need* a psychiatrist.) "Our coverage has been sporadic," Brooks said, "and it has eroded over the years. In fact, most of the time I've been on my wife's plan. She's an actress, too, but she's got a real job. And, actually, we're quite a bit more successful than most of our actor friends."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

As we were wrapping up our conversation with Brooks, he mentioned that, although he's never met the other Harry, he shares his agent. So we made another phone call. "It's ironic, actually," said Freddi Lindsey, who works at the Harrys' agency. "From a personal point of view, it was actually sort of frustrating. I mean, Harry refused and refused and refused to talk to people, because he wanted to stay out of the political center, and what have you. But I think the beast is out of the actor now, because he just keeps calling me and calling me and asking, 'Is there anything

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HIGH TIME
MEMBERS OF THE TALL CLUB JOIN THE CROWD ONE NIGHT AT THE JUKEBOX, ON E. 39TH ST.
COAT CHECK
BY ROBERT GROSSMAN
ANN WATT, PRESIDENT OF THE TALL CLUB OF NEW YORK CITY:
IT'S A NOT-FOR-PROFIT SOCIAL CLUB FOR WOMEN 5'10" AND TALLER, AND MEN 6'2" AND TALLER.
CLUB MEMBERS ESTHER, MIKE, AND RONY:
IT STRETCHES SOCIALIZING TO THE LIMIT.
IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS THE PORTUGUESE CLUB IN EGYPT.
I'M DUTCH. THERE ARE MANY TALL CLUBS IN EUROPE. WARM, SINCERE PEOPLE.
ALDO, ANTONIA, ERIKA, KARIN, AND YVONNE:
MY FRIENDS ARE ALL FROM THE CLUB.
MY MOTHER IS, LIKE, 5'3".
IT'S GREAT TO MEET PEOPLE YOU CAN LOOK AT EYE TO EYE.

more that we can do?' For the publicity and all, I mean. And, you know, he did actually finally agree to talk, after putting his foot down heavily a number of times. I think he gave this speech about not necessarily agreeing with the commercial one hundred per cent, or something. But what can you say? I mean, in the end they're *actors*."

THE BREAD BEAT

THE West Village neighborhood where the New York Police Department ran its undercover Italian-bread bakery has been quiet ever since last summer, when the cops returned to non-bread-related pursuits. The storefront, at 327 West Eleventh Street, where, for five months, six policemen put on white aprons and pretended to bake bread each day, has become Brewbar—a Seattle-esque coffee place run by Austin & Company, a catering operation next door—and the only sign that a major bread-sting operation took place there is a clipping from the *Times* posted in the window. The story, which broke three weeks ago, details the success of the police in exposing the activities of a group called the Association of Independent Bakers and Distributors of Italian Bread, which is alleged to have attempted to corner the Italian-bread market, jack up prices, and outmuscle the competition. ("A PROSECUTOR SEES PARALLELS BETWEEN ITALIAN BREAD AND CONSTRUCTION," one of the *Times*' headlines read.) Members of this group reportedly suggested to wiretapped police bakers that any attempt to sell bread at less than the association-recommended price of eighty-five cents a loaf would be punished by violence of other than the traditional dough-kneading variety.

When the police bakers finally threw in their aprons, it came as something of a relief to the neighborhood. Back in the winter of 1993, the six detectives turned heads in the neighborhood by aggressively outbidding Austin & Company on the lease for the storefront; gossip began immediately as to just who these burly and secretive so-called bakers might be. "They were kind of shady-looking," said Steve Austin, the owner of the catering company and an eleven-year West Eleventh Street resident. "I mean, these guys clearly didn't look like bakers. Everybody thought they were the Mafia." When the police finally lifted their cover, they held a little open house and showed off their covert handiwork—hidden cameras and hidden microphones, and a back room with various surveillance monitors. "It was pretty cool," Austin said. "They were like little kids about the whole thing. One of the detectives, he went 'Yeah, it's just like James Bond.' "

A key component of the case against the indicted association members is the quality of the police bakery's bread itself. The police loaf was described confidently by Robert Morgenthau, the Manhattan District Attorney, as better-tasting than the higher-priced competition, but it appears that this claim may be difficult to prove in court. On July 13th, when the D.A. held a press conference and served two dozen loaves—each wrapped in the faux bakery's distinctive paper sleeve—to the reporters and law-enforcement officials on hand, the police bread came in for mixed reviews. Mike Pearl, the *Post's* court reporter, raved about the bread, saying it was so good that he could no longer bear to eat the Italian bread that's served at Forlini's, the D.A.'s regular lunch place. Pearl's lunch partner, Seth Faison, one of the *Times'* court reporters, agreed. "It was very good," he said. "It was almost fresh. It was obviously same-day. The crust was just right. And my judgment is good." (Faison once spent some time as a chef at Trattoria Mitchelli, an Italian restaurant in Seattle.) But David Kocieniewski, *Newsday's* criminal-justice reporter, said the bread "wasn't great" and added, "Under penalty of perjury, it wasn't bad. I mean, I'll tell you, I ate the bread and my colleagues ate the bread, but when I brought it home and offered it to my dog, he wouldn't eat it, and he *loves* bread."

We would have sampled some ourself, but at the moment the bread is no-

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CAROLYN, CHRIS, TOBY, JOHN, MICHAEL, PAUL AND FRED TELL WHAT TALL PEOPLE DO:
I'M A LIGHTING ENGINEER.
I'M AN ARCHEOLOGIST.
I'M A DOCTOR.
I GET MISTAKEN FOR "JAWS" FROM THE JAMES BOND MOVIES.
I WRITE FOR OPERA DIGEST.
I GET MISTAKEN FOR FRANCO HARRIS.
I'VE WRITTEN SIX TEXTBOOKS ON MARINE ENGINEERING.
TALL CLUB NONMEMBERS JERRY, ADELE, DEBBIE, BARBARA AND RICH, THE BARTENDER:
WE'RE GOING TO JOIN A CLUB FOR AVERAGE PEOPLE.
I'M A TALL CLUB WANNABE. I'M HALF AN INCH SHORT.
I'M 4'8" AND I'M GOING TO FIND A SHORT GROUP.
TALL PEOPLE SEEM TO PREFER TALL GLASSES.

where to be found. For that matter, the same can be said of the bakery where the bread actually came from: that place is being treated as if it were part of a federal baker-protection program. All that is known for sure is that in the months when the police bakery was operational a police baker rose each morning at three to pick up fresh bread from an out-of-state bakery, presumably in New Jersey. We called a few of our bread sources for a lead. "The best information that I can give you is that I really doubt anybody would want to get involved in anything like that," Angela Wernicke, Dean & DeLuca's bread manager, said. Then we called around to bakeries in New Jersey. Bakers there said things like "I don't think we know anything like that" and "You'll have to call back and talk to Tony." When we finally thought we had it narrowed down to a little brick-oven place out near Newark Bay, a man came to the phone after six or seven rings and quietly asked us what we wanted. After a long silence, the man said, "No," and continued to do so, over and over, no matter how we worded the question. We got the message.

DON'T TOUCH THAT DIAL

MOST of the AM radio stations in New York have their transmitter planted in the Jersey Meadowlands, so that they can beam their signal directly into Manhattan. WCBS Newsradio 88, on the other hand, has its five-hundred-and-forty-nine-foot-tall antenna and fifty-thousand-watt transmitter on a speck of land called High Island, in Long Island Sound. It's difficult to say exactly where the transmitter is, partly because of the sheer number of islands in Long Island Sound and partly because no one at the station really wants to tell you. "All I can say is that it's actually a really beautiful place," one station employee says. Ed Schwartz, the technical supervisor of WCBS and the keeper of its eight-hundred-and-eighty-kilohertz signal, says, "Let's put it this way: the people who know know."

The downside of having the transmitter on this particular site is that reception of WCBS in Manhattan is horrible; the upside, however, is that it's great everywhere else. Because of the signal's interference-free position on the dial and the transmitter's proximity to salt water, which is an excellent conductor of radio waves, WCBS blasts out of New York, using the coasts of Long Island and Connecticut as if they were the walls of a giant megaphone. Most nights, WCBS turns out to be one of the nation's great radio signals, audible at one time or another on nearly every interstate. The station can also be heard in Europe, and sometimes even in the Far East, with the result that it has become the de-facto Voice of New York, broadcasting mayoral budget crises and Major Deegan Expressway tieups like propaganda for the whole world to enjoy.

A WCBS employee named Carol Daughtry acts as the station's unofficial department of state, and just about every day she receives a card or a letter describing things that faraway people have heard about New York. She gets letters from all over. On her desk the other day were notes from places like Suriname; Chula Vista, California; Kingston, Jamaica; and Northampton, England. According to Daughtry, it is not unusual for a card from an impressed international listener to include a few New York-specific details—a subway shooting, for instance—as proof that the listener really heard WCBS. Many people include pictures of themselves posing with their radios.

For some reason not precisely understood by the station's technicians, the two major sources of Daughtry's mail are England and Sweden. She also gets a lot of notes from Canada, but she considers mail from the provinces, as she puts it, "no big deal." In fact, she feels that way about most places, as you can tell when you listen to her flip through her mail pile. "Ohio, no big deal," she says. "Iceland, no big deal. Illinois. Finland. No big deal. Massachusetts. *Massachusetts*? That's *really* no big deal. But now Scotland. Now, how about *that*? And here's Japan—how 'bout that? You say they're kidding, there's no way they pick us up. But they send us a reception report and it's legitimate." She pauses, exasperated. "And then when people hear us in Maryland they think it's a big deal! I mean, come on. Give me a break." ♦

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CHIEF JOSEPH'S REVENGE

North of the Little Bighorn lies the forgotten field where the Nez Perce ended one of history's greatest retreats—and where a legacy has been reborn.

BY MARK STEVENS

THE Bear Paw Mountains, a low-slung range south of Chinook, Montana, get their name from an Indian tale of a hunter who ventures into a land of giant bears in order to feed his starving family. When he kills a deer, an angry bear grabs him. In a flash, the Creator severs the bear's paw. Another version tells of an Indian girl who comes to bathe in a virginal lake. A bear bewitched by her beauty reaches out, and the Creator saves her in the same way. The naming of these mountains, like all Indian naming, is poetically exact. From the High Plains, they appear magically inviting, and also remarkably like the just severed paw of a giant bear, its knuckles rippling across the horizon.

Chief Joseph, photographed in Bismarck, North Dakota, two months after the battle.

In the shadow of the Bear Paw Mountains, on a vast blanket of grass tossed across the earth without smoothing or straightening, there is a creek bottom where for thousands of years the Indians of the region camped and hunted buffalo. Until recently, the one road that passed nearby was nothing more than rough gravel; even now, when the government has put in a paved road and posted a ranger there, only the occasional driver will stop his car to stare at the weathered signs above the creek bottom. Ground squirrels stare up from holes in the earth. Deer graze among the signs. An eagle hangs uncannily in the sky.

It was here, on a freezing gray afternoon in October, 1877, that Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce handed his rifle to Colonel Nelson A. Miles of the United States Army, concluding one of the last important battles between the Indians and the cavalry in the United States. The young chief and several hundred Nez Perce were stopped—after six days of intermittent but bloody fighting—about forty miles from Canada, where they had hoped to find sanctuary after refusing to give up their traditional lands in northeastern Oregon and being forcibly dispossessed. Historians consider their journey, which lasted three and a half months and took them almost two thousand miles, one of the greatest military retreats ever. While crossing rough and mountainous terrain with women, children, old people, the wounded, and a herd of more than two thousand horses, the warriors of the Nez Perce, who numbered fewer than two hundred, repeatedly outsmarted, fought off, and outran the cavalry.

The creek bottom, however, is far more than a battlefield. The spot where Chief Joseph finally yielded is soul-shaping ground, in its way as significant for American culture as Gettysburg. There have been bloodier battles in the history of the West—and other events just as cruel to Indians—but there is no other place that has the same peculiar

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power. The Nez Perce retreat, the reflection in a dark mirror of the pioneers heading west in their wagon trains, forms one of the most haunting images in American history: a community ripped loose from its land, wandering half lost and under constant attack, searching for a place to settle. And the surrender itself, which Joseph described in a famous speech, conveys with unique force that moment of abandonment suffered by so many Indians when the old life was forever lost and the new life begun—that moment, in short, when the Creator did not sever the bear's paw.

This essential place slept, all but ignored, for a century. In the last fifteen years, however, it has undergone a slow but impassioned awakening, which has paralleled the widespread revival of pride in traditional Indian culture. One of the most significant moments in that awakening occurred last October, when, on the anniversary of the battle, several hundred people gathered to dedicate the Bear's Paw Battleground, which had recently become part of the Nez Perce National Historical Park. This federal recognition represented an important symbolic response to those Nez Perce who had refused to be railroaded into signing a treaty that took from them their ancestral lands.

After a century of neglect, the Bear's Paw Battleground, site of one of the last major battles of the Indian wars, has won federal recognition.

KURT MARKUS

But it was not a complete response. No message from Washington could do that. It was left to Horace Axtell, a leader of the Seven Drum religion of the Nez Perce, to remember the past in the way that would have mattered most to Joseph and the other so-called nontreaty Nez Perce. In the early morning, long before the official program began, Axtell led a small group onto the battlefield, to the spot where the Indians were camping when they were surprised by the cavalry. He knew where the Nez Perce had buried their dead and wanted to be near their bones. He laid down his blanket and asked any Nez Perce who had served in the military to sit with him. He invited all other veterans, including those who were white, to help form a circle. He was seated facing the sun, then just rising above the hills that surround the creek bottom. Behind him a full moon was fading into the day. He waited a moment, and one became aware of the sound of the wind blowing across the hills.

Then he began singing a sacred Nez Perce song, which had also been sung by Joseph and his people on their retreat. Axtell is sixty-nine years old; his great-grandfather died on the battlefield. A former sawmill worker, Axtell wears thick glasses and braids his gray hair in the traditional fashion, in two long pigtails. Though his fingers are knotted up and his face is splotched with age, he remains a man of energy, who can dance for hours at powwows. And he still has a fine voice—a voice of character, like that of an elderly blues singer. Indian singing, which seems drawn from the earth itself, is best heard outdoors, where it can join with the sound of the wind or of a creek, or any other sound of nature. Axtell was accompanied in his song not only by the wind but also by the murmuring of several Nez Perce.

Afterward, he conducted a pipe ceremony. Whoever held the pipe as it passed slowly from hand to hand was invited to say something about the battlefield. In the pauses, Axtell himself sometimes spoke. Since not everyone was familiar with the ceremony, Axtell, perhaps sensing some nervousness, told the gathering not to worry if the pipe went out. Then he smiled. Because his manner is grave, his smile is always surprising; and he has a way of giving himself completely to a smile. He spoke briefly about how important humor was to healing and, indeed, to almost everything else in life. According to the stories that have come down, he said, the Nez Perce on their desperate journey made a point of taking time to enjoy some small funny things that happened along the way.

Eventually, the pipe came to Connie Evans, who was sitting on Axtell's left. She was the only woman in the circle. During a ceremony a few months before at a nearby reservation, she had been denied a place in the circle because she was a woman. In the nineteen-sixties, however, Evans served for twelve months in an Army evacuation hospital in Vietnam, sometimes under fire, and she had left the Army as a captain. Axtell, a veteran of the Second World War, was proud to place her by his side.

In a voice that sometimes wavered but remained strong, Evans recalled her grandfather, Yellow Head, who, as a young warrior, had survived both the battle with the cavalry and the subsequent, bitterly cruel exile of the nontreaty Nez Perce to the Indian Territory (now part of Oklahoma). When he was finally permitted to return to his relatives in Idaho, on the condition that he become a Christian, he refused to talk about the war. For many years, his deep silence mystified her. After serving in Vietnam, however, she understood something of his silence. To be here at the battlefield made her feel close to her quiet grandfather, she said. There was

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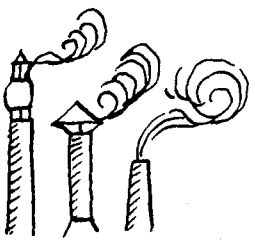
a long pause. Then she passed the pipe to Axtell.

AFTER slavery, the greatest moral failing in this nation's history is its treatment of the American Indians. Critics regularly point to the modern consequences of that treatment in the form of alcoholism, poverty, and despair, emphasizing the neglect of a small and scattered group with little political power. But political and economic struggle, while important, can do only so much. Any nation that hopes to come clean must confront the evils of its past not only in the practical realm but also on a symbolic or mythological plane—in effect, in its dream life.



This is particularly true of the evil done to Indians, since they have played such a prominent part in the American imagination. Interest in their plight has increased greatly during the last twenty-five years—they are fashionable, and seem inescapable on television—but a mist of righteousness, show biz, New Age dreaminess, and bad art is now diminishing their history. The Indians of the past are typically idealized in saccharine fashion as nature's children, or, as at the Wounded Knee massacre, presented as victims. As always, the most admired Indians are the war chiefs. The moral has changed, but Geronimo and Sitting Bull are still on the marquee.

Custer's Last Stand, in 1876, remains the preëminent public symbol of the part that Indians played in American history. Tens of thousands of tourists will visit the Little Bighorn Battlefield this summer to stand on the hillside where Lieutenant Colonel George A. Custer fell to the followers of Sitting Bull. They will be drawing different conclusions, of course, from the visitors of a hundred years ago, or even twenty-five years ago. In the old days, the battle served to conceal what really happened between settlers and Indians in the West. It was not the United States Army but the Indians who, for the most part, were being surrounded, being defeated, and truly making a "last stand."

Today, most visitors to the Little Bighorn regard Custer as a narcissistic Goldilocks, a man whose obvious weaknesses serve as a foil for the dignity of Sitting Bull and the romantic mystery of Crazy Horse. At the battlefield itself, great pains are taken to teach visitors about both the Indians and the advancing settlers. But the Battle of the Little Bighorn remains, at bottom, a story for boys. It provides a thrill, a clash between good guys and bad guys, and a lesson. It does not convey anything like the power or scope of the tragedy that occurred on American ground. There is still no universally acknowledged place, figure, or event that can speak for the Indian experience the way Gettysburg does for the Civil War or the memorial wall in Washington, D.C., does for the Vietnam War.

That is why the awakening of the Bear's Paw Battleground is essential American business. A place of eloquent silence, in which history seems to have conspired with art to make every detail stand for more than itself, the battleground is emblematic of Indian history, up to and including the present. It beautifully disturbs the clichés that have made the American response to Indian history so trivial. Those interested in seriously engaging that history are now coming to the battlefield in remarkable numbers. Visitors—there were about a thousand this July—often spend hours by themselves in wandering contemplation of the field.

As a symbol of strength, Chief Joseph, the main hero of the battle, conforms to the expectations of neither the past nor the present. That explains much of his importance. For many years, he was hidden behind the stock characterization of the war chief and wrongly given credit for devising the brilliant Nez Perce retreat. The fact is that Joseph was not a war chief. Nor was he a saint. A complex figure who resists the usual show-biz conventions, Joseph is the great symbol of Indian *life* rather than of death—the representative of the traditional Indian "village" who, while driven into warfare, is not defined by force of arms.

As a result, Joseph can deepen and enrich the picture of Indian life, embodying the full range of Indian passion, possibility, and suffering. In the many battles during the retreat, for example, Joseph, a man in his thirties, was responsible for the women, the children, and the horses—that is, for the wealth and the future of the tribe. Both before and after the war, he was essentially a diplomat, a man willing to compromise on any issue except that which meant life itself to his particular band of Nez Perce. He refused only to give up his people's religion and to sell their homeland in Oregon's Wallowa Valley.

In May of 1877, four months after government commissioners ordered him under threat of violence onto the Idaho reservation with the "treaty" Nez Perce—those who had signed the Treaty of 1863, which took away most of the tribe's land—Joseph actually agreed to move (but not to sell his land), because he wished to avoid an all-out war with the United States Army. A month later, when Joseph's band and other non-treaty Nez Perce were camped near the reservation, some hot-blooded young men who could not bear the humiliation killed some local Indian-haters. Joseph, while saddened by their action and fully anticipating the horrors to come, nonetheless remained with the bands of non-treaty Nez Perce on the great retreat.

Like most Indians of his station and courage, Joseph would surely have preferred to die a warrior's death during the retreat. But it was his fate always to do the more difficult thing, which was to live. Only at the Bear's Paw Battleground did he finally take up arms—and he did so, characteristically, to save those in his care. According to the historian Alvin Josephy, Jr., the much bloodied Nez Perce had paused at the creek bottom in order to rest the weak and kill some buffalo for winter stores. It was cold, and there was snow threatening. They knew that General O. O. Howard, who was pursuing them, was at least two days behind and that Sitting Bull and the Sioux were just across the Canadian border. What they did not know was that Howard's courier had alerted Colonel Miles. To catch the Indians by surprise, Miles sent his cavalry hurtling toward the Nez Perce camp and momentarily split it in two. Although the Indians cut down this charge, they suffered terrible losses. Among the dead was Joseph's brother, one of the band's leading warriors.

The initial charge separated Joseph from the main camp. He was with his

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twelve-year-old daughter and the tribe's horses. In the melee, he told his daughter to catch a horse and join those fleeing the battle. He rode through heavy fire back to his wife and other children, who were surrounded by soldiers. He fought at murderously close range. His clothes were cut to pieces; legend has it that an officer later wanted his jacket as a souvenir. After two hours, twenty per cent of Miles's soldiers were either dead or wounded. Alarmed by the accuracy of the Nez Perce fire and worried that the hostile Sioux would cross the border to defend the Nez Perce, he did not dare risk more men.

The battle settled into a deadlock. While the brilliant flash of the first day's fighting usually gets most of the attention, it is this gray standoff of several days which provides the more significant image. The weather was freezing, cloudy, wet. Most of the Indians lay huddled in hastily dug shelters. (The warriors were in rifle pits.) The wounded were dying; the dead were being buried; the children, crying with hunger and cold, were beginning to weaken. At one point, the soldiers thought they saw the Sioux crossing the plains to rescue the Nez Perce. But it was only a ghostly herd of buffalo, dusted white with snow. The Indian village was slowly being squeezed to death in the cold—an image that represents Indian history better than any dramatic battle.

The Army had a Napoleon cannon, but the gunners could not depress the barrel enough to blast the Indians in the creek bottom. So they pointed the barrel up instead and began trying to lob shells into the Indian camp. One shell finally exploded near a pit sheltering women and children. Several people were buried alive. The Indians were able to dig out all but two: a woman and an adolescent girl. According to some reports, the girl was a granddaughter of William Clark—the same Clark who, with Meriwether Lewis, led the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which charted the American West and seemed to define the possibilities of the continent.

At any point, the Indian warriors could have broken through the Army lines and made it into Canada. But they would have had to abandon the weaker members of the tribe. Joseph finally ended the standoff only in order to save the lives of those who could not fight: he brought in eighty-seven men, a hundred and eighty-four women, and a hundred and forty-seven children. The Army declared a complete victory, but in fact the ending was inconclusive. More than two hundred Indians, including many able-bodied warriors, had slipped past the Army and escaped into Canada. Joseph himself did not offer an unconditional surrender. He turned over his gun with the stipulation, to which Miles agreed, that his people and their horses be returned to the treaty reservation in Idaho. The Army later broke its word, overruling Miles and exiling the Nez Perce to the Indian Territory.

Joseph's legendary battlefield speech fully deserves comparison with that other great American battlefield statement, the Gettysburg Address. Like Lincoln's speech, it has a simplicity that leaves nothing out. Part of its meaning lies in the fact that it is actually a translation written down by an interpreter. Indians have rarely been granted a voice free of translation, but here the imperfect meeting between English and Nez Perce created great poetry, as if poetry were all that was left to Indians.

Unfortunately, the speech is usually presented sentimentally. Joseph, in addition to being concealed behind the image of a war chief, has traditionally been portrayed in the style of weepy Western kitsch—a sad and noble Indian staring at the horizon as the sun sets upon his culture. In reality, he gave a stingingly tough speech about the destruction of what was essentially an extended family. There was no nonsense about healing. The sadness was desolate.

In the beginning of the speech, when Joseph speaks about "heart," he is simply making the surrender personal, a matter of honor between two leaders. He describes a society in which everything given has been taken away:

> Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have it in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Looking Glass is dead. Toohoolhoolzote is dead. The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my

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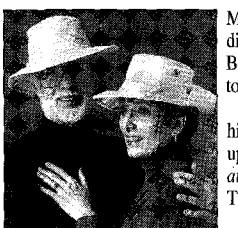

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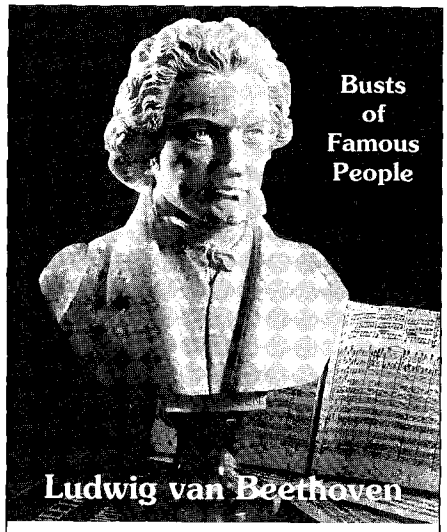

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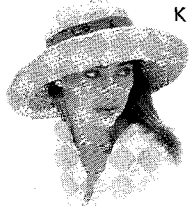

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chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.

THE Bear's Paw Battleground haunts the mind because it marks an end and a beginning, each equally cruel. It commemorates an end to the old Indian life, as the "village" is finally surrounded by hostile forces and the future becomes a wintry closing in. Here, in this place, a valuable, intact society was broken up, betrayed, scattered, and thrust into the limbo that continues to characterize much Indian life today. "In many ways, what ended here marks the beginning of modern Indian life," a Nez Perce said at the battlefield last October. "This place still defines what we became and what we are today."

For Indians in general, and the Nez Perce in particular, the decades following the sack of Indian culture could almost be considered the dark ages—a time of numbness, despair, and silence. Indians had little presence in the larger society beyond the caricature provided by dime-store novels and the Wild West shows then touring the continent. This was when the Custer battle became part of the American imagination.

After the war, Joseph led his people through a seven-year exile in the flats of Oklahoma, during which many of them died. Virtually every birth meant a death: a Nez Perce cemetery in Oklahoma, which until recently had been plowed over, contains the bones of more than a hundred small children. According to Nez Perce oral history, only those who agreed to convert to Christianity were finally permitted to return to the tribe's reservation in Idaho. Joseph and his followers continued to practice the Seven Drum religion and were permanently banished to the Colville reservation in Washington, where many of the descendants of his band still live.

For the Nez Perce tribe as a whole, the war and its aftermath assumed the character of a religious and civil war, dividing treaty and non-treaty Indians and pitting Nez Perce Christians (mostly Presbyterians) against those who continued to follow the Indian religions. Here, too, the Nez Perce experience was emblematic, for most tribes suffered similar divisions. And, as in most such conflicts, the bitterness proved corrosive. To this day, among some Nez Perce a slight or a perceived insult can suddenly take one back a hundred years.

What's extraordinary is that Joseph during this dark period does not decline into a partisan figure. He becomes instead a man of echoes: of the old life; of the warfare; of the often attenuated character of modern Indian existence. (One translation of his Indian name is Thunder Travelling Across a Lake and Fading on the Mountainside.) He also evokes powerful archetypal leaders: the politician forced to rise above politics; the peaceful man driven to war; the articulate man deeply versed in the religion of his people who gives a battlefield speech; the melancholy man struggling to preserve the wholeness of his culture. And, ironically, given his persecution by Christians, he becomes Biblical. Like his New Testament namesake, Joseph is a protector of women and children who seems at once weak and strong—weak because he is unmanned by the more powerful forces of history; strong because he serves the spiritual purposes of his people.

Most important of all, Joseph did not yield to history. He was a man stripped by fate; even his children predeceased him. Yet for more than twenty-five years after the battle—until his death, in 1904—he tirelessly, politely, eloquently, quixotically insisted that the government make good on its broken promises and return his people to their home in the Wallowa Valley. He retained many traditional Indian practices; and he refused the consolations of bitterness. The year before Joseph died, the photographer Edward Curtis took his picture and complained that he did not have "ideal" Indian features. What commands attention is the unromantic strength in a gentle face decayed by too much memory. Joseph's face is held together by an act of will.

THERE were people after the war who could sense how important the echoes of Joseph and the Bear's Paw Battleground might become to the future. One of the most troubling aspects of the Indian holocaust of the nineteenth century is that—with a few great exceptions—it passes through American history in such a muffled form; an orally based culture had few

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ways of recording its experience for a written culture. For many years, those who saved and protected the Nez Perce story were, typically, history buffs, oblivious of fashion and operating well outside the mainstream of American culture.

The Bear's Paw Battleground owes its preservation to local heroes. In the late nineteen-twenties, L. V. Bogy, an influential businessman from Chinook, Montana, pressured legislators to exclude the area from the Homestead Act. (It would otherwise have been farmed or grazed over.) Around the same time, an eccentric historian named Lucullus McWhorter had the then radical idea that the Nez Perce who fought in the war might have something to say about their history. McWhorter drove some survivors back to the various battlefields along the retreat. They took photographs and planted stakes in the grass at the important landmarks. It is now possible to see where Joseph camped on the Bear's Paw Battleground; to stand on the rise where Chief Looking Glass fell; to examine the bullet-chipped boulder behind which Joseph's brother—"he who led the young men"—was slain.

Just as important, McWhorter's interviews with survivors commemorated the spiky, idiosyncratic humanity of the Nez Perce during the retreat. Idealizing Indians has dehumanized them no less than demonizing them has. The heroism of the Nez Perce was moving in part because so much about them was ordinary. They even had their share of deadbeats; during one early battle, for example, an impressive number of warriors remained in a smoking lodge, perhaps helping out by being spiritual.

For the last thirty years—starting well before anyone else took much interest in the place—the main guardian of the field has been a passionate high-school history teacher in Havre, Montana, named Jim Magera. A man very much in the McWhorter tradition, Magera first saw the battlefield in 1963, on the same day that he began as a student at Northern Montana College. No one else was there. "It captured me," he says, simply. "That's been my spot on this earth." By now, Magera has collected so much research about the battlefield that he appears to be constantly overflowing with information and anecdotes. He is one of those scholars who are, in effect, fountains.

"I think who got to look like whom is less important than our still being together after twenty-five years."

• •

Magera has several missions. He protects and studies the local history of Havre, which is about forty miles from the battlefield. (The local wits, not knowing how fortunate their town is, call him Chief Joseph behind his back.) He roots out clichés among the local teen-agers, complicating the ideas that whites have about Indians, and encourages Indian students to take pride in their past. And he looks after the battleground itself, giving free tours whenever he is asked, talking to and helping the Nez Perce who trickle back, and reburying in the traditional Nez Perce way the human bones that sometimes still surface, thereby making the field intact once again.

Magera is the last of the stewards who tended the battleground during the years of neglect. In a way, he helped keep the field ready until, in the late nineteen-seventies, an Assiniboine with the beautiful name of Jim Earthboy could awaken it in a manner that is classically Indian.

HAVING slept for so long, the Bear's Paw Battleground never underwent the process of cultural varnishing—the addition of tidy lawns, parking lots, and buildings with rest rooms and helpful pamphlets—that usually embalms a historical site. The cathedral spaces of the High Plains that surround the field can isolate events in the landscape, bringing a luminous intensity, for example, to a circling hawk that drops a feather. Many Indians, of course, still discern spiritual messages in natural events, although the word "spiritual" may sound a little too fancy, since the relation to nature is also a conversation, like that between husband and wife.

Jim Earthboy was such an Indian. The son of a Cree father and an Assiniboine mother, Earthboy, who died in 1988, grew up speaking two Indian languages in addition to English; he also knew traditional Indian sign language. Like many Indians of his generation, he took special pride in having served in the Army during the Second World War. That is, he was a warrior: while stationed in Panama, he became a champion boxer; during the fighting in France, he was a courageous scout. As a civilian, Earthboy, who was gentle and self-effacing in the impressive way of one who can use his fists and has

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been to war, liked to trap in the winter—mostly mink, beaver, and coyote—and he had a gift for making dance and ceremonial objects.

For most of his life, Earthboy ignored the battleground, which is about forty miles from where he lived on the Fort Belknap reservation. The Assiniboine and the Gros Ventre in that part of Montana considered it a Nez Perce place. In 1974, three years before the centennial of the battle, friends from Canada—a former P.O.W. and his wife—visited Jim Earthboy and his wife, Edith, and asked to see the sights. The two couples went to the battlefield. As usual, no one was there. "Jim took him and showed him all the burial places and the markers," Edith Earthboy recalls. "And his wife and I, we just sat back on the bench there and waited, because she couldn't walk very far. So we just sat there and we waited—and while we were sitting there she said, 'Edith, do you hear that?' I said, 'Hear what?' And she said, 'Listen.' So I sat there and I listened. I said, 'Somebody's crying.' 'Yes,' she said. 'That's what I heard, too.'

"Jim didn't say anything until that evening. 'Do you know,' he said to me, 'something happened up there at the battlefield.' I asked him what. And he said, 'Henry and I heard people talking and crying.' And I said, 'You know, we heard that, too.' And he said, 'You know, as long as the battlefield's been here nobody has ever done anything.' "

A crying came from the ground, and Jim Earthboy decided that something must be done, in the Indian way. "Maybe we'll go up and have a pipe ceremony," he told his wife. "Maybe we'll even have a dance honoring all the dead Nez Perce." Earthboy went first to the traditional religious figures in the Indian community—known as "pipemen"—at the Fort Belknap reservation and elsewhere. Upon hearing his story, the pipemen urged him to hold a service with prayers and pipe ceremonies in memory of the slain Nez Perce. It was thought that their souls must be unsettled. Earthboy then arranged for four pipemen to come to the battlefield—one from each point of the compass—to hold the first formal Indian service there.

During the retreat a hundred years earlier, the Nez Perce were mostly shunned, and sometimes attacked, by other Indians. It was considered too dangerous after the Custer debacle to help "renegades." The Assiniboine, in fact, killed some Nez Perce refugees from the Bear's Paw battle. The Nez Perce of the time found this alienation from other Indians devastating. That it should be an Assiniboine who finally answered a cry in the Bear's Paw field helps explain why Earthboy has become a hero to many Nez Perce. Partly at Earthboy's instigation, several hundred Nez Perce returned to mark the hundredth anniversary of the battle.

The centenary, in turn, helped galvanize a dormant drive to include the Bear's Paw Battleground, along with other sites of the Nez Perce retreat, in the Nez Perce National Historical Park, which had been established in 1965. This political campaign led to more than the passing of a bill in Congress. It also stimulated a desire among some Nez Perce to reëxamine their past. Both the Nez Perce in Idaho and the Nez Perce in Washington pushed for and supported the campaign; perhaps they distrusted each other a little less than before. One of the significant results of the awakening of the Bear's Paw Battleground is that it brought these long-divided groups together at the very place that, symbolically, most divides them.

Horace Axtell, who for seventeen years has been a leader of the Seven Drum religion, played a critical part in this struggle to find fresh ways of acknowledging the past and facing up to the battlefield. Axtell's own ancestors were non-treaty, but he himself was for many years a Christian and a tribal leader in Idaho. He found himself deeply moved by the centenary ceremony at the Bear's Paw Battleground. He had brought along his father, an elder who recalled that the grandfather who died there was a loving and humorous man—"a witty person." In the late nineteen-seventies, some Nez Perce elders approached Axtell—who was one of a dwindling number who could still speak the Nez Perce language and, as a veteran of the Second World War, was a man of stature—to help save and recover their language and the Seven Drum religion.

Axtell let his hair grow long and began to learn the sacred songs. He studied the practice of elderly Indians who still followed the old religion—in particular, that of Joe Red Thunder, a direct descendant of Joseph, who lived on the Colville reservation in Washington. Beginning in 1977, Axtell would usually visit the Bear's Paw Battleground every year on the anniversary. At first, many Indians made fun of him; he lost friends and prestige. People of his generation who were raised as Christians had been taught to regard Joseph as an outlaw, responsible for the war. Axtell's wife, Andrea Axtell, remembers being taught as a girl not only that Joseph was a renegade but also that Indian religion was "heathenism." Axtell persisted.

It took fifteen years after the centenary for the remaining significant sites to be added to the Nez Perce National Historical Park. (The main problem was that some of the sites—there were fourteen, in four states—included private holdings.) Both Indians and whites worked in the campaign. Local activists in Montana—in particular, Andy Anderson, the owner of Andy's Exxon, in Chinook—wrote letters and gathered information. So did Native American lobbyists and Nez Perce in both Idaho and Washington.

Eventually, Representative Pat Williams, a Montana Democrat, took a personal interest in the bill. He found a striking imbalance in the way America treated its battlefields. Those of the Civil War were celebrated because, he said, "freedom won," while those of the Indian wars were neglected because "freedom lost," and Americans did not like to think that freedom could lose in America. Even so, in the closing days of 1992, the bill almost failed to get through Congress. One of the bill's sponsors, Senator Mark Hatfield, a Republican from Oregon, stalled it in order to protect the right to develop land near a park site in the Wallowa Valley.

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The Nez Perce played their hand very cleverly. Their lobbyist asked Joe Red Thunder, who, at eighty-four, was the oldest living relative of Chief Joseph, to fly to Washington, D.C., and make a last-minute plea for the bill. He took along his eagle headdress. The syndicated columnist Jack Anderson was also preparing to publish a story about Hatfield's delaying tactics. The headlines, to say nothing of the photographs, were not hard to anticipate: "HATFIELD REBUFFS OLDEST LIVING DESCENDANT OF CHIEF JOSEPH." The Senator dropped his delaying tactics and declared victory for a noble cause.

In the final hours of the congressional session, an entirely unexpected problem arose. The Seven Drum religion considers Mother Earth sacred; when a person dies, he is returned to this mother, and the ground must remain in a natural state. A group of Chief Joseph's descendants were worried that Joseph's grave, on the Colville reservation, would now become a tourist attraction. They were given control over Joseph's gravesite, and the bill passed.

APART from Axtell's Seven Drum service, the Bear's Paw ceremonies last fall had a certain official tone—hardly surprising, since it was an official occasion. There were microphones and cameras and politicians; people being thanked; park rangers tidying up. This tone made some people uncomfortable. Several friends of Earthboy's, for example, observed that there weren't many eagles in the sky. Their concern was that the field was losing its natural character. The animals would go; the campers would come.

They were right to worry. On this battlefield, history and nature now speak in the same voice. Any significant intrusion will break that link. Except for protecting the environment, the National Park Service should simply leave it alone. That, of course, will be hard to do. There will be a desire to justify attention and show results—to improve, to teach, to promote, to build, to make the battlefield more like the Little Bighorn. There will also be a longing to atone for historical injustice by taking observable action, as if this would somehow make the suffering at the Bear's Paw less painful to contemplate. Only by leaving the field alone, however, will the Park Service preserve what matters most about it—its wild, austere, sacred character.

Over the years, many people have tried to tidy up the Nez Perce tragedy. Chief Joseph's lifelong struggle and failure to return to his beloved Wallowa Valley have, for example, led to many proposals that his bones be restored to his native soil. The idea is sentimentally pleasing as a kind of symbolic restitution: in death, if not in life, the old chief would finally make it home. But Joseph should stay where he is, on the Colville reservation, not only for religious reasons but also because returning his bones to the Wallowa Valley would represent yet another lie—more trashy tears, more show-biz sentiment. The Indian past cannot be reassembled.

"It is complicated being an Indian," Horace Axtell often says, with his unexpected smile. By that he means it is difficult to reconcile being a modern American with being an Indian who respects past practice. Those Indians who do so gracefully become masters of the mixed metaphor, at home in the poignant paradox. Axtell dances the old dances in modern high-school gyms; he wears both eagle feathers and stars from the American flag. His purpose is not to reproduce the past but to do what Jim Earthboy did—to acknowledge its cry. By answering in a way that Joseph and his people would have understood, Axtell helps compose the past for the present. He makes it possible for both Indians and whites to address the future with a less burdened mind.

On the morning before the official ceremonies at the Bear's Paw Battleground, Axtell travelled some distance north, to the Milk River. Jim Magera, Andy Anderson, Joe Red Thunder, his son Soy Red Thunder, and two others accompanied him. Magera, the indefatigable researcher, had located, through the study of an old memoir, the place on the river where Assiniboine warriors killed six Nez Perce refugees from the Bear's Paw battle. A seventh refugee was killed nearby. Their bodies were buried and forgotten long ago. Axtell sang a sacred song. Then he plucked seven leaves of sagebrush, which he took home to Lewiston, Idaho. ♦

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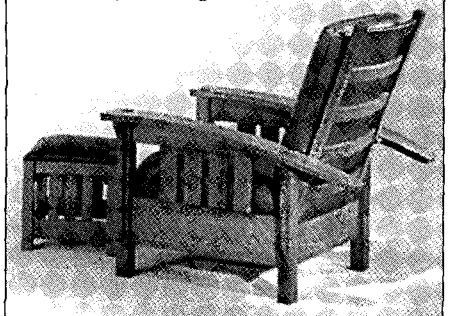

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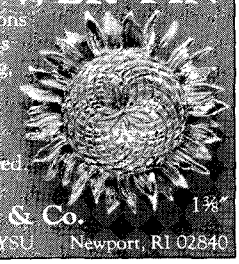

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A CRITIC AT LARGE

THE LONGEST CAMPAIGN

Twenty years after Richard Nixon's resignation, the posthumous re-spinning of the late President's career sheds some new light on his motives.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

RICHARD NIXON'S final campaign, culminating in the lavish eulogies at his funeral—during which the only scandal that ever obliged a President to resign was reduced to an indistinct smudge in a far corner of his record—may appear to be an unprecedented instance of his capacity for recovery. For Nixon watchers, though, this was familiar territory, another permutation in the recurrent pattern of his political life. His eternal battle on behalf of his reputation depended upon disgrace, or the risk of it. Nixon's very name conjures up a picture of a man exposed and vulnerable, who manages through appeals at once deeply resonant and empty to elicit such sympathy that he is resurrected. Only by manipulating the public ever more thoroughly was Nixon able to save himself from his own machinations. The quintessential Nixonian episode always ended with the frightening spectacle of Nixon X-raying himself. The fervent falsity of his self-description (often assuming the form of innuendo about his betters) came to be accepted as unassailable authenticity, the quality that made Nixon a representative man: the lower-middle-class figure whose striving and loathing were merged in an indissoluble molecule. Nixon's hatred of the press and his cynicism about politics can be traced partly to his terror of and longing for exposure. The way his epistemology worked was that he processed criticism as peril, possibly mortal, aimed at him by enemies, possibly subversive. Nixon saw his own use of "dirty tricks" as a justifiable self-protective response. (After Watergate, he encouraged the conservative writer Victor Lasky to produce a book, "It Didn't Start with Watergate," that made the case that Democratic Presidents had deployed dirty tricks first.) Whenever Nixon was caught in the act, he complained that his enemies, who had started it, were getting off scot-free: life was unfair, after all. And his resentment was precisely what aroused his Silent Majority. But then Nixon always did skirt the edges, exposing himself. A Nixon without shame followed by self-defensive shamelessness would not have been Nixon.

Be like Ike: One Nixon modus operandi was to best a father who had scorned him.

RICHARD THOMPSON

As he continually strained to reëstablish a good reputation, he sought to wrap himself in the armor of various impenetrable identities, each bearing the same label: "the new Nixon." Beginning in 1952, when he first ran for Vice-President, there were regular sightings (practically every four years) of a new,

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more mature, more balanced, more prudent Nixon, tempered by experience and responsibility.

His death has not halted the parade. In life, he strained to control his image until the very end. But he has just begun to live in memory. His legacies will be interpreted in relation to the deeds of future Presidents. The Cold War's end has already caused a dimming of much of the diplomatic authority that he projected as the most significant element of his record. Watergate material will continue to be mined and sifted for all sorts of clues—psychological, political, conspiratorial. "**Watergate: The Corruption of American Politics and the Fall of Richard Nixon**," by Fred Emery (Times), is nothing more than a lucid recounting of the wretched affair, but from this distance it all seems newly shocking. And Nixon's domestic policies are already being recast as his most sadly neglected legacy. His health-care plan, which included employer mandates, may be seen as a harbinger of the present debate. Joan Hoff, a historian at Indiana University, argues in "**Nixon Reconsidered**" (Basic), that "ultimately, these domestic programs may be remembered longer than his currently better-known activities in the realm of foreign policy, and they may even minimize his negative Watergate image. In any case, they represent the most positive characteristics of the Nixon phenomenon." But the pervasiveness of Nixon's cynicism, an essential element in his relentless political drive, will be impossible for future revisionists to ignore. The most important document to surface thus far in the post-Nixon canon is "**The Haldeman Diaries**" (Putnam), whose publication abruptly terminated the chorus of adulation for Nixon after his death and has made his strangely warped personality an inescapable issue.

RICHARD NIXON contemplated his own image amid a gallery of political leaders who served as models and, presumably, forerunners, especially in their phoenixlike rising from the ashes. In the Nixon library, there is an eerie room occupied by life-size statues of famous statesmen whom Nixon knew. The figures have no obvious connection with one another: de Gaulle and Mao and the rest are almost like strangers waiting for a bus. The bus is Nixon's syllogistic logic: they were great; Nixon dealt with them; ergo Nixon is great.

Nixon's favorite historical figures stood for aspects of his own virtue as he saw it. First among equals was Theodore Roosevelt, whose famous remark about "the man in the arena," battered but courageous, Nixon often cited self-referentially. (One of Nixon's memoirs, published in 1990, was entitled "In the Arena: A Memoir of Victory, Defeat and Renewal.") On August 9, 1974, in the East Room, Nixon's farewell remarks to his White House staff included a passage from T.R.'s diary on the death of his first wife: "And when my heart's dearest died, the light went from my life forever." But Roosevelt was "always in the arena, always vital," Nixon went on. "We think that when someone dear to us dies, we think that when we lose an election, we think that when we suffer a defeat, that all is ended. . . . Not true. It is only a beginning, always." Nixon's Presidency was his wife. It had died. He was grief-stricken. But he would go on.

In private, however, T.R. for Nixon was an object of resentment and envy, as someone who had had it easy: a patrician, who went to Harvard, and whose charisma allowed him to escape the brutal labors forced on Nixon. On February 2, 1970, P, as he is called in the diaries of H. R. Haldeman, his chief of staff, spoke "on need for better press on P's image and leadership," the diaries record. "Says trouble with all our backgrounders was that they were all on *what* we accomplished, nothing about personality of the man. Point of JFK did nothing but appeared great; LBJ did everything and appeared terrible. Taft infinitely more effective than Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy Roosevelt had personality. Taft just *did* well." In another "harangue," on May 19, 1970, P talked to Haldeman "about building mystique and image," saying, "Roosevelts, etc., only succeeded because they had press with them." T.R. was not just Nixon's precursor but Kennedy's, J.F.K. being, of course, another well-born charmer sliding by on "personality"—another mocking Nixon nemesis.

Churchill and de Gaulle, too, were Nixon favorites, both having suffered wilderness periods before their rise to greatness. "The Churchill analogy is probably appropriate," Nixon dictated to Haldeman during the 1968 Presidential campaign. Time and again, Nixon invoked Churchill and de Gaulle as political exiles whose endurance was finally rewarded. He diligently read all of Churchill's thirty-four published volumes, and he studied de Gaulle's memoir, underlining such passages as "Strong characters are, as a rule, rough, disagreeable and aggressive" and "There is nothing harder for the human spirit to bear than being cold shouldered" and "Great men of action have always been of the meditative type." Nixon wanted to learn the nuts and bolts of charisma. But neither Churchill nor de Gaulle was really an influence on him. Nixon's relationship to them was akin to mind-cure theology; they were icons of inspiration. In Nixon's renderings, they came out bleached, as striving self-improvers: statesmen as salesmen.

The true shadows that loomed over Nixon, however, were two men who treated him as an inferior, even with dismissive contempt. In their presence, he was forever second. They were not Nixonian in any way. They did not make comebacks; they did not nurse resentments; their personalities were magnetic. No matter how hard he tried, Nixon could never meet their measure. It was a sign of his failure to resolve his thoughts about them that in his voluminous writings Nixon mentions Dwight Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy far less frequently than he does Churchill and de Gaulle.

It was easier to claim kinship with the wartime leaders of Britain and Free France than with America's Commander-in-Chief. Eisenhower was the distant cold father, whose approval of Nixon was always hollow, while his disapproval was heartfelt. To Eisenhower, Nixon was an unpleasant necessity: Ike had been told by Thomas E. Dewey and the other Party lords that he had to pick Nixon as a running mate, for political reasons. (Nixon had earned his laurels as an Eisenhower supporter by betraying Earl Warren, the California favorite son.) In helping Ike get the nomination, Nixon paid his dues but also showed his bad character. He was a ticket balancer, whose exploitable qualities added up to a person whom Eisenhower did not want near him. At best, Nixon was the latest in a series of the Supreme Commander's prat boys. Eisenhower was above politics; Nixon prided himself on

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STANLEY'S TWO WEEKS IN AUGUST

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being in the middle of it all. For Ike, this was an ideal division of labor, allowing him to remain clean. He heaped indignity after indignity on Nixon. Nixon was never secure in his status while he was in service to Eisenhower, but without Eisenhower he was simply another young man on the make. Ike had wanted to dump him as his running mate as soon as he learned of Nixon's secret slush fund. The Checkers speech, the ur-text of Nixonian bathos, was a plea to the father but also contained sly digs intended to embarrass him into permitting his underling to stay. "You're my boy!" Eisenhower told him afterward. Nixon wept. Ike's feelings were unchanged. He again considered dropping Nixon in 1956, rebuked him for his hallmark negative campaigning in 1958, and, in 1960, at the height of the Presidential campaign, on being asked to name an important Nixon contribution to his Administration, replied, "If you give me a week, I might think of one. I don't remember."

Nixon had found a father who was more disapproving than his own harsh father. Yet he had to keep trying to reflect Eisenhower's glory. How could Nixon ever be liked like Ike? The marriage of Julie Nixon to David Eisenhower, mingling the Nixon and Eisenhower bloodlines, was the closest Nixon came to being an Eisenhower. At last, he was paterfamilias, but he could never be Ike.

It was Nixon's special nightmare, after serving as the servile No. 2 to the most popular man in the world, to run against Kennedy. The two young men had entered the House of Representatives together, in 1947. Though they were superficially friendly, Kennedy unnerved Nixon. Nixon was both awed by and jealous of wealth. Kennedy had it by birth. His manner was casually ironic. "A contest between charm and no charm" is how Mary McGrory summed up the 1960 race. Nixon spent much of his life trying to capture the Kennedy magic—the ever elusive "mystique"—and Haldeman's diaries contain numerous accounts of Nixon's unquenchable envy. On May 18, 1969, four days after Nixon made a speech that received insufficient praise: "Makes point that if JFK had made the speech they would have all been ecstatic." On May 16, 1971, Haldeman writes, "He makes the point that Kennedy was colder, more ruthless, etc., than the P is, but look at his PR." On February 28, 1973, Nixon "made the point that Kennedy blew practically everything and still got credit for it." In the end, this curdled envy was a key ingredient of Watergate. In an effort to discredit Kennedy (and, by contrast, elevate Nixon), Nixon's operatives forged a cable that implicated Kennedy in the assassination of South Vietnam's President Diem. On April 15, 1973, Haldeman wrote about Charles Colson, a White House aide who directed dirty tricks; E. Howard Hunt, a former C.I.A. agent and one of the infamous Plumbers; John Dean, the White House counsel; and F.B.I. director L. Patrick Gray: "On the contents of Hunt's safe, Colson was the one who was worried. The bogus wire—there was apparently a bogus wire implicating Kennedy in Vietnam—and so on. Dean thinks Gray may have destroyed it. Hunt told Colson to get the stuff out of the safe." This "tangled web" was at least partly a continuation of the 1960 campaign. Nixon hoped to defeat Kennedy at last by twisting the past. It didn't start with Watergate.

The break-in at the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Watergate had been preceded by a reign of dirty tricks, including the systematic undermining of the Presidential campaign of Senator Edmund Muskie, Nixon's potentially most formidable opponent. As always, Nixon's low tactics and high ambition were linked. He was determined to secure a glorious place in history as President—greater than Eisenhower's, greater than Kennedy's. He had long ago concluded that they were not so great, and to him politics was entirely mechanical: even ineffable charisma could be produced by the science of public relations and its practitioners. Thus, Nixon surrounded himself with admen, from Haldeman to William Safire. His Presidency was a frenzy of packaging that came apart when the "modified limited hangout" in Watergate crumbled. "No one is a friend of ours," Nixon said to John Dean. This was not simply a rueful observation of a man fallen from grace—it was an operative principle.

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Indeed, Nixon's White House taping system was part of his campaign to prove how great a President he was, by creating the most comprehensive record ever. On July 17, 1973, the day after the existence of the tapes was revealed by the Presidential aide Alexander Butterfield in his testimony to the Senate committee investigating Watergate, most of Nixon's advisers urged him to destroy them. "You've got to have a bonfire and right now," Vice-President Spiro Agnew told him. But in his most grandiloquently self-destructive gesture Nixon saved the tapes. His subsequent explanation was that he believed they would be exculpatory: "The tapes would give me at least some protection." But they were, more importantly, proof of his own historical greatness. Nixon had become enamored of the idea that he might be a contemporary version of Benjamin Disraeli. (As the British writer Jonathan Aitken recounted, Nixon praised Robert Blake's biography of Disraeli to members of his Administration. "The similarities are great, Mr. President," Elliot Richardson said to him in 1971, "but what a pity that Blake could not quote Disraeli's conversation.") Nixon could not burn the tapes, for precisely the reason that he was advised to do so: he wanted to protect himself. The tapes were his final word. He counted on them not just to prove his innocence but also to make the whole case for his Presidency.

The Watergate coverup was part of Nixon's proof to himself that he was a greater man than Eisenhower. Ike had let his young, tainted Vice-Presidential candidate twist in the wind during the Fund Crisis, while he himself remained aloof. President Nixon believed that he would be more loyal, and less selfish. "That's what Eisenhower—that's all he cared about," Nixon said in the middle of the Watergate affair, as the tapes record. "He only cared about—Christ, be sure he was clean.' Both in the Fund thing and the [Sherman] Adams thing. But I don't look at it that way. . . . We're going to protect our people, if we can." The hush money flowed. Nixon would lift the burden of Ike's rectitude by being unclean; Nixon would triumph by Nixon's very own means. Then the father would stand in the shadow of the son. Eventually, as the scandal pressed down on him, Nixon discarded most of his aides in the hope of saving himself. By the end, the one defender who remained was his daughter Julie—an Eisenhower.

It was Nixon more than anyone else who wanted to expose P. He was an intensely self-conscious man who had no sense that future historians might see him differently from the way he saw himself. He had an unshakable faith in his vindication—even his canonization. Even after Watergate, Nixon was not finished. He remained Nixon. To him, Watergate was worse than his previous humiliations only in degree, not in kind. What was most galling about it was that his enemies had managed to overthrow him. He never apologized. Nothing, in short, had changed. His struggle for his reputation went on.

There were no more elections for him, but he embarked on the longest campaign of all. He had a lifetime of political skills to fall back on. At last, in his exile, as the most deeply discredited man in American political history, he gained what he had been striving for throughout his career and had failed to achieve: a mystique. His darkness acquired an illicit glamour. Meeting him was like attending a séance. He was a creature from a netherworld. Perhaps because he had nothing left to lose, his motives seemed, finally, purified. He used this last, ghostly new Nixon to brilliant effect.

"Americans are crazy about renewal," he told a journalist in 1988. Nixon retained his sixth sense about the aspects of the national psyche that could be exploited for his ends. After establishing his financial independence by selling his memoirs and a series of exclusive television interviews with the British interlocutor David Frost, Nixon measured out his Op-Ed pieces and appearances carefully. His goal was to build the image of the elder statesman whose earthly ambition had burned away, leaving only the irreducible core: the global visionary soaring above the players who were grappling in the sordid political scene. Nixon was the only disinterested party.

Nixon the politician had succeeded by playing off the moderate and right wings of the Republican Party, brandishing the appropriate symbols and rhetoric before each. Nixon the exile, once he had steadied himself, resumed his maneuvering. He was fortunate in the quick departure of Gerald Ford from the Presidency: Nixon gained stature from others' failures. (President Ford lost in large part because he had pardoned Nixon.) Four years later, the defeat of the moralistic Jimmy Carter, whose election had been largely a reaction to Nixon, contributed to a more sympathetic appreciation of the ruthless realist.

With the coming of Ronald Reagan to power, Nixon tacked hard right—an old instinct. During the summer of 1980, he published a polemic entitled "The Real War," which reflected a Manichaean view of United States–Soviet relations: an implicit repudiation of his own Presidential approach, it was packaged as a reiteration—"hard-headed détente." With this tract, which he confided to intimates he didn't truly believe in, he began to receive accolades from pundits as a "strategic genius." In a memo to President-elect Reagan on November 18, 1980, Nixon argued for access by offering himself as a wise man: "President Eisenhower said to me when I visited him at Walter Reed Hospital after the election of 1968, 'I am yours to command.' I trust that that can be our relationship in the years ahead." Perhaps Reagan, in Nixon's role, could appoint Nixon Ike. But Reagan's ability to sell conservatism with an Ike-like smile diminished Nixon. On the other hand, Reagan's surreal blitherings and his hostility to nuclear-arms control made Nixon seem a voice of reason. At dinner with Nixon in 1984, I heard him refer to Reagan's arms-control policies, and especially Star Wars, as "insane." The Iran-contra scandal was another stroke of luck for Nixon. Indirectly and perversely, it made Watergate cease to look unique: It didn't end with Watergate.

George Bush was Nixon's social better and political lesser. He was the son of one of Eisenhower's senatorial golfing partners, but was also a Nixon protégé. Nixon remarked in private that Bush was "not tough," like his old man, and that he identified more with the young,

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beleaguered Vice-President, Dan Quayle, than with the President.

Despite receiving a constant stream of advice from Nixon, Secretary of State James Baker froze him out of foreign policy. At the beginning of the 1992 Presidential campaign, Nixon struck back by circulating a memo entitled "How to Lose the Cold War," which excoriated the Bush Administration's "pathetically inadequate" policy toward Russia: "The hot-button issue in the 1950's was, 'Who lost China?' If Yeltsin goes down, the question of 'who lost Russia' will be an infinitely more devastating issue in the 1990's." On March 11 and 12, 1992, at a conference he staged at the Four Seasons Hotel in Georgetown, Nixon humiliated President Bush, who had been coaxed into attending. Bush's credential as a master of foreign policy was tarnished by a figure who had managed to put himself beyond criticism. Thus, Nixon's greatest political act in his post-Watergate period was to contribute, in a small way, to the end of the Republican era he had launched. The episode is recounted by Marvin Kalb in **"The Nixon Memo"** (to be published in October by the University of Chicago), which gives a marvellously precise explanation of how Nixon adroitly played the press to advance his image and upstage President Bush. "The Nixon Memo" is "The Selling of the Ex-President."

In 1978, early in his rehabilitation campaign, Nixon spoke at the Oxford Union. The British right greeted him on the terms he desired. Watergate was viewed by the Tories as a strange American aberration, in which Nixon had been unfairly treated and the nation deprived of his stable, substantive leadership. Nixon's standing among the Thatcherites was the precursor to reëstablishing his reputation in Republican circles back home.

The Tories affirmed Nixon's dearest image of himself: as an American Churchill. The apotheosis occurred with the publication this year of **"Nixon: A Life,"** by Jonathan Aitken (Regnery). Aitken, a Conservative member of Parliament, was Nixon's British advance man for the Oxford Union event. His book contains a number of minor new illuminations of Nixon's personal and family life, but he depicts Nixon's underhanded tactics in his early campaigns as fair and appropriate. Nixon is portrayed as a politician of conviction with a strong pragmatic streak who was led astray by bad company. John Mitchell is cast as "the Mephistopheles to Nixon's Faust." Aitken misconstrues the Presidency as an office whose powers work like those of a king and his court—a fairly routine British distortion. He often makes his points with apposite citations from British statesmen and historians, proving simultaneously his erudition in the British tradition and his ignorance of the American. He even sounds the worn Churchill note, referring to the opening of China as Nixon's "finest hour." Forcing Nixon to resign is described as "a political overreaction, a human injustice, and a strategic mistake." In a just world, Nixon would have received an apology.

The eulogies of Nixon after his death were the election returns on his rehabilitation campaign. But a month later, with the publication of "The Haldeman Diaries," the rehabilitation abruptly receded. Haldeman now emerged as the Andy Warhol of the Nixon White House. Through it all, he had trained his camera eye on what passed before him, recording everything. While he was plotting Nixon's image-making, he saw to it that the plotting was inscribed for posterity. Haldeman was among Nixon's most trusted aides, and he was faithful in his accounting. Nixon had no idea that Haldeman was bugging him. Haldeman's diaries are affectless and acute, as dry as tinder. If there were any sensibility apparent in them, one would have to call Haldeman a man of infinite irony.

"The Haldeman Diaries" are unembellished, irrefutable, and indispensable. P wakes up every morning exhibiting a greater or lesser degree of insecurity and desperation, often rattling off laundry lists of paranoia. He has no true ideas, other than to destroy his enemies and replace them with allies. He offhandedly makes derogatory remarks about blacks and Jews. He hates New York City. He wants a story leaked that he has banned

"Great God Almighty! Somebody please wake me up and tell me I'm only dreaming that the chicken marsala costs a whopping twenty-eight ninety-five!"

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"Portnoy's Complaint" from the White House library. He makes invidious comparisons between himself and other leaders, past and present. He gives orders for smearing enemies. Foreign policy and domestic policy are almost always construed as political ploys. His own programs are tools for cynical advantage: he told Haldeman, about the Family Assistance Plan, "be sure it's killed by Democrats and that we make big play for it, but don't let it pass, can't afford it." Then there's Watergate, just as it was on the tapes.

Nixon can make no reply to "The Haldeman Diaries." For the first time, he must suffer disgrace in silence. The diaries are a signal that his rehabilitation years must appear as a faded coda to his vivid political career. None of Nixon's own post-Watergate books have lasting merit as works of either literature or history. They were written as instruments to position him against the shifting politics of the moment, and their only future value is their role as a source of Nixonian hieroglyphics. Nixon never took the opportunity to write a true work of history. He was too intent on proving himself a statesman. Eventually, the nearly four thousand hours of unreleased tapes will be made public, and when that happens the process set in motion by "The Haldeman Diaries" will be complete: Nixon's heroic effort to reinvent himself will be engulfed by the tides of the past.

Nixon's last campaign was to reduce Vietnam and Watergate to isolated incidents that did not besmirch his image of larger statesmanship. This was his idea of being judged in his entirety. But his foreign policy, except for the China opening (made possible partly by his early participation in the China lobby), was mostly a failure, collapsing on his successors in Saigon, Teheran, and Moscow. Vietnam was the central issue of his foreign policy; it drove his triangular diplomacy with the Soviet Union and China. And Watergate grew in part out of his compulsion to destroy the critics of his Vietnam policy. Without Vietnam, there would have been no Watergate. One flowed directly into the other: Nixon's foreign policy was not separable from his domestic politics.

In Washington, there is only one enduring monument to the Nixon years: the Vietnam Memorial. ♦

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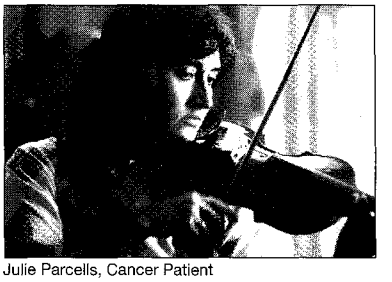

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CULTURAL PURSUITS

THE LAST WILD MAN

Flying in the face of Hollywood's new niceness is Oliver Stone. His movie "Natural Born Killers" will put audiences in touch with the demons of violence that haunt America—and that haunt Oliver Stone.

BY STEPHEN SCHIFF

WEDNESDAY. It is a hot afternoon in Los Angeles during the summer of O. J. Simpson—three days after the murders of his ex-wife Nicole Brown Simpson and her friend Ronald Goldman, two days before the epic journey in the white Bronco and O.J.'s arrest. Last night, around eleven, there was a small earthquake, a 4.1—which, as a New Yorker, I enjoyed—and today it is as though the earth were rolling again. The writer-director Oliver Stone is taking me on a tour of Ixtlan, his Santa Monica production company, and everywhere he treads his employees jump and shudder like so many barnyard creatures anticipating the Big One.

"How are you, sir?" a passing producer named Don Murphy asks.

"Don't grovel, Don," Stone snaps. "Hey, it's hot in here."

"The editing room's cooler," his assistant, Azita Zendel, says.

Stone says, "Stop telling me what to do all the time. You know? Jesus. I should fire you."

Azita, who is young, capable, and overworked, stares at him placidly. She appears to have heard this sort of thing before.

But we do go into the editing room, which looks empty and derelict now that Stone has finished his new movie, "Natural Born Killers"—or "NBK," to use the term preferred at Ixtlan. Though no one here quite seems to know it yet, this film is the bravest, craziest stunt in Stone's brave, crazy career. "NBK" is the story of two outlaws who are young, homicidal, and in love. That is fairly ordinary subject matter, but around it Stone has constructed a two-hour fever dream about the culture of violence in America. "NBK" is a penny dreadful blown up into an act of outrage—and certainly the most radical film any major studio (in this case, Warner Bros.) has released since "A Clockwork Orange." On one of the doors here someone has posted the Motion Picture Association of America legend that will accompany the movie when it is distributed later this month: "Rated R—For extreme violence and graphic carnage, for shocking images, and for strong language and sexuality."

"That's the first time they've used language like that," Stone says, rather proudly. Then he spies one of his employees, a tanned young woman in black shorts and a tight black blouse. Stone grabs her from behind, puts his hands on her waist, pulls her toward him, and squeezes, nuzzling her neck almost childishly. "How come you always look so hot?" Stone croons, and he flashes me a mischievous look. "Sexual harassment. In front of a journalist."

We poke our heads into an office. A man in a Hawaiian shirt is peering warily at us from behind a big desk. "This guy's worked on six movies with me so far," Stone says. "His wife and him declared their divorce today, so he's gotta keep his job."

The man in the Hawaiian shirt reddens; his jaw drops slightly, and he ventures a feeble laugh. "I walked in on them earlier," Stone says, his voice lilting and gentle, like that of a storyteller in a small-town library. "His wife was sitting there. They were having their last confrontation." Stone grins sweetly,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

Oliver Stone, New York City, June 20, 1994.

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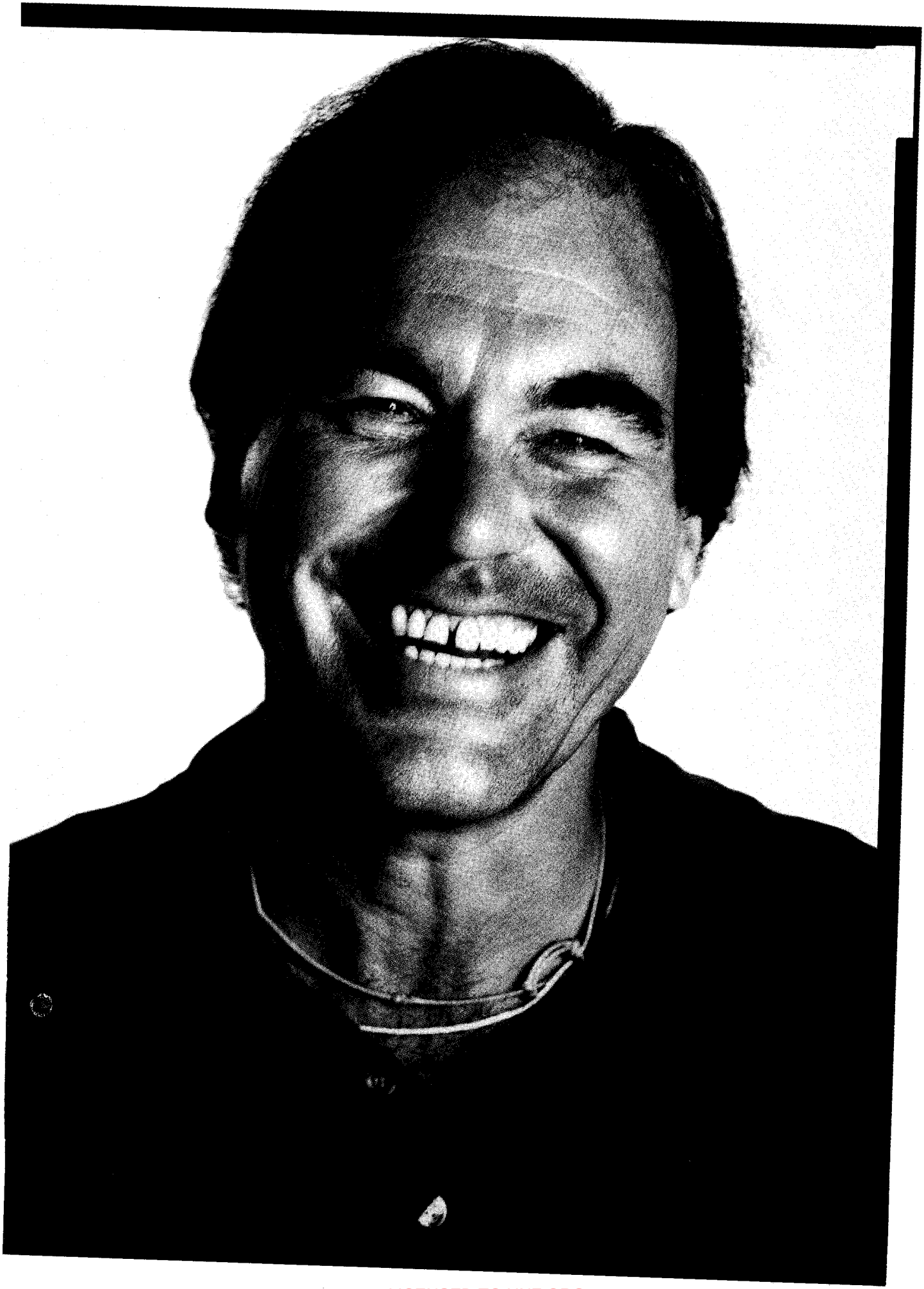

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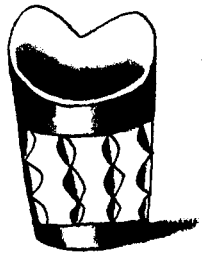
showing the gap between his front teeth. "It's a good day," he says, grandly. "Beginning of a new life. (Not quite. It later turns out that Stone's friend and his wife have only separated.)

"Anyway," Stone adds, as we continue our prowl, "that guy's been through a lot. You know, I just went through my divorce—my second. So we've all been through a lot. It's a strange day."

Indeed. We finally reach Stone's own office, in a sunny corner overlooking Santa Monica's beaches. Behind us: Georgia after Sherman's march to the sea.

IT has been just short of eight years since "Platoon" made Oliver Stone one of the world's most famous film directors, and fifteen years since the first time most of us ever laid eyes on him, at the Academy Awards ceremony of 1979, when, longhaired and sensitive-looking, he accepted a Best Screenplay Oscar for "Midnight Express." Yet Stone seems to have been a part of the American landscape forever, playing to the hilt his chosen role: renegade, truthteller, loose cannon, rebel with plenty of cause.



He is also, unlike so many of his contemporaries, a man who has *lived*. His stint as an infantry soldier in Vietnam during the sixties is by now legendary. A child of privilege, Stone dropped out of Yale and enlisted, to experience what in "Platoon" he called "the bottom of the barrel." It has been said that certain Vietnam veterans came home only to discover that nothing in civilian life offered enough intensity for them. Watching Stone sally through his offices, needling this employee and romancing that one, you feel as though tranquillity itself were his enemy.

His charisma is undeniable. At dinner with friends, he is commanding, rascally, sexy, cruel, infantile, entertaining, and rude. But in public, speaking from podiums or fielding interview questions, he takes on an ethereal, martyred quality; he's a long-suffering Cassandra, perpetually misunderstood. That posture has been well received in Hollywood, a place whose denizens are forever licking wounds inflicted by those outsiders who refuse to take them seriously, who mock their pronouncements on politics, the environment, food combining. The people who work with Stone feel that they are doing something important in the world. His pictures tackle lofty subjects—troubled Central America in "Salvador"; the Vietnam War in "Platoon," "Born on the Fourth of July," and "Heaven and Earth"; the morality of high finance in "Wall Street"; the Kennedy assassination in "JFK"—and they do so in a way that the Hollywood community can embrace. These aren't wan little art films, enrobing noble themes in acute observation and good taste. Stone's movies are pumped up, overbearing, action-packed, and loud—shot through with big emotion, big suffering, big stars. They court controversy, and not only in the ways that movies usually court controversy—because they're violent or sexy or because they depict an ethnic or religious group in a manner that offends someone—but in the ways that political initiatives court controversy. Stone's movies grab your lapels and scream in your face: they bear messages; they raise issues; they make news. The film industry awarded him a Best Director Oscar for "Platoon" in 1987 and then another, for "Born on the Fourth of July," in 1989. (No one else who is currently directing has received more than one.) And the firestorm that greeted "JFK," a picture coupling brilliant film technique with a set of conspiracy theories that mushroomed from the probable to the preposterous before one's eyes, was unprecedented in the history of motion pictures; not even "The Birth of a Nation" received such a vociferous response from journalists, historians, and politicians alike. At forty-seven, Stone has become something more than a movie director. He has become a public figure.

But a peculiar one. If it sometimes seems that all Hollywood is striving for the Op-Ed-page prominence that Stone has so quickly achieved, he is not necessarily the representative it would have picked. For the off-camera Stone is given to tirades and bad behavior, to strenuous womanizing and long, intoxicated journeys into the night. The tumult and the excess that make his movies riveting thrive in the man himself: his sets are known for their speed and urgency, for days that are like forced marches followed by evenings of manic carousing. This has not always gone down well. Hollywood may have seemed particularly beset by scandal in recent months—the Menendez boys, Michael Jackson, Heidi Fleiss, O. J. Simpson—but the current mood is, on the whole, Nice. The industry is clean and sober, and proud of it. The summer's big hits—"The Lion King," for instance, and "Forrest Gump"—are decidedly Nice. In fact, "Forrest Gump" is *about* Nice. It says you don't have to be glamorous or smart or all those other things which make the people you see on TV so daunting. All you have to be is Nice, and love and riches will rain down like manna.

So Oliver Stone is a bit of an anomaly here. Whatever else one might say about him, Stone is not Nice.

"PUT it this way," Robert Downey, Jr., one of the stars of "Natural Born Killers," says. "On the set, he created an environment that was like Purgatory on a per diem. What's bearable to Oliver is excruciating to most. Like being someplace where it was very hot, and we could have had more fans but he opted not to. I mean, it was like psychological warfare—loud music, these very hot sets, and certain phrases from Oliver, like 'What are you doing? You're going to ruin my movie!' And a Saturday night with Oliver after a long week is basically pagan Rome, 26 A.D. We went down the tubes a thousand ways from Sunday."

"He's very good at finding that one thing in you to give him psychological purchase," Jane Hamsher, one of the producers of "Natural Born Killers," says. "He'll find your button. His favorite trick is lighting you up right before you go into an important meeting. Right as you're getting ready to walk in, he'll go 'By the way, my attorney called. You're causing problems all over the place. So-and-So hates you.' And then he'll walk into the meeting: So hi, how's everybody doing? Meanwhile, you're just lit up like a pinball machine."

Yet there are people who are addicted to him. Most of Stone's friends aren't agents, directors, or studio heads; they're the buddies who have hacked their way

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through the wilderness with him, proved their loyalty, devoted their lives. Clayton Townsend, who has become Stone's chief producer, says, "Of all the directors I've ever worked with, he welcomes collaboration the most. But he is very driving. He wants to finish a scene. There's days that we've worked twenty, twenty-two hours to get something done—in the rain, with hamburgers and hot dogs for people who are working. We run a very fast set, and Oliver thrives on that pace. Some crews that go from set to set say, 'I hear you guys are nuts and you have a lot of fun.' Like they heard about the time when we were running through the rice paddies on 'Heaven and Earth' holding dolly track over our heads to make a shot by sunset, and Ollie was picking up a rail and running with it himself. It's kind of unheard of, the way Oliver works."

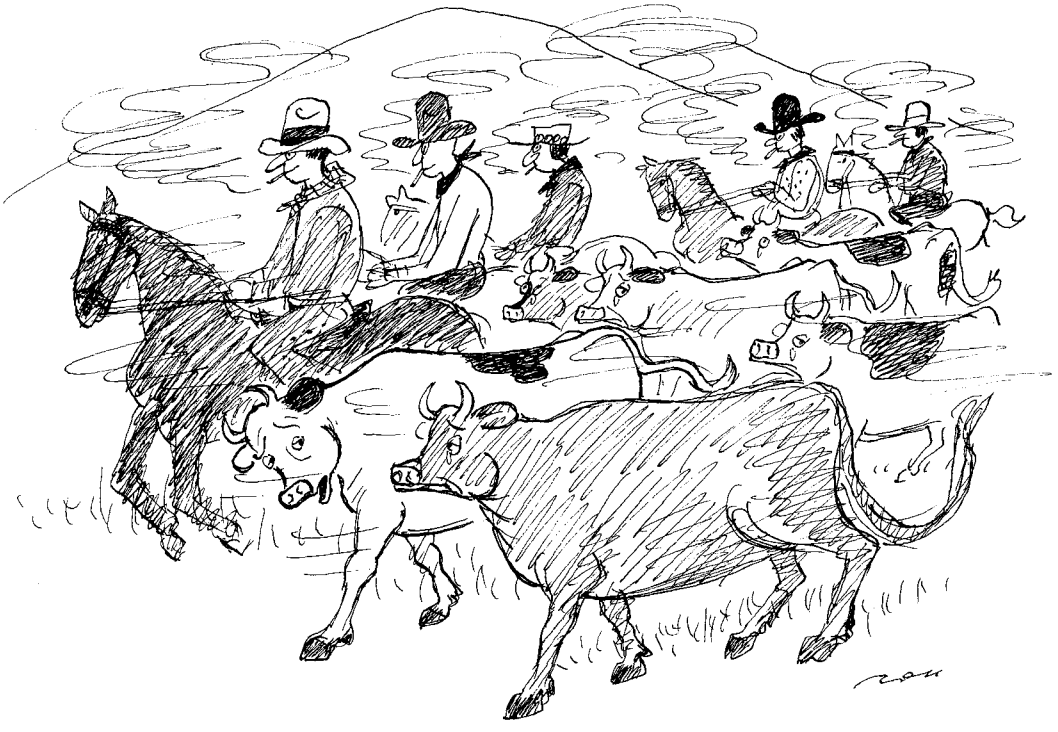
The esprit de corps is enhanced by a certain paranoia. Scripts are numbered, so that if one is leaked to an outsider it can be traced. "Then it's time to behead someone," Townsend says. Sets are largely closed to strangers, and Stone keeps his shot list—the daily work schedule—a secret from everyone except his cinematographer. Moreover, he does most of his directing from inside a kind of tent made of three strips of black fabric. Stone's sets may feel chaotic, and even dangerous, but there is no doubt about who is in control.

"Look at another kind of director," says Robert Richardson, the cinematographer who has shot every Oliver Stone movie since "Salvador." "Martin Scorsese on the set requires absolute concentration. There's no screaming, no yelling—it's a very controlled set. Oliver is different. His set is a collider. He likes to send all the atoms down so that there's this massive explosion. And then he funnels that energy."

But the process can be overwhelming. "It's great to work with Oliver," a former collaborator says. "Just don't stay too long. You will have done wonderful work, learned a lot, and the experience might push you to whatever your next level is. But don't stay too long, because you'll drown."

STONE is tall and haunted-looking, with dark eyes that blink pensively, thick black brows below thinning black hair, and a soft, euphonious voice that singsongs when he pontificates, which is fairly often. Just now, I am sitting in his office, and he is telling me that he never set out to direct message movies, never set out to win Oscars, never set out to establish himself as a public figure. "I do my films to take me out of where I am," he says. "The questions the movies ask—those are the questions I'm asking myself at that point in time. In 'JFK' I was saying, 'Yeah, if you do go for your truth, how far are you willing to push it? Are you willing to alienate everybody and everything? Lose your family?' I was asking that of myself. I use films as benchmarks, signposts. As therapy, also—I think I do. And I question that, too. Do I have to do it every time like that? Can't I do a nice, fun, commercial picture? It doesn't have to be where everything is soul-searing. You can just make a good, craftsmanlike picture. Most directors do that, and they're happy, and they do a good job."

He sighs, peers down at his desk as though he'd just glimpsed something crawling there, sighs again, fusses with a sheaf of scribbled notes. Stone is uncomfortable with conversations he can't entirely control—it's as if he were itching to go out and play. As he talks, he bucks and shrugs; he coaxes you with urgent, gap-toothed grins; and then he suddenly picks up the phone or starts paging furiously through his notes, murmuring, "Go ahead; I'm listening." His ploys are transparent, even childlike: if a train of thought rattles him, he'll leap right off. And when all else fails he'll bulldoze you with platitudes or with quotations, from Juvenal, Blake, Jim Morrison. Obsessively, he returns to the subject of his failed films—"Talk Radio," "The Doors," and, especially, his last movie, "Heaven and Earth"—justifying, reëxamining, justifying again. Obsessively, he returns to the cruelties visited on him by the press. "I would rather not seek out a controversy; I really would not," he says, the hint of a whine in his voice. "This is something that people don't understand. Controversy just categorizes you; it's boring. I've had so many categories in my life—fascist, bloody, conspiratorial, unsubtle, barbarian, ruffian. Sometimes I don't recognize myself. Who wants to be a bad-boy rock star, or who wants to be a conspiracy theorist, or who wants to be a Vietnam War freak who can't get his head out of Vietnam, or who wants to be a sixties—I



"This secondhand smoke is killing me!"

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think you know I'm all these things and more. I'm three-sixty."

His office is a clutter of memorabilia: three Oscars and a Golden Globe Award; posters of Jim Morrison and the Doors; framed photographs of Stone with Manuel Noriega (a film about the former Panamanian strongman recently fell through), Stone as a feral-looking young man with his Vietnam platoon, Stone beaming amid a flock of starlets who appeared in "The Doors." There are also signs of the Buddhism he has been devotedly studying for the last year or so—Tibetan tanka paintings, for instance, and a photograph of one of Stone's Tibetan teachers, Kusum Lingpa. Propped against a sofa is a poster from a gallery of erotic art in Hamburg; it shows a naked woman tightly bound, so that her flesh bulges from beneath the ropes. In a small frame near his desk is a cartoon of Albert Einstein, with a quotation: "Great spirits have always encountered violent opposition from mediocre minds."

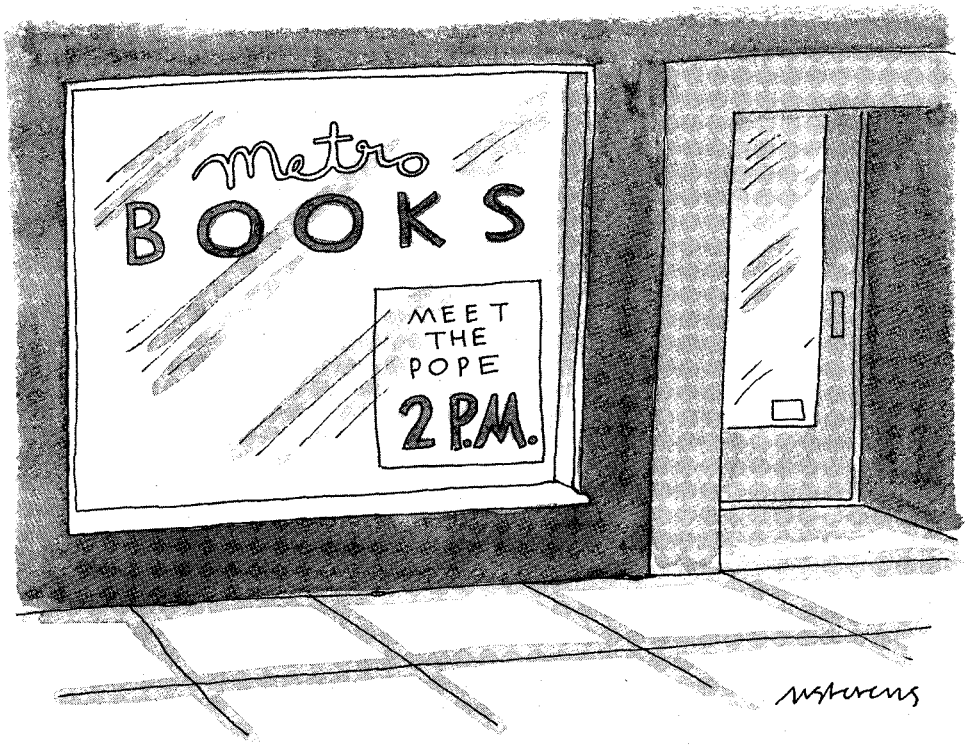
There is a knock on the door. "Oh, Richard's here," Stone says. "He came to do something for me. I wanted you to meet him anyway."

Richard Rutowski, a co-writer of "Natural Born Killers," is one of Stone's closest friends. He has been described as Stone's "spiritual adviser," and is a student of Buddhism and Native American religions—especially those which employ peyote, psilocybin, and the Amazonian hallucinogen ayahuasca to induce ecstatic states. Over the years, Rutowski has accompanied Stone on some of his most outrageous exploits. There was the time, for instance, during the Los Angeles filming of "The Doors," when Stone and Rutowski spirited the Warner Bros. jet off to South Dakota for the weekend to "do peyote with the Indians." (They justified the trip as research.) Or the time when Stone, Rutowski, and a vanload of crew members went on a mushroom-fuelled expedition through Arizona and New Mexico to scout out locations for "Natural Born Killers." "Everyone was so tripped out we didn't know how fast we were going," Rutowski says. "We didn't know whether the light was red or green. It was great."

Rutowski's mission today, though, is more modest—so modest, in fact, that it strikes me as a bit odd that he travelled all the way over here, at Stone's request, to accomplish it. He has come to retie a simple saffron-colored cord around Stone's neck. "It ripped off during sex," Stone says, grinning. "It was given to me by this monk, Kusum Lingpa. His Holiness. For protection."

With Rutowski's help, Stone is trying to set up a Tibetan Buddhist retreat for Kusum Lingpa a few miles from here, in Venice. "He's an incredible monk," Stone says. "Got a lot of charisma. But he's wrathful—in a positive way. A wrathful deity. We brought him over, with Leonard Cohen and a group of people. And he told us to build a retreat here in L.A., to fight the earthquake. He says there's dragons in the ground. He's got fingernails out to here."

It would be easy to dismiss Stone's spiritual pursuits as a kind of dilettantism; certainly the Buddhist adjurations against intoxication and erotic excess have given him little pause. But the lengths to which he has gone in his quest are impressive: he participates in Native American sweat lodges, and makes trips to the most remote regions of Tibet, India, and Nepal. Physical hardship doesn't deter him; in fact, he seems to prefer it. On studio sets, he grows doleful; he is happiest filming in jungles, deserts, prisons. Even his excursions into night life are more strenuous than mere relaxation would call for: he is known to barhop restlessly into the wee hours, scouting for the perfect scene—the cosmic confluence of wine, women, and song that might be around the next corner. There is a sense of hysteria about all this. Yet Stone is genuinely a seeker, an adventurer of a kind that is no longer fashionable, with traits that may be undervalued in an effete, millennial age: physical courage, a yearning for transcendence, a hunger to taste all the fruits of the world.



Now Rutowski steps behind Stone's desk. "You're supposed to do this with a prayer," he says. And then, carefully, almost tenderly, he reties the saffron cord.

"You know, Richard played Death in 'The Doors,' " Stone says. "Not too tight, Richard. Not too tight."

Rutowski stands back to admire his handiwork. "Hey, O.J.'s lawyer quit today," he says. "Weitzman. So he got Bob Shapiro. But Shapiro's a showboat. He's not a genius lawyer."

"O.J.'s kid goes to my son's school," Stone says. "I saw O.J. and Nicole a few weeks ago in the car outside the school. I was in a fairly sad mood that day, because of my own divorce problems, and I was thinking, Look at O.J. He's got his life together. He's made it. Something's wrong with me." A huge

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laugh. "The fact is, anybody who can cut through left tackle like he used to, you gotta have an aggressive demon. And he was the minority who made good. He was making too much of an effort all the time, being a salesman for Hertz. And that NBC is the worst, I mean those guys are so fake. If you do that your whole life, eventually your demon is gonna come out. If you don't let it out on a regular, healthy basis—you gotta blow some steam. O.J. was too nice all the time. So one night he blows. You can't repress it. Anybody who's been through a divorce will tell you that at one point in their life they've thought murder. No one's innocent. The line between thinking murder and doing murder isn't that major. Isn't that the point of 'Natural Born Killers,' in a way?"

"It's agreed, then, that we move forward on the philodendron."

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THAT has been the point of a lot of Stone's work. Beneath the causes and the conspiracies, his films have always been fixated on violence, especially the sort of violence that goes beyond expedience or duty, the violence that erupts out of rage and desire—the violence Stone refers to as "the demon." In the first two movies he directed, "Seizure" (1974) and "The Hand" (1981), demons literally invade men's lives, driving them toward evils they had thought themselves incapable of. Those films were ignored at the box office, but during the seventies and early eighties Stone worked on a number of successful screenplays for other directors ("Midnight Express," "Conan the Barbarian," "Scarface," "Year of the Dragon," and "8 Million Ways to Die"), all of them propelled by a kind of testosterone-driven bloodlust. For Stone, it seemed, violence represented maleness, and extreme violence extreme maleness. When a man reached deep into himself to find the thing that would allow him to bite off a squealer's tongue and spit it in the air, as Brad Davis does in "Midnight Express," or chainsaw the enemy to smithereens, as a Colombian drug lord does in "Scarface," he was in touch with the demon, with the chaos of the cosmos. Stone mixed horror with exaltation: man at his grisliest was man fulfilled.

But Stone's fascination with extreme violence was an outgrowth of his other, earlier attempt to know the world by knowing the worst it could offer—the impulse that sent him to Vietnam seeking "the bottom of the barrel," and, hence, in his terms, the ultimate truth. In the Turkish prison of "Midnight Express" and the scummy Chinatown of "Year of the Dragon" he attempted to invent settings of unparalleled bleakness; then in 1985, directing his first mature film, "Salvador," he outdid himself. The El Salvador he created was so dread-ridden and corrupt that it really seemed a kind of hell—a Boschian land of demons. Again and again, in the films that followed, Stone went searching for dark extremes—the ultimate violence, the ultimate hell. "Salvador," fuelled by a hilariously grungy (and oddly moving) performance by James Woods, remains his best film, but "Platoon," too, derives its considerable power from a vision of the horror at the bottom of the world, and of how that horror incites the soldiers' own murderous urges.

Gradually, Stone began to view the struggle with inner and outer demons as a pursuit that became more noble as it became more dangerous—as it did in "Talk Radio," "Born on the Fourth of July," and "JFK," and even in the misbegotten film that is perhaps closest to his heart, "The Doors." Seen once, "The Doors" is a self-indulgent mess, a ramshackle celebration of a masturbatory bard whose wisdom runs to such pearls as "Ride the snake / To the lake." Seen a second time, however, the film comes to look almost touchingly heartfelt, as if Stone were exorcising his own Morrison-like narcissism and indiscipline, his own pursuit of demons and death, his own attempt to "break on through to the other side."

The real breakthrough, though, is "Natural Born Killers." A lot of people will find this movie outside the pale, an indigestible stew of brutality, sex, hippie mysticism, and in-your-face technical razzmatazz. For all his usual excesses,

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Stone has never been quite as excessive as this: his furies have driven him across a frontier. "NBK" has a gonzo brilliance. It may pose as a thriller, but it plays more like an avant-garde essay on the roots of violence. It presents a universe in which violence is a contagion, and everything in sight has been infected—the media, the family, the state, even the natural world.

None of Stone's themes here is really new. "Natural Born Killers" is about Mickey and Mallory, played by Woody Harrelson and Juliette Lewis—two young hoodlums in love and on the lam. The story line extends one of the hardiest veins in the American cinema: "You Only Live Once," "Gun Crazy," "They Live by Night," "Bonnie and Clyde," "Badlands," "Thieves Like Us." There are no characters in "NBK," only caricatures, and its indictment of tabloid TV feels less than fresh. But what Stone has done with all this is unprecedented. Aware, perhaps, of how feebly his narrative moves forward horizontally, he has concentrated on the vertical—on seeing how much dislocation, cross-referencing, near-subliminal imagery, and ironic counterpoint he can pack into every moment of screen time. Within fractions of a second, Stone whiplashes among camera angles, lenses, and film stocks—35 mm., 16 mm., super 8, videotape, color, black-and-white, still photographs, bits of animation—to create an unstable, lurching spectacle that resembles nothing so much as an evening of crazed channel-surfing. Rear-projected images loom behind his characters, in windows or seemingly in mid-air, so that in the midst of Mickey and Mallory's most banal conversations we are watching snatches of their childhoods, scenes from their nightmares, shots of snakes and insects preying on one another, even old Oliver Stone movies. Empty and repugnant as Mickey and Mallory themselves may be, their odyssey is a rich thing to watch: you feel as though you were seeing their conscious and their unconscious lives and the forces that formed them, all at once.

"You have to re-create the climate of madness in the culture," Stone says, "and you do that by these free associations that occur throughout the movie. The world is violent, and we're swamped in it in this century. So I mirror that—I'm a distorting mirror, like in the circus. I'm making the point that the killers have been so idealized and so glorified by the media that the media become worse than the killers. I'm making the point that we have reached a proportion that's almost insane."

Stone may not be the most reliable judge of "NBK." He believes he's made a laugh-out-loud satire. But audiences may find the laughter freezing in their throats.

THURSDAY. It is another hot afternoon in Los Angeles, and I am visiting the office of John Milius, who has been a friend of Stone's ever since the two of them collaborated on the writing of "Conan the Barbarian," which Milius directed. Milius is a burly, bearded man with a copious belly and a penchant for weapons and fine cigars. Puffing on something grand and Cuban, he shows me a selection of hatchets sheathed in leather and arrayed across his cluttered desk. "They come from this catalogue," he says, brandishing a pamphlet called "Cold Steel"; it features, among other things, a picture of Charlie Sheen in "Platoon" being threatened with one of the company's shapely double-edged daggers. The weapons on his desk, Milius tells me, are for his family—handy things to keep in the car, he says. He tells me that the script Stone wrote for "Conan" was unshootable. "It was a drug dream, you know. None of it made any sense, and it couldn't be done, and it kind of didn't go anyplace. But it had wonderful things in it. It was wonderfully inspirational. Oliver gave it mania. Oliver encourages you to push the edge of the envelope."

Milius remembers a time when Stone was still new to Hollywood, shortly after he won the Academy Award for "Midnight Express." "We went out to dinner with my previous wife, and Oliver had this beautiful blond girl. But he was making no headway with her whatsoever. And it is really great to watch Oliver with women, 'cause he just does all this stuff. He does little things to impress them: he speaks French and talks about outrageous ideas and shows off his intellect, and it usually goes right over their heads. So this girl had not too much of a reaction. And toward the end of this evening she went to the bathroom, and he said, 'I gotta use my last resort.' And he took out some quaaludes and dropped them in her wine—it was red wine. And he was grinding it up with his fork, and the fucking thing looked like an Orange Julius, and he thought she was going to drink it, you

TÖRNFALLET

There is a meadow in Sweden
where I lie smitten,
eyes stained with clouds'
white ins and outs.

And about that meadow
roams my widow
plaiting a clover
wreath for her lover.

I took her in marriage
in a granite parish.
The snow lent her whiteness,
a pine was a witness.

She'd swim in the oval
lake whose opal
mirror, framed by bracken,
felt happy broken.

And at night the stubborn
sun of her auburn
hair shone from my pillow
at post and pillar.

Now in the distance
I hear her descant.
She sings "Blue Swallow,"
but I can't follow.

The evening shadow
robs the meadow
of width and color.
It's getting colder.

As I lie dying
here, I'm eying
stars. Here's Venus;
no one between us.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

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know. And she comes back to the table and she looks at this thing that was sort of frothing by then, you know, and she gives him a look. And he says, 'God damn. I don't think I'm gonna get anywhere.' "

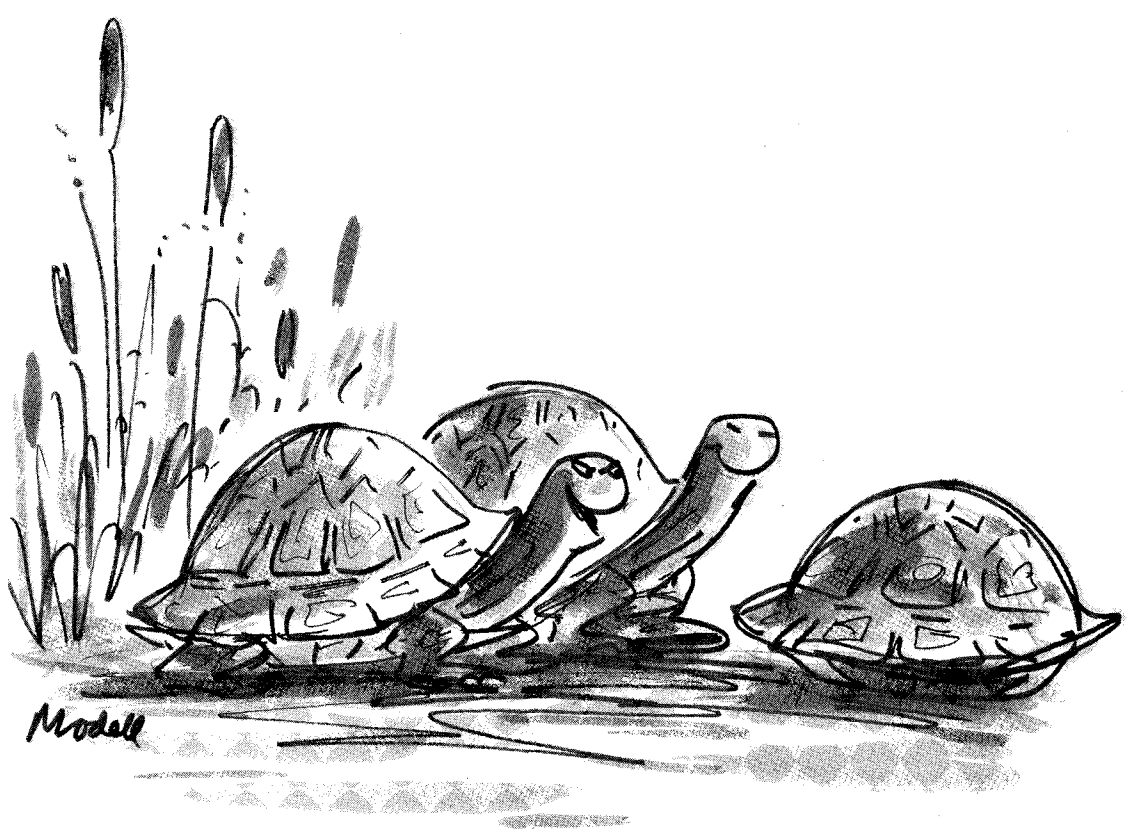
As Milius finishes this story, his assistant pokes her head into the room. "They're skywriting now," she says. "Somebody's written 'I love O.J.' on the sky." She retreats, and Milius's son pops in—a handsome, dark-haired boy in his late teens, wearing a white T-shirt and jeans. Milius leaps up and begins to show him the hatchets on his desk, urging his son to pick them up, admire their blades, feel their heft. "Take this one," he says. "It'll be good for your car."

"Aw, Dad. Come on," Milius's son says.

THIS morning, around eleven, O.J. attended his ex-wife's funeral. At about the same time, detectives interviewed a witness who said that the car she saw across from Nicole's condo resembled O.J.'s. And now, in Oliver Stone's office, his latest project, a film of the Andrew Lloyd Webber–Tim Rice musical "Evita," is falling apart before my eyes. Carlos Menem, the President of Argentina, has decided not to allow the movie to be shot on public property in Buenos Aires, and, though Stone is considering moving the production to Spain, Mexico, even Budapest ("It looks a lot like Buenos Aires"), there is doom in his eyes. The simple truth is that the numbers are too high. "There's too many partners," Stone says. "There's Michelle Pfeiffer, and she's the star of it. There's myself. There's Arnon Milchan and Andy Vajna financing it, Walt Disney for domestic distribution, and Warner Bros. for foreign. And then there's the original people behind the musical, Robert Stigwood and Webber and Rice—that's another group. With all these partners, it's like Treasure of the fucking Sierra Madre, is what it is. But if I say no I'll probably get killed again in the press." He already feels beaten up over "Noriega," the project that fell through rather raucously a few weeks ago. According to Stone, the movie died because the budget had become bloated. And though the press made doubting noises, that seems to have really been the case: Warner Bros. had agreed to make it for forty million dollars, with Al Pacino starring, but the budget crept up past fifty million dollars, and Stone balked.

Stone is feeling put-upon, morose. Ixtlan (the name is drawn from the Carlos Castaneda books about Yaqui Indian sorcery) has dozens of projects that he is developing, with the help of the company's president, Janet Yang, but there is nothing he feels he can direct. He is casting about. He has new ideas every day—"A Bright Shining Lie" (too Vietnam), a movie version of "The Avengers" (too sixties). Most of the Ixtlan projects are enormous, worthy, and historical, but they have also been the sorts of things that are more likely to wind up on long-form television than on the big screen. Stone has recently passed on a biography of Alexander the Great, a biography of George Washington, a biography of J. Edgar Hoover.

Ixtlan is funded by New Regency, which is owned by the Israeli-born producer Arnon Milchan ("The War of the Roses," "Pretty Woman," "Falling Down") and has a distribution agreement with Warner Bros.: if Stone wants to make a big-budget film, Milchan has to agree and then get the studio to go along. One might think that the suits would hesitate before entrusting vast sums of money to a renegade as notorious as Stone. "But he doesn't have that wild reputation with respect to his moviemaking," says his friend Edward Pressman, who produced "Wall Street" and "Talk Radio." "He's got a very good business sense, and everyone considers him very practical and very responsible about budgets. And you have to remember that Oliver, up until 'Heaven and Earth,' made a lot of good calls. He's very creative with his instincts. Oliver's gone with new writers and editors and cinematographers—he gave Robert Richardson his first job. He cast Michael Douglas before he was a big



"All right! We know you're in there. Come out with your hands up."

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star. Tom Berenger. He cast Tom Cruise against type. Those were not obvious choices at the time. So people respect his instincts."

But "Heaven and Earth" wasn't just a flop; it was a resounding, scary flop. (It cost thirty-three million dollars and grossed only six million in the United States.) And, quite reasonably, there are fears about the reception that "Natural Born Killers" will get. "Marketing is the worst—I can't do it, I don't know what the fuck I'm doing," Stone maintains. "I go to these meetings. I hate them. I'm trying to help. But I have to be a bad guy sometimes. They come out with a bad trailer or a bad poster and you've got to stop it. It's so exhausting that by the time the film gets out to the audience I don't give a shit."

What Stone fears most is that his clout is softening. "I've done very well," he says. "I did nine movies in eight years, and I ran one right into the next—I worked very hard. Part of the reason I did that was that I had the feeling there was an opening, and I would strike while the iron was hot. But budgets have got insane again now. So that opening might be closing. I'm sort of in a downsizing phase. Most of my personal stuff is in boxes. Haven't shot for almost a year. That's the longest gap since 'Salvador.' I could take off tomorrow. I don't have to make a movie. I don't even have to pay fucking alimony. Fuck Clinton—I'm a deadbeat dad. She's got enough money to live out the rest of her fucking life; she doesn't do a thing. I'll just change my name. They'd never find me." The big, wheedling grin. "If I changed my name, I'd probably get a better reception for my movies."

STONE'S parents divorced when he was fifteen, and the shock of it changed everything for him; it might even be said that it made him who he is. Born in New York City on September 15, 1946, he was the only child of an American Jewish financier and a vivacious French Catholic woman, whom his father met on the streets of Paris during the war. "Oliver was always a boss at school and a boss with the help," his mother, Jacqueline Goddet Stone, recalls. (His father died in 1985.) "We had a man called Karlo who was a cook and butler, but Oliver doesn't like to talk so much about how he was raised rich." Rich and happy, deceptively secure.

"The divorce came out of left field," Stone says. "But I was fairly naïve. I was living with my mother's lover on the summer vacations and not realizing that he was her lover. My mother would say things like 'Let's not talk about him, because your dad doesn't like him and he's a really good friend.' So I just kept my mouth shut. White lies—my mom was pretty good at that. My dad had massive amounts of infidelities since the late forties, according to my mother. He was seeing call girls and having regular affairs on the side with friends of hers and wives of husbands who were friends of theirs. It was like those Updike books."

Oliver was informed of the divorce while he was at boarding school, by the headmaster; at about the same time, he discovered that his father was nearly bankrupt. "The whole thing was devastating. And the way it was done, too, was so treacherous that I really had a hard time trusting adults anymore." It is perhaps too tempting to trace the growth of an entire sensibility from the divorce and its aftermath: the sensation that his comfortable life was in some way false; that the truth lay elsewhere, at "the bottom of the barrel"; that everything was a con, from the war in Vietnam to the Warren Commission; that whatever "they" told you was not to be believed.

Stone went to Yale for a year, and found it stifling. He dreamed of being another Hemingway, another Conrad, and dropped out of school in 1965 to join a program that employed English teachers in South Vietnam. But even teaching was too dull; he gave it up to join the merchant marine. "I was hanging out with hookers, sailors, soldiers," he says. "I was seeing a side of the world I'd never seen. I did live a bit of Conrad. I was thinking I was getting material for a really big book. My parents didn't know what was going on, because I never called them. They were split up, and my father was having financial problems, and my mother was living like Holly Golightly or Auntie Mame, experimenting with drugs, sex, parties all night. She never woke up before noon." The merchant marine, too, proved unfulfilling, and Stone quit. He holed up in Mexico, living off his savings and working on the fourteen-hundred-page autobiographical novel that he thought would make his name.

It did not. For a time, he returned to Yale, but all he did there was continue to work on his book, and when it was finished he dropped out again, determined to get published. "After the book was rejected by two or three publishers," Stone says, "I took a blind drive up the East River Drive and I threw some of it in the East River, out the window. I felt like I was worthless. I had spent all this time looking inside and writing about myself, and I had just gone too far. I needed to get out of my head and back to reality, and Hemingway told me in his writings about going to war and being part of war. So I enlisted. I was ready to die. I was either going to commit suicide in Vietnam or get killed there. And it was what Charlie Sheen said in 'Platoon'—I wanted to get to the bottom and find my real self. I felt I couldn't be an honest human being until I knew what war and killing were."

Did he want to kill other men? Stone, who has an acute sense of drama, drops his voice to a whisper. "Yes. If I could. I was a hunter and a predator. And I was the hunted, too. I was wounded in the neck right off the bat. It was in a night ambush, like the one in 'Platoon.' See this scar?" He bends his head forward; there is a small white slash beneath the hair on his nape. "Could have been shrapnel," he says. "Another inch and it would have been over. But the second time was a little more serious. We got ambushed that day. We lost about thirty-five wounded and dead. And we didn't kill one of the enemy or see one of them. It was a weird fucking day. Somebody tripped a satchel charge next to me, in a tree. I knew that the satchel was going to go, and I was a good enough soldier by then to sort of time it out. I could have hit the deck about a second earlier and probably escaped it. But in that nanosecond of time I was thinking about

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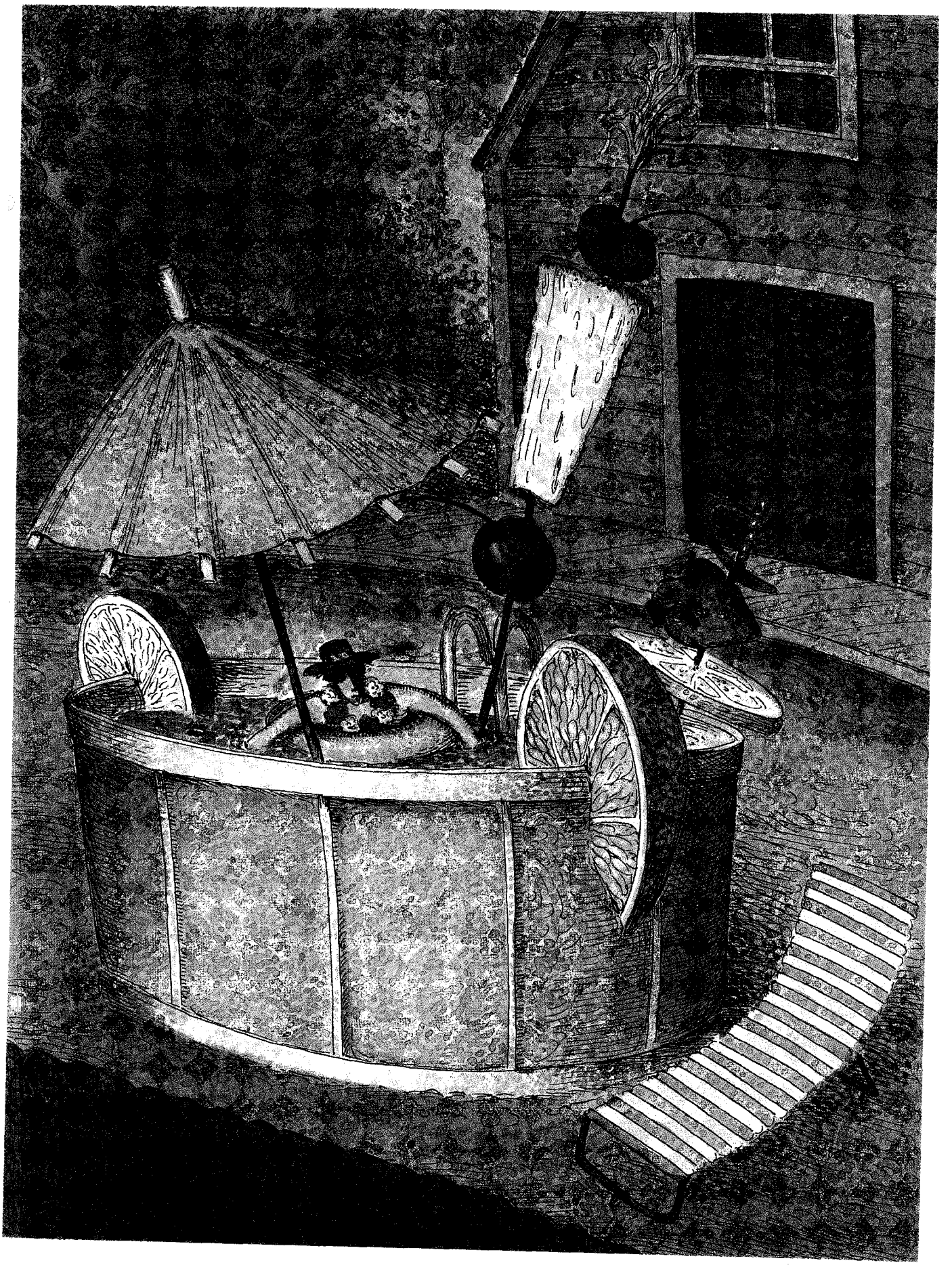
HAPPY HOUR



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where this thing was going. Because I felt that, if I stuck around, my unit was fucked, and me with it. Something was telling me to just try to get hit. So I stayed up in the air and took the hit in the ass and the legs. And I got swept off my feet. And that second wound got me out of combat for a while. I missed the Tet offensive, thank God."

After his recovery, Stone finished his tour of duty, near the DMZ, and then headed home. Just ten days after his arrival in the States, he says, he was arrested on marijuana charges and thrown into a San Diego jail for three weeks, until his father could come up with the twenty-five hundred dollars it took to get him out. "Before that time, I knew emotionally that Vietnam was rotten and corrupt, but politically I was not ready to question authority. I was a private—I was not an officer. I was not a leader. Seeing that prison—there were five thousand kids in it. Seeing that really radicalized me." He returned to New York, where he lived in a ratty East Village apartment that he painted red from floor to ceiling. And he enrolled in film school at New York University on the G.I. Bill. One of his teachers was Martin Scorsese. "N.Y.U. was radical," Stone says. "Those people were into Maoism and Godardism. And at that point I felt like: Fine. Let's go do it. Let's have a fucking revolution. Let's not have all these bullshit meetings and coalitions. Let's get the weapons and go to Washington. I would have done it. I would have joined. I was into fire."

He was also into drugs—cocaine, hallucinogens, even, later on, heroin. "Oliver used to alienate a lot of people around him," says Stanley Weiser, who co-wrote "Wall Street" with Stone and has been a friend of his since the N.Y.U. days. "He didn't fit into any political spectrum of the times, late sixties and early seventies; he was more of a nihilist than anything else. He was very dark and alienated and full of hostility. But he was also a workaholic." Stone drove cabs, worked as a messenger, and churned out screenplays—eleven of them. He also got married, to a Lebanese woman he met at one of his mother's parties. Her name was Najwa Sarkis; she was several years older than Stone, and she worked for the Moroccan Mission to the United Nations. The marriage lasted nearly seven years, during which Najwa helped to support him while he gathered the wherewithal to make his psychological horror film "Seizure." But the movie attracted no notice, and Stone, who was twenty-seven, grew increasingly bitter. "He was the angriest guy in New York," recalls a film producer who knew him then. "And he was an incredibly powerful presence, even though he was just a writer and didn't have any real power. He had a loud voice, and you would see him in a restaurant yelling so loud that he would drive a big producer to the other end of the room. He was more powerful in some ways then than he is now."

In 1976, Stone moved to Los Angeles, and he and Najwa were divorced soon afterward. The screenwriter Robert Bolt, who had read some of his work, helped him get an agent. A few months later, when he was offered the job of adapting Billy Hayes's prison-escape memoir, "Midnight Express," he grabbed it, and the enormous success of that film, which Alan Parker directed, landed him a second chance to direct a movie of his own. The film that resulted, "The Hand," was another psychological horror film, and, though it was more accomplished than "Seizure" (and starred no less a name than Michael Caine as the irate cartoonist whose severed hand commits crimes on his behalf), its reception was little warmer. Stone returned to screenwriting, and to wild living.

OLIVER STONE stories: Even after he married his second wife, Elizabeth, in 1981, even after "Salvador" and "Platoon" relaunched his career in 1986—even then Oliver Stone stories proliferated. There was the location-scouting trip through the South for a movie that would have been called "Baby Boy" if it had ever been made—a trip during which Stone insisted on visiting sundry prisons while he was under the influence of sundry drugs, and on sitting in the electric chair or the gas chamber in each one. There were the old buddies who would call on him, now that he was famous, only to find him asking their wives out a few moments later. There were the parties at which he would be found dancing furiously on top of the hostess's coffee table, with sweat bursting from every pore, and beckoning others to join him.

Working with him became known as a trial by fire, reserved for tough guys and tomboys. Arnold Kopelson, who produced "Platoon," says, "We were shooting in the Philippines, and I got to the set one day expecting to see everyone working, and no one was working. The entire Filipino crew had gone on strike, because Oliver had got pissed off and kicked the head of the crew in the ass. And the man he kicked had

"You look tired and peaky, Anderson. Why don't you put on some makeup?"

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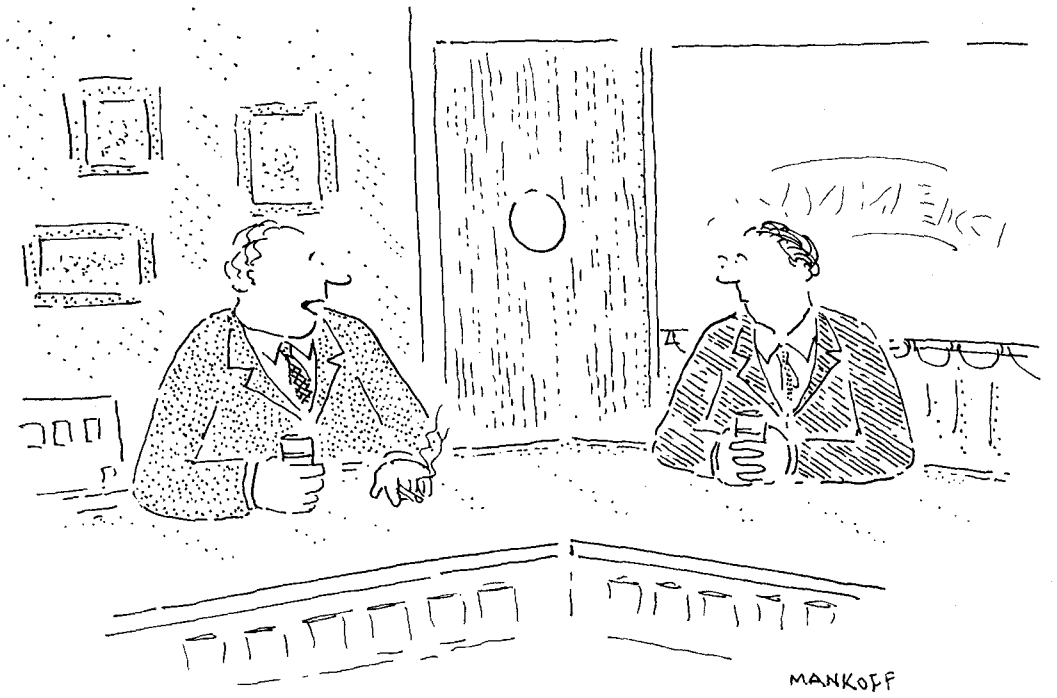
lost tremendous face. To get things going again, Oliver had to apologize to the guy and let the guy slap him in the face in front of his people. And, all along, that Filipino guy was carrying a gun."

"We've had difficulties throughout our relationship," Robert Richardson, Stone's longtime director of photography, says. "'NBK' was a film that I did not want to shoot—I did not like the subject matter—but Oliver was in the throes of a divorce, and he asked me as a friend to shoot the film, because he had lost Elizabeth and he didn't want to lose me at the same time. And what he was going through with Elizabeth at the time is on that screen. But all through the shoot the angst level between Oliver and me was very, very high. On one scene, Oliver said, 'I want you to run toward the door with the camera.' And I would race toward the door with the handheld camera, trying to be Mallory's point of view in the prison cell. And Oliver would say, 'You didn't get close enough, you didn't get close enough.' I'd say, 'Oliver, I can't get any closer.' I had a very wide lens, and I would end up seven or eight inches away and I had to stop. Finally, I agreed to go that next step, at which point I slammed into the wall, fell back, hit the ground, and broke my finger. And then he was moderately humorous, and I was 'Fuck this, Oliver, I can't believe what's going on here.' So he called in the second-unit cinematographer, Phil Pfeiffer, and he said, 'Phil, go shoot the shot.' So Phil goes about the shot, and Oliver drives Phil the same way, and Phil runs into the wall and winds up with four stitches in his eye. These are the kinds of things that were occurring. But Oliver got his shot."



"See, the problem with doing things to prolong your life is that all the extra years come at the end, when you're old."

• •

If you talk with people like Robert Richardson or Clayton Townsend—the people who have worked with Stone a long time and returned again and again—you may come away with a familiar sensation. They speak about Stone's abusiveness, and then they speak about how loving he is; they speak about his rages and his acts of insensitivity, and then they speak about how open he is to collaboration, how appreciative he is of other people's ideas, how vulnerable he is, how much he makes you feel needed. What they say may remind you of what cult members sometimes say about serving their leader, their guru, their god: he hurts them, but he loves them, and the hurt brings results that would have been impossible without it.

There may be something to this. Stone put his actors through two weeks of boot camp before beginning to shoot "Platoon," and the training shows. The actors look like soldiers—wiry, underfed, and jittery. To prepare his actors for "Natural Born Killers," Stone sent them into the desert to fire guns; later, he played deafening music between shots, and he had them mingle with real convicts during the prison sequences. And the frenzy he created is there on the screen. Herb Gains, one of Stone's assistant directors, says, "On 'Heaven and Earth,' he had the actors actually go to Vietnam and work the fields—hoeing and stuff. That was for about a week, just to get a sense of what life was like and get a feeling for the tools. When you're shooting Joan Chen bucketing water, for instance, you want her to do it as if she'd done this all her life. That's just his style. There's a lot of time and effort spent on detail and reality on an Oliver picture."

Michael Douglas has talked about how Stone descended upon him during the filming of "Wall Street" and said, "You look like you never acted before in your life. Are you doing drugs?" Later, as Douglas was preparing to shoot the film's most memorable sequence—the famous "Greed is good" speech—Stone enraged him by refusing even to look at him. "It was making Michael miserable," Risa Bramon García, a casting director on the film, recalls. "And I went to the greenroom and saw Michael pacing around, really upset. And then he would have to come out and be really composed and do his stuff. And I said to Oliver, 'Michael's really pissed off because you're not paying him any attention or giving him any help.' And Oliver just looked up at me and said 'Good.'" Douglas won an Academy Award for the performance; and the "Greed is good" speech, all condescension and coiled fury, is (and may remain) the high-water mark of his career.

Stone's collaborations with screen-

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"Nowadays, most of our income is from tourism."

writers are equally infuriating, equally inspiring. Lawrence Wright, who wrote "Noriega," says, "He likes to *see* things in the script. In fact, he's kind of dismissive of the actual language. If everything's spelled correctly and punctuated correctly, he feels like it's too nice, like it bleeds the power away—that sense of rush that he really loves in a script. When I was working with him, he had some suggestions that were very keen. There's a scene where Noriega is speaking at Harvard, and Oliver suggested that you would take the camera right into Noriega's eyes. And that single idea would trigger the whole flashback sequence, where you could tell Noriega's life story as he was being introduced. And the elegance of that was terrific."

"I don't think I'm tyrannical," Stone says. "You may hear that, but I don't think so. I kind of turmoil people. I take you out of your comfort zone, try to stretch. It's like an exercise instructor, a coach—motivation. But my sets, they do move fast. I like momentum; I like energy. I don't like to overdo things. I think that there's a stagnation that sets in, a sense of fat, and then you get spoiled—the energy level dips. On my sets, it feels more like theatre. And each day the whole film is at stake. You've got to believe it's the most important thing in the world."

And the anger? The famous tantrums? "On the set, I'm trying to funnel the anger. I just go quiet, and they pick up on it, and I get more results that way. I've never found that shouting did that much good. I've blown my temper a few times on the set here and there. But I'm not known for it, I don't think."

FRIDAY. It is a hot morning in Los Angeles, and I am wondering what I am doing here—here being the green and sunny playground behind the Carlthorp School, where I have gone to observe the graduation of Stone's nine-year-old son, Sean, from the fourth grade. The Carlthorp School is said to be very good and very strict and in no way airy-fairy. But this is, after all, Los Angeles, and it turns out that not only is every child here graduating from something but every child here is also winning a prize. Sean is winning two prizes. I don't know how many prizes O.J.'s daughter, who attends this school, is winning; she is not here this morning, but she is probably graduating from something.

"Gotta see my kid get this award," Stone says. "And I want to check out the moms."

He is wearing a black suit with a bright-yellow polo shirt. The night before, he had been to a screening of "Wolf" with a young blond actress named Brenda; then he had gone home for a late-night assignation with a woman from Houston whom he refers to as a "Zulu warrior." She is a contestant on a television show called "American Gladiators." Stone looks a little weary.

One of the moms sidles up to him. "I went to Nicole's funeral yesterday," she says, in a way that's unaccountably seductive. "It was so weird. O.J. was there, you know. He didn't say anything. But I felt like I was at the funeral with the murderer."

The actress Goldie Hawn, a Carlthorp mom, is here with her husband, Kurt Russell. Hawn watches the ceremonies avidly, even as they drag into their second hour, but Russell soon grows restive. "They found the shovel," he murmurs to Stone.

"Shovel? What shovel?"

"The shovel. They're saying O.J. did it with a shovel. Took her whole face off. Now they've found the shovel."

Stone's ex-wife Elizabeth is here, too, holding their other son, a three-year-old named Michael. Tall and regal in a peasant dress and a vast sun hat, she is blond and blue-eyed, and has a thoroughbred face, a strong, jutting jaw, and perfect white teeth. There is an expensive, well-bred air about her, even though she was educated in a one-room

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Texas schoolhouse. Stone met her at a party in 1979, and was immediately and deeply smitten.

After the graduation ceremony, which takes place on a stage under a big tent, Stone says, "Elizabeth, tell Stephen what you think of 'Natural Born Killers.' "

If Elizabeth is nonplussed, she doesn't betray it. "I think that technically it's brilliant," she says. "But as a movie I abhor it. I think it's awful and ugly and a complete waste of talent. Why is he wasting his talent? Oliver should make a movie that kids could see, a movie about something like Alexander the Great. A movie about history. History is all he cares about. He doesn't read novels. All he reads is history. So why doesn't he make a movie that would uplift kids and teach them something? All this sex and violence, sex and violence. He's like a dog chasing his tail."

I look back at Stone. He is grinning that coaxing grin; he looks triumphant, as though this were the response he had hoped for. "But do you love me?" he says.

Elizabeth sighs. "I love you. I'll always love you. That's the problem with being the ex-wife. I'll always love you."

It is afternoon, and we are sitting in Stone's office when Azita sticks her head in. "They're about to arrest O.J.," she says. "They're at the house. Right now."

Stone heaves an enormous sigh. "I feel so sorry for him today," he says. "O.J. was always trying to be this hail-fellow-well-met guy. I met him several times, and he was always 'How ya doing, Oliver,' and pumping me. I feel so sorry for him. He wasn't honest with himself. In my life, I guess I've tried to be honest to some degree. I mean, my wife would say I wasn't. I did lie and cheat on her, so that is true."

It is. Stone's indiscretions, in fact, were famously indiscreet. "But there were other problems around that marriage," he says. "You saw by her brief conversation with you that she has a firmly held belief that there is a right and there is a wrong. And it's a world view that I happen not to agree with. I believe in relativity. She is very set in her ways, and she has a very firm conviction of me as something dark and fucked up and, she said, a nut. I felt that she was much different the first six years of this marriage. She was a partner in fun and loved to go out and go around the world and party and have a good time and meet people. Then, with Sean, she became another type of person. I just felt there was a change. It's a great theme for a movie."

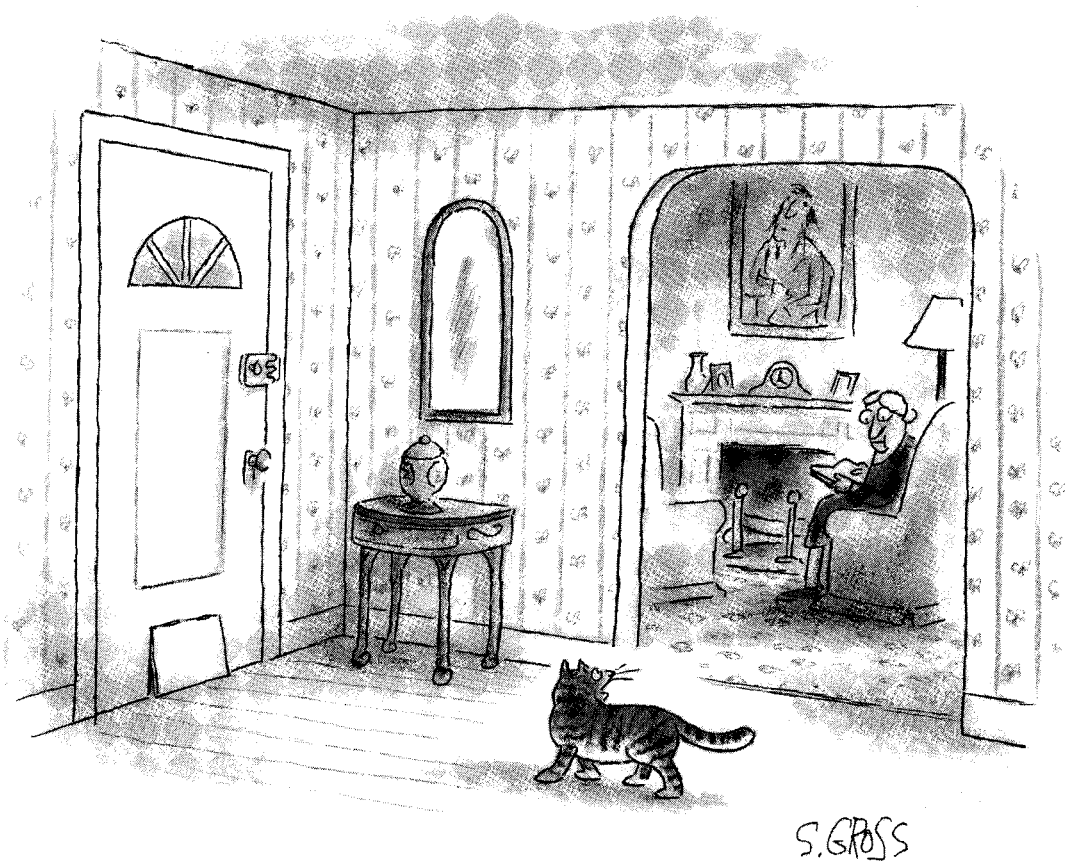
Later, we are talking about night life, about how much Stone likes to go club-hopping, about which cities are best—he likes New York, Miami, Paris, and Hamburg—when Azita bursts in again. "You've got to see this," she says. "O.J.'s in this car with a gun to his head, and they're driving up the San Diego Freeway."

And there it is, on televisions all over the Ixtlan offices, on televisions all over Los Angeles and California and the world. The white Bronco with the patrol cars following it. CBS, NBC, ABC, CNN. You could channel-surf for hours, and it never varies—the same bland image, haunting and frustrating, thrilling and opaque, revealing of everything, revealing of nothing. Along the roadways, the fans gather with their "Go O.J." placards. The media helicopters make the skies look like Vietnam.

"Wow," one of Stone's minions says. "It's 'NBK.' "

SATURDAY. Watching the films of Oliver Stone for a second time is instructive: you can see through what is pretentious and overblown in them to the good stuff underneath. There is always the feeling that if someone would just edit him, restrain him, if someone would just lend him a sense of nuance and a sense of humor, a superb filmmaker would emerge. His very real gifts are obscured by his very real bombast.

But Stone can direct. The frenetic atmosphere he creates on the set comes through on the screen, and Robert Richardson's overheated lighting patterns make the surface of the screen feel as twisty and blistered as an Abstract Expressionist canvas. Stone's twin vi-



"I'm going out. Do you need any voles?"

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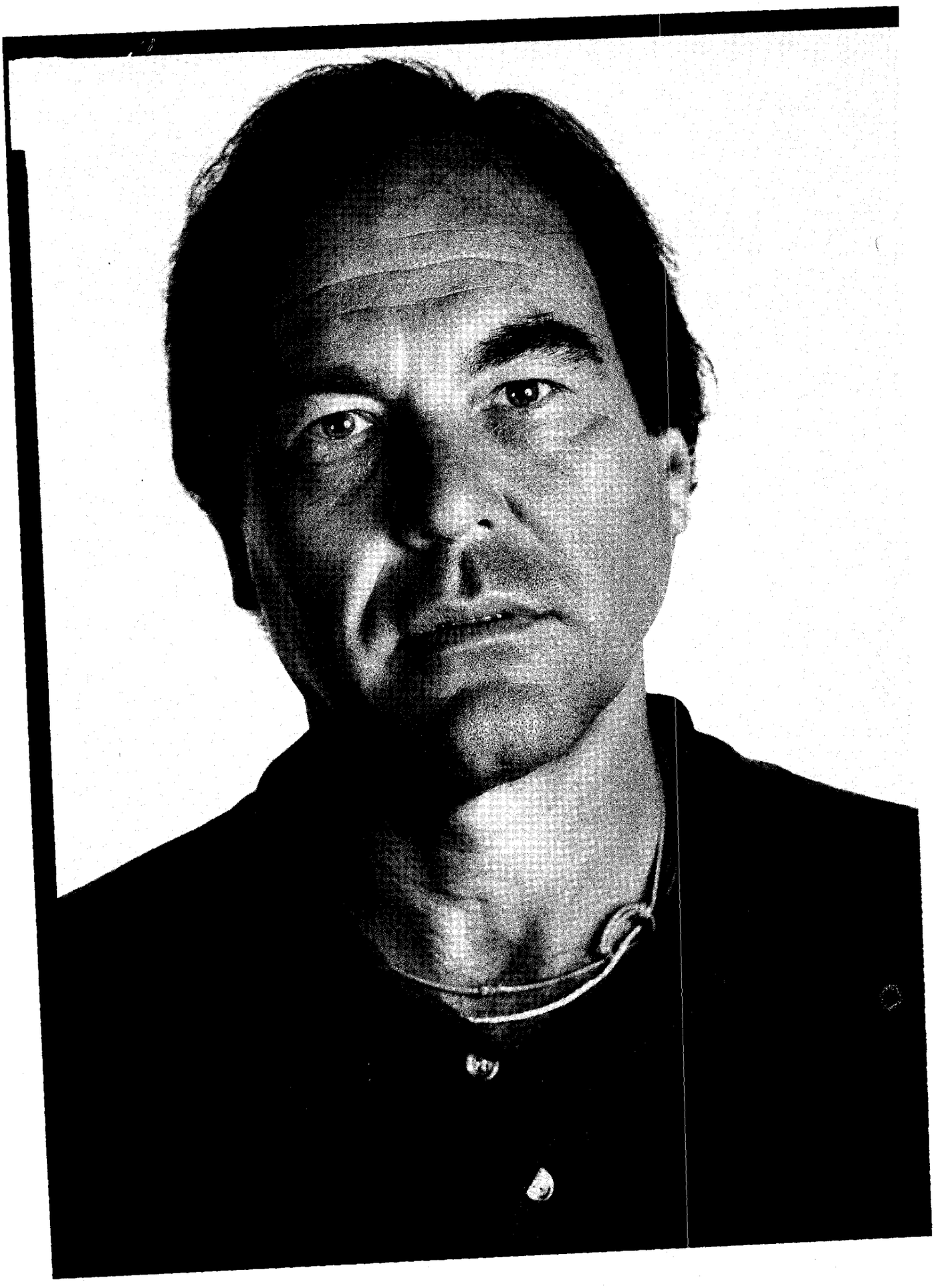

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sions, of Vietnam and the sixties, have made him the butt of a thousand jokes, but his eye for the telling detail has nonetheless made those visions indelible; when a movie like "Forrest Gump" attempts to cover the same era, it can't help looking like a pale cousin of "Born on the Fourth of July."

In fact, if Stone were to abandon his grandiose themes and, indeed, make the "nice, fun, commercial pictures" he says he longs to make, we might well greet him as the reincarnation of a certain kind of great American director: the bullheaded maverick, churning out terrific pulp at diabolical speeds, uncovering edgy truths inside disreputable genres, working within the system and against it at the same time—someone like Robert Aldrich when he made "Kiss Me Deadly" and "The Big Knife," or Nicholas Ray when he made "In a Lonely Place" and "Rebel Without a Cause," or Samuel Fuller when he made just about anything. Although audiences usually associate Stone with the sixties, he is less in tune with the gooey communal sentiments expressed by Woodstock and flower power than with Beat-style alienation—with the attitude best captured by the Marlon Brando character in "The Wild One," who, when asked what he's rebelling against, replies, "What have you got?"

It is a cloudy afternoon in Los Angeles, and Stone is showing me the apartment he is renting, a tiny place with a commanding ocean view. There is enough incense burning here to make you cough way out in the hall. There are also a meditation cushion, a stationary bicycle, and a shelf filled with Stone's journals; he writes in them, he says, for at least twenty minutes every day. "Last night, I was with my kid," he tells me, "and we tried to have takeout. But all the takeout services were saying it was an hour-and-a-half backup, because everyone was at home watching O.J. in the Bronco." The apartment walls are a jumble of paintings: a Warhol "Last Supper"; a Francesco Clemente self-portrait; a fine, small Bierstadt; some awkward pieces by the Native American activist Leonard Peltier; and some even more awkward ones by Stone's old friend Sergio Premoli. The incense sticks on the mantel are surrounded by photographs: John F. Kennedy, Jim Garrison (the district attorney played by Kevin Costner in "JFK"), Jim Morrison. It is a kind of altar to Stone's dead.

Today, sitting among the detritus he has salvaged from his divorce, he is in a reflective mood. "There was in me, I feel, a huge violence when I was born," he says. "I don't think it's just Vietnam. I think the violence is generational. I think I could have been in the Holocaust. I could have killed or been killed. I was born in '46—maybe I died in '45 or '44, right at the end of the war there. Something terrible happened. I feel that. I was born in a way that was damaged.

"You know that scene in 'Platoon' when Charlie Sheen shoots at the feet of the Vietnamese villager? When I was twenty-one, that was me. I really wanted to kill this villager, but I shot at his feet—I remember doing that. I could have killed him easily and got away with it. I could have killed several other people, too, and I didn't, whereas some people did. And when I did kill, finally, and saw the body, as opposed to anonymous soldiers you didn't see—it's haunted me to this day. I would say that my violence level is pretty well controlled. But I was thinking that Vietnam would end the darkness, that it would be over. And it wasn't."

He has lapsed into his campus-philosopher singsong. "I'm starting another life, to be honest," he says. "I'm at a crossroads. I'm starting at the ground level. Maybe a new family—putting the right elements in place. I think you can tell, more or less, that I'm confronting things I have never really confronted. Who am I? Why am I here? What is my anger? What is my fear? These things are haunting me. I'm beginning to get more perspective with age. But I have much more fun now. I have more fun with myself; I laugh at myself more. I have fun with the darkness, too—like in 'Natural Born Killers.' The O. J. Simpson thing, it's difficult. I just think, There but for the grace of God go I."

He sighs loudly, runs a hand through his hair. "I'm all talked out," he says. And he does look a little bleary. I gather my things and head for the door.

"By the way," he says. "When you get downstairs, there'll be this girl waiting in the lobby. Tell her she can come up now." ♦

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THE SPORTING SCENE

NO LIMIT

To play in the Las Vegas World Series of Poker with the great names of the game was the author's dream. But where once only high rollers dared to compete, the championship, in its twenty-fifth year, is now wide open, and the stakes are the highest ever.

BY A. ALVAREZ

WHEN poker players get together, they don't talk about the hands they have won. They talk instead about "bad beats"—the hands they should have won but didn't, because the cards were freakish or, more often, because some other player made a stupid call. Bad-beat stories are long-winded and bad-tempered, and their punch line is always roughly the same: "I mean, what was the schmuck doing in the hand anyway with a pair of lousy deuces?" Bad beats haunt you like bad dreams. You brood about them, you complain about them, you play them over in your head again and again. And this is how it should be, because while it is happening a truly bad beat feels like a waking nightmare.

This is a poker story, so it starts with a bad beat. The setting is Binion's Horseshoe Casino, in Las Vegas, during the World Series of Poker; the event is the World Championship; the game is Texas hold 'em, ten-thousand-dollar buy-in, no limit. In Texas hold 'em, each player is dealt two cards face down, in the hole. The two players to the left of the dealer are forced to bet blind—before they see their cards. The other players either call the blind bet or raise it or fold. Then three communal cards, called the flop, are dealt face up in the center of the table, and there is another round of betting, although this time the players may check. Then two more communal cards—known as Fourth Street, or the turn, and Fifth Street, or the river—are dealt face up, one at a time, with a round of betting after each. The five cards in the center are common to all the players, who use them in combination with their hole cards to make the strongest possible hands.

Like most nightmares, this one begins sweetly. I am playing with great discipline, my stack of chips is building nicely, I am in control. Then the scene darkens and the horrors start. I am in the dealer's position—"on the button," the classic position in which to make a bet in the hope of stealing whatever money is already in the pot. I cup my hands around my hole cards and peer at them: two aces, the strongest starting hand in the game. I raise, but modestly, as though I were "on the steal." To my delight, an early caller who has a lot of chips in front of him reraises. This is what I was hoping for. "Raise," I say. I put my hands behind my stacks of chips and move them all into the pot. (In no-limit poker, you can bet as much as you want whenever you want as long as the money's on the table.) My opponent thinks for a long time; he looks at me; he looks at the mass of chips in the middle of the table; he studies his cards. I have more chips than he does; if he calls the bet and loses, he will be out of the tournament. Finally, he shrugs and pushes all his chips forward. The pot is huge, and whoever wins it will be the tournament's chip leader. Since there can be no more betting, the tournament coördinator asks us to turn over our cards for the benefit of the TV cameras. When the other player sees my aces, he shakes his head despondently, turns over an unsuited king and queen, and rises from his seat, ready to make a humiliated exit. I settle back smugly, unable to believe my luck. The dealer pauses dramatically, thumps the table with his fist, and deals the flop: king, king, deuce of different suits, giving my opponent three kings. Another pause, another thump, another card: seven. Only a third ace will save me now. But the last card is a jack, and from being one of the tournament leaders I am now down there at the bottom, scrabbling to stay alive. A few hands later, I am out.

The nightmare really happened, but not at Binion's, and not even at a poker table. It happened at home in London, while I was warming up on a computer game of the World Series, two days before I left for Vegas. I took it as a good omen: bad beats like that tend not to come in pairs.

This year, the World Series of Poker, which takes place annually at Binion's Horseshoe, and runs from mid-April to mid-May, celebrated its silver anniversary. It is the Wimbledon of poker tournaments—the most popular, the most illustrious, and the longest-running. It began in 1970, when Benny Binion invited a handful of his high-rolling poker-playing cronies to get together at the Horseshoe in order to compete in various forms of poker at stakes that only they could contemplate. When all the games were over, they voted democratically for who should be named the champion of champions. The man they elected was Johnny Moss, who celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday during this year's tournament, and is still competing.

Since that first tournament, the event has grown exponentially. By 1990, the entry to the main event—the ten-thousand-dollar no-limit Texas Hold 'Em World Championship—was approaching the magic number of two hundred people. Two hundred buy-ins meant two million dollars in prize money to be distributed—about forty per cent to the winner, the rest according to finishing place. The Binions, who understand what makes gamblers tick, stopped fussing with percentages, and guaranteed the world champion a million dollars as well as the 14k.-gold bracelet with his or her name on it that is also given to the winner of each of the subsidiary events. For the silver anniversary, Jack Binion, who has been president of the Horseshoe since 1964, added a further attraction: the champion would win his weight in silver as well as

GERALD SCARFE

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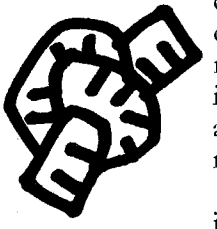
his million dollars, and whoever got into the money in the minor events would receive a commemorative silver bar.

Like the World Series, the Horseshoe Casino itself has grown enormously in recent years. When I first went there, in 1981, it was a shabby little place, dark and narrow, and in terms of décor it had nothing to offer at all. It was also overpoweringly noisy, for the simple reason that it was always packed. If you wanted action—real action, with no upper limits on the bets you made—you bypassed the ritzy palaces on the Strip; the Horseshoe was the place to go.



Somehow, the Binions had worked out the right formula for serious players. It helped that Benny Binion was the boss of gambling in Dallas until 1946, when, as he dourly put it, "my sheriff got beat in the election" and he had to leave town in a hurry. The Dallas connection guaranteed him the loyalty of the high-rolling Texans after he moved to Las Vegas. Supporting Benny was the patriotic thing to do, and anyway the Binions were their sort of folk. The Binions responded by providing outsized gambling action, along with the best steaks and the hottest chili in town. Yet even the most loyal Texans drew the line at staying in the handful of poky rooms above the casino. They gambled at the Horseshoe, but they stayed across the street at the Golden Nugget.

The Binions eventually solved their accommodation problem by buying the casino next door, a great, echoing barn of a place called the Mint, which was nearly always deserted, and had just two things to recommend it, both of them on its roof: a small swimming pool (the only one downtown in the early eighties) and a huge illuminated clock (also the only one downtown, then and now, in a city where time has been officially banished in case it interferes with business). The Mint had a lot of rooms, none of them particularly luxurious, but considerably more comfortable than the flophouse above the Horseshoe. The Binions did almost nothing to tart the place up or improve the amenities. They simply knocked down the wall between the two casinos, removed the giant illuminated "M" from the clock, put a horseshoe in its place, and called the whole block Binion's Horseshoe. And that was all it took. Overnight, the wastelands of the Mint were jampacked with gamblers, whooping it up and having a great time.

DURING the World Series, amateur poker players fly in from all over the world to compete in the tournaments, which cover most current forms of poker and vary in expense from the thousand-dollar-buy-in Women's Seven Card Stud to the ten-thousand-dollar-buy-in World Championship. The Las Vegas professionals play in the tournaments, too, but often simply as a courtesy to Jack Binion and because their status as champions requires it. Their real business is in the side games that go on day and night while the World Series is in progress.

These cash games are listed in a kind of shorthand on a roster at the back of the tournament area. The smallest is "PLH 1-2-5"—pot-limit hold 'em, in which the compulsory blind bets are one dollar, two dollars, and five dollars, and the buy-in is five hundred dollars; from there, the size of the games climbs steadily toward the stratosphere. The biggest game of all is off in a corner at Table 61, where ex-champions like Doyle Brunson, Johnny Chan, and Stu Ungar hold court. According to the board, the game at Table 61 is "2/7 NL, 100 ante, 200-400"—that is, deuce-to-the-seven razz, a particularly brutal form of lowball, in which each player antes a hundred dollars before every hand, the two players to the left of the dealer are forced to bet two hundred and four hundred dollars blind, and there is no limit to the size of the subsequent bets. The buy-in for that game is twenty-five thousand dollars, but usually no one sits down with that little. One night during my stay, someone at the table won a single pot of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. In other words, the World Series is not just the foremost poker tournament; it is also a hustlers' convention.

Over the years, the World Series acquired a great deal of glamour in the poker world and inspired a large number of imitations. But one major problem remained: how to attract all those good players who were out there yearning to get in but were never going to build up enough money for a stake. In 1984, someone had the smart idea of organizing "satellites"—competitions for the competitions—in which ten players would ante up a thousand dollars each and play a freeze-out, winner take all. But even a thousand dollars is a substantial sum to invest in a nine-to-one shot, and it was still beyond the range of many hopefuls. The next step was super-satellites—multi-table events in which each player paid two hundred and twenty dollars for two hundred chips and, during the first hour, could rebuy additional stacks of two hundred for two hundred dollars a throw. If enough people entered—and they entered by the hundreds—there would be sufficient money to guarantee everyone at the final table an entry to the main event. There are now satellites for all the events. At the Horseshoe, they start a few days before the beginning of the World Series, but for months before that they run in casinos across America and around the world. The World Series is no longer the exclusive preserve of the top professionals and the millionaires; it has been democratized.

LIKE all poker players, I have dreamed of playing in the World Championship. This year, I got my chance. I had been training for it for fifteen months, playing in tournaments once or twice a week in London. Although I often reached the final table and occasionally won an event, I knew that in Vegas they marched to a different tune. I would be like a good club tennis player with a wild-card entry to Wimbledon: the game played by the top players has no relation to the game played by the likes of me; it just looks the same. But at least I could try not to make a fool of myself. I would pace myself, get used to the pressures, work out some strategies for survival.

Poker is a game of many skills: you need card sense, psychological insight, a good memory, controlled aggression, enough mathematical know-how to work out the odds as each hand develops, and what poker players call a leather ass—i.e., patience. Above all, you need the arcane skill called money management: the ability to control your bankroll and understand the long-term implications of each bet (how to avoid the casual five-dollar call that ends in a five-hundred-dollar disaster), so that you don't go broke during a session. All good players have these skills, but the pros have them to a far greater degree than the amateurs. Another difference between the two groups, however, is not often mentioned: some-

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where along the road, the pros have lost their sense of urgency. Their lives are one long poker game, which began when they turned professional and will end—if it ever ends—when they retire. Mostly, they expect to win, but sometimes they lose, and when they do they shrug and leave the table and come back the next day or the next week, knowing that the game will always be there. Amateurs are less philosophical: because they usually play no more than once or twice a week, they want to cram as much action as they can into the limited time at their disposal, so they stay too long at the table and play until they can't think straight.

In order to survive in Vegas, you must divest yourself of the sense of urgency. Day or night, the game you want is always in progress, and you must treat it as the professionals do: when nothing is going right, when you sit for hours folding unplayable hands, or, worse, when every time you are dealt two kings someone else has a pair of aces, you must learn to get up from the table, swallow your losses, and come back another time. Quitting when you are ahead is easy; to cut your losses and run takes far greater discipline.

It is particularly hard during the World Series, when a flood tide of money is washing around the Horseshoe. Even the language spoken at the tables is calculatedly unreal. Whatever the size of the game, the general rule is: Never call a buck a buck. Over at Table 61, when someone bets "a dime" he means a thousand dollars, and even in the small games they divide by a hundred. Treating money like small change somehow adds to the pleasure. When the dealer says, "Your nickel," the player on the big blind obediently pushes forward a five-dollar chip. The first player to act says, "A quarter to go," and throws in a green twenty-five. An elderly man wearing a white Stetson flicks a hundred-dollar bill into the pot and says, "Make it a dollar straight." The dealer thumps the table and deals three spades into the center. Without hesitating, the man who had originally bet the quarter now bets two hundred and fifty dollars. The man in the white Stetson looks at him, looks at the exposed cards, shrugs, and throws his cards face up into the center: an ace and king of hearts. "Right string, wrong yo-yo," he barks. But the very next deal he comes out raising again before the flop. "Don't mess with him," another player says as he folds his hand. "He's hotter than a polar bear in the Mojave Desert." Three players call, however, then fold docilely when White Stetson bets five hundred dollars after the flop. "It's like picking fresh grapes," someone says admiringly. "The bigger they are, the easier it is." White Stetson beams.

The atmosphere is curiously festive, and disdain for money is part of the festivity. Large sums are changing hands, yet the poker tables buzz with the pleasure and excitement and good humor that come when people get together to do something they love doing and do well. When someone wins a hand because another player checked when he should have bet, the winner scoops in the chips and says, "Only in America can a guy get a free card and make money. Only in America."

The revels end abruptly when you sit down to play a tournament. There are twenty-one open events in the World Series, and each of them is like the last-chance saloon: the atmosphere is gloomy, the faces are tense and unsmiling. The reason is simple: if you make a mistake or suffer a bad beat in a cash game, you can always reach into your pocket and pull out more money, but if you make a mistake in a tournament, you are out. (In two of the events, Deuce to Seven Draw and the biggest of the Omaha tournaments—Omaha being a four-card variant of hold 'em—rebuys are permitted during the first three hours of play if, at any time, you have fewer chips than you started with.)

For players like me, there is another cause for anxiety, and it has to do with pride. The tournament events are our chance to sit down with the champions on equal terms—or, rather, on equal financial terms at the start. "We're ambitious amateurs, and we don't want to be humiliated," my friend Julien Studley, a New Yorker who plays regularly and successfully in the big tournaments, said. "The great players don't have that problem. They'll go for the brilliant, do-or-die move, and if it doesn't come off and they get eliminated, so what? It doesn't bother them. We are different. We want to stick around because our egos are very much affected by being able to say we were still there on the second day of play or past the dinner break, or whenever it was. Even if we have no chance of winning the championship, we want to hang in. It's a mistake to give up hope. Every time someone is eliminated, it's a benefit to you. The point is to survive."

Johnny Chan said much the same, but

"Malcolm, it's Ivy. She needs access."

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from a different point of view. Chan is small and trim and compact, with a heart-shaped face and unnervingly sharp eyes. He has won the World Championship twice, in 1987 and 1988, and this year he became the first player to bring his total earnings in the World Series to more than two million dollars. Chan tends to talk in imperatives, a style that goes with his commanding presence, and he reacts to amateurs the way a great white shark reacts to blood. "No-limit is a game to trap people," he told me one afternoon when he was taking a break from the monster game at Table 61. "When you find a weak player, try to get everyone else out. Now it's between you and the weak player. You need to trap him, make him lose something. You don't have a hand—who cares? Bluff him out. He's weak. Make a play. When you sit down, you look around the table and see how many weak players there are. Who is the weakest? That's the one you go for. You try to avoid the good players until you get to the final table. That's what you've got to do to win."

When Studley talked about not giving up hope, he made me understand how hopeless my position was at this level of poker. Chan's staccato commands deepened my despair. So did Artie Cobb, but after I talked to him one evening over dinner in the Sombrero Room, at least I began to understand the measure of the difference between the small fry and the great whites. Cobb has ginger hair, a big belly, and a mournful face. He is a talented poker player, who has won three tournaments in the World Series, but he is not up there with the champions, and has thought deeply about why this is so. "There are a lot of fine players out there, but the great player always has that little edge on them," he said. "The player who is not great has tendencies he always falls into when he has a good hand, a mediocre hand, or a weak hand. The great players can spot them easily. They read the table like a walking computer. They understand when they have to gamble more and when they have to gamble less. The average player doesn't always understand that. When the game starts, everyone has the same number of chips. The favorites are favorites because they know what they have to do to win the tournament. They can't stay idle and hope they're going to double up their stack along the way. They try to increase it a little bit at every limit, sometimes even with marginal hands most people don't want to play, like an ace with a doubtful kicker." (A kicker is the "side," or subsidiary, card to a more powerful card.) "I remember an extraordinary hand played by Stu Ungar and Doyle Brunson. Both of them had ace-queen in the hole, and Gabe Kaplan, the actor, was there with king-jack. The flop was ace, ace, king. Stuey made a small bet on the flop and the others called. The next card was a three. Stuey came out betting, Gabe folded, and Doyle just moved all-in. It was a huge bet, and if Stuey called and won, Doyle would be out of the tournament. Each of them knew the other had an ace, so it was down to the kicker. An amateur might have thought that an ace was good enough or that Doyle would only move all-in with a full house—with ace-king or ace-three in the hole. But somehow Stuey sensed that Doyle was making a play. He thought a long time, and if he had had less than ace-queen he might have folded. It was possible that Doyle had ace-jack, but that was unlikely, knowing how well he plays.

EARLY POEMS OF W. H. AUDEN

These are among Auden's earliest poems, written when he was between sixteen and eighteen. "Juvenilia: Poems, 1922-1928," edited by Katherine Bucknell, will be published by Princeton in September.

FRIENDSHIP

The earth was grateful for a day of rain
Not I, silent and weary with the thought
Of Friendship which I fancied lost again
And happiness long looked for brought to nought.

It meant no more to me than tree or stone
Until a hedge fell, showing as I passed
An old man picking flints, wet and alone,
Who gave a meaning to the rain at last

The rain spoke to me then but not for long
Telling of things between me and my friend
Heard and forgotten like a thrush's song
Made in an hour yet not perhaps to end.

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EARLY MORNING BATHING

What! are you still asleep in bed
The sky is such a brilliant blue
And dappled sunlight overhead
Throws down its dancing beams on you

What colors there are in the wood
Green hues I cannot count; and birds
Are busy singing in that wood
Too full of happiness for words

Hullo! so you are also here
O did you see; that dive was fine—
Lord! how the sun shines over there
You blasted fool! That towel is mine!

The bell sends forth its welcome chimes
Five minutes more to food I see
This world is far too good sometimes
For foolish folk like you and me.

A VISIT

The hedge has torn some blossom from the cart of May
Two seagulls play
About the church's lantern tower; below salt-marshes stretch away
To where against the pebble beach the long sea flings its line of spray
And you have come to me and come to stay

The grey church quivers drowsily, shut in its hollow;
The marshes borrow
The burning heaven blue and turn it cool; the eye can scarcely follow
The glint of sails out through the haze; I walk alone but have no sorrow
Though you are gone for you return to-morrow.

I squelch through clay past sodden ricks; the hedge is raw
The marsh we saw
Is now a desolate mudflat; as through a rotting factory floor
The sun strikes through the cloud in shafts; I walk the lane I walked before
But you are gone and will return no more.

So Stuey figured they must have the same hand, ace-queen. He called, and they split the pot. And that's a mind-set only great players get into. That's the deep part of the game, which the average player has no concept of."

I PLAYED in three events in the World Series—the fifteen-hundred-dollar-buy-in Texas hold 'em (pot limit), the twenty-five-hundred-dollar-buy-in Texas hold 'em (no limit), and the ten-thousand-dollar-buy-in World Championship itself—and each was grimmer than the last. That made good sense to me, since the prize money shared out among the finalists grew steadily more serious in each event: three hundred and seventy thousand five hundred dollars in the fifteen-hundred-dollar tournament; five hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the twenty-five-hundred-dollar game; and two million six hundred and eighty thousand dollars in the World Championship. It also made sense that I played less freely as the grandeur of the occasion increased. But while the World Series was in progress I was also playing in cash games, and what didn't make sense was how my play in them was like a mirror image of the way I played in the tournaments. Hold 'em is, among other things, a game of calculated aggression: if your cards are good enough for you to call a bet, they are good enough to raise with. According to Don Williams, a small, bearded, fast-talking, and successful professional, "When you're betting, you've got two chances of winning: you can take the pot there and then, or you can have the best hand. When you're calling a bet, you've only got one chance: you've got to have the best hand. But you don't win tournaments just by showing the best hand." I followed his advice in the cash games and did very well. Whenever I had bet before the flop, I bet again after it, if the other players checked, even when the exposed cards had not helped my hand. More often than not, the original callers meekly folded, and I took the money. But I played only in the modest pot-limit cash games, with other amateurs and small-time professionals. The heavy hitters were busy elsewhere.

THE weekend before the World Championship, Binion's Horseshoe was like a pressure cooker with the heat turned up beneath it. The casino was packed with gawping spectators, and the poker pits swarmed with TV crews, with self-important people flashing press cards and asking dumb questions, with players short of funds working the crowd, trying to hustle deals. In the cash games, tempers frayed, and there was a final feeding frenzy in the thousand-dollar satellites. People were buying in, losing, buying in again, as though a thousand dollars truly were no more than a dime. Behind them, a group of professionals lounged against the rail like hawks in a tree, waiting to pick off an easy satellite to save themselves the ten-grand entry fee on Monday. The air-conditioning seemed unable to cope, the voices on the intercom never let up, the sheer predatoriness was battering. I ground out some money in a cash game and went to bed early.

The morning of the big day was chilly and overcast. A brisk wind was blowing, and I had the pool to myself. Around twelve-thirty, I wandered down to the casino. Although crowds were gathering in the tournament area and journalists

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bustled about, the frenzy of the last few days was over. The players stood around in little groups, talking in subdued voices, eying the opposition. Off to one side, Jack McClelland, the tournament coördinator, sat at a table drawing the seat numbers and droning them out on the intercom. The big board behind him had space for two hundred and forty names, but that was not enough. Because of the satellites and the fact that this was the silver anniversary of the World Series, two hundred and sixty-eight players, a record, had signed up for the World Championship. The sight of my own name, at No. 182, up there with all those champions whom I had watched for years, from a safe distance, should have been exhilarating. Instead, it filled me with gloom.

We all dispersed to our appointed seats. Mine was Seat 1 at Table 56; at ten thousand dollars, it was the most expensive seat I had ever sat on. Next to me was Billy Baxter, a famous high roller and one of the great deuce-to-the-seven players. Jack Keller, the 1984 World Champion, who had that day been inducted into the Poker Hall of Fame, was in Seat 6. Ken Flaton, another expert, was in Seat 8.

Finally, the chatter subsided, and Jack McClelland gave the starting orders: "Dealers, shuffle up and deal."

Mick Cowley, an Englishman I know, once made it to the final table. "In the early stages, I came in with nothing lower than a pair of jacks," he said later. Two jacks are strong enough to call with and easy to throw away. A pair of queens is a trickier hand to play; I was dealt them four times—twice in the first fifteen minutes—and in the end they were my undoing. But my first mistake occurred an hour or so into the game. I was dealt an eight and seven of diamonds when I was in the big blind. There were two or three callers but no raise. The dealer thumped the table, burned the top card, and dealt six, nine, ten. The seven and eight in my hand gave me a straight. It was an almost perfect flop, except that the exposed nine and ten were both hearts. I checked, in the hope of trapping someone, and a young woman named Barbara Samuelson came out betting. She was tall and rangy, with a mannish figure, a small face, and large hands, and her style of play was fearless and aggressive. I should have moved all-in immediately, in order to shut her out, but greed overcame me. So I raised a paltry thousand, and she called. The next card was bad for me: the queen of hearts, making a possible flush and a higher straight. When I checked, she checked. The last card was a king, and this time she bet strongly. I should have folded—any good player would have folded—but I was in love with my puny straight, so I made a crying call. She had a pair of jacks in the hole and had made a higher straight than mine. (Samuelson eventually placed tenth—the highest-ever finish by a woman in this event.)

At least I wasn't the only one making mistakes. Within two hours, three former world champions had gone. Jack Keller slow-played a pair of aces, moved all-in when a king and a ten flopped, and was called instantly by Billy Baxter, who had king-ten in the hole. Minutes later, Stu Ungar, who won the title in 1980 and 1981, stalked past, looking furious. Phil Hellmuth, Jr., winner in 1989, followed. "I had two aces, but I ran into a pair of tens," he said. Billy Baxter watched them go. "I'll tell you one thing," he said contentedly. "They sure knocked some whales out already."

At three-forty-five, there was a ten-minute break. As we settled around the table again, Baxter and a pal were chatting together about hold 'em. "Not my pond," Baxter was saying.

"Hell, man, you just busted a guy in the Hall of Fame."

"That just shows you I'm not long for this world."

For the next hour and a half, my chips bled away in antes while I folded unplayable hands. Then, for the fourth time, I was dealt two queens. I bet a thousand, and Baxter instantly reraised another thousand. Maybe I should have moved all-in to shut him out. But he had position over me and a lot of firepower. So I just called. The flop was king, seven, deuce. When I checked and he bet two thousand, I knew what his hole cards were: an ace and a king; with anything stronger, he would have checked to trap me; with less, he would have checked for fear of being trapped. My only hope was to catch one of the two queens remaining in the deck or to bluff him. I suppose I should have folded then and there and kept my last three grand for a better spot. But the antes were eating me up, and that pair of queens in my hand seemed like a mountain after the cards I'd been seeing. I thought and thought, then called, hoping my long pause might have puzzled him. The next card was another deuce. That was my chance. I pushed in what was left of my stack and said, "Come on, Billy, let's gamble." He looked at me slit-eyed and hesitated. "You got a deuce?" he said. And for a moment I thought I'd bluffed him out. But the pot was large and the bet was small, so he called. The last card was a jack. Without waiting, he turned over the ace-king I knew he had.

When Adlai Stevenson lost to Eisenhower in 1952, he said that he was too old to cry, but that it hurt too much to laugh. I understood how he felt. I had been preparing for this day for fifteen months, and when it came I blew it. I made the classic mistake of a newcomer to the big league: I played what the pros call "tight-weak"—afraid to bet without the stone-cold nuts, and easily scared out. But at this level players can smell your fear, and they run all over you. I couldn't even complain about bad beats. On the contrary, I knew justice had been done. I am a good pot-limit player, but in pot-limit you can make a big enough bet to bluff an opponent out without putting your whole stack in jeopardy. No-limit is different. You get few chances, and the smallest mistake can destroy you. I failed to take the chances I was offered, and ended by making a big mistake.

The first person I saw when I left the table was Nic Szeremeta, an Englishman who knows all the odds. "At least you were beaten with the best hand," he said consolingly. "Two queens are a fifty-five to forty-five favorite over ace-king offsuit."

A few minutes later, as though to prove his point, I watched a replay of the identical hand at an adjacent table: someone bet with ace-king offsuit, then called a huge all-in reraise by a guy holding a pair of queens. But this time the first card to be flopped was a queen, giving the raiser three queens and making him chip leader of the tournament at that point.

At breakfast the next morning, I saw Herb Bronstein, who was considered a strong contender for the title. He, too, looked stricken. "Yeah, I'm an also-ran," he said. "You wait a whole year for your chance and then it's gone."

"I've been waiting all my life," I answered.

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When I called my wife in London with the news, she burst into tears.

THE World Championship is a four-day event, and, like the other also-rans, I could not bring myself to watch it with any interest until the last day, when the field had been reduced to six and show biz took over. The final table was set up, as though for a prizefight, in a fenced-off square, its entrances blocked by security guards. Around the table was a cordon sanitaire for the television crews and the press photographers. Behind it, and flanked by two big TV screens, was a dais where the players were interviewed as they were eliminated from the game. There were two blocks of reserved seats—one for the players, the other for the press—but no matter how close you sat all you could see was a slumped back, a profile, a foot tapping secretly below the table. The things that really mattered—the cards, the facial expressions, the size of the bets and the manner in which they were made, the dealers' deft, eloquent fingers as they handled the cards—could be seen only on the TV monitors.

In best prizefight style, there was a weigh-in before the start, so that the winner's weight in silver would be ready at the end. By ten-twenty-five, the ceremonies were over. For the last time, Jack McClelland called, "Shuffle up and deal," and the cards were spun out. Within two and a half hours, three finalists had been eliminated, two of them when they moved all-in against players holding ace-queen, and a queen came on the flop. Each time, I thought, Where were you when I needed you?

Then the action froze. The chip leader was Hugh Vincent, a scrawny, chain-smoking, bespectacled amateur, with a goatee, a cheap white shirt, and a blue cap. He had begun the day with almost a million and a half dollars in chips—more than half the money in play—and he used his muscle to harry the other players, pushing his luck, living on the edge, playing brilliantly by the seat of his pants. Close behind him was Russ Hamilton, a Las Vegas professional. He weighed three hundred and thirty pounds, and when he climbed onto the scales before the start, they ran out of silver ingots. He had pale hair, a ghost of a beard, and sharp, calculating blue eyes. At the table, he was a thoughtful and forbidding presence, biding his time, making no mistakes. He sat for what seemed hours without stirring; only his eyes moved, missing nothing. A long way behind came John Spadavecchia, a Miami businessman who looked as if he had just walked out of a Scorsese movie: a creased face with a lot of mileage on it, dark hair, dark patterned shirt, gold watch, gold bracelet, gold ring.

The 1994 World Series had already broken all sorts of records, including the total number of entrants into all the events (thirty-eight hundred and thirty-two) and the total prize money distributed (nine million nine hundred and sixty-nine thousand five hundred dollars). In the World Championship event, more records went: it had the largest entry (two hundred and sixty-eight), the highest-placed woman player (Barbara Samuelson), the largest single pot (a million nine hundred and eighty thousand dollars), and, in the closing stages, the biggest-ever blind bets (twenty-five thousand and fifty thousand dollars). Another record broken was the three-handed marathon that ended the game: more than five hours passed without a player being eliminated, as Spadavecchia tried to claw his way back to level terms and Vincent leaked his money away, little by little, to Hamilton.

Spadavecchia went, finally, at six-twenty-five. Five minutes later, Hamilton was dealt a pair of queens, saw a third queen appear on the flop, and trapped Vincent into the largest pot in the history of the event. Ten minutes later, it was over. Russ Hamilton had the title, a million dollars, twenty-eight thousand five hundred and twelve dollars in silver ingots, the winner's gold bracelet, and the honor of having his picture up on the wall of the poker room along with all the other greats.

That evening, I had dinner with the English writer Anthony Holden, an old friend and a fierce poker player. Afterward, we wandered back to the tournament area to find a game. But there was no tournament area. The tables had gone, the players had gone. All that was left was a cleaning man wearily vacuuming a stretch of leaf-patterned carpet.

We stood there for a while in silence. Then I said, "Why do they always get the queen when they need it and we don't?"

"That's the mystery of life and poker," Tony said. "I guess the answer is they invented the game, so they deserve it." ♦

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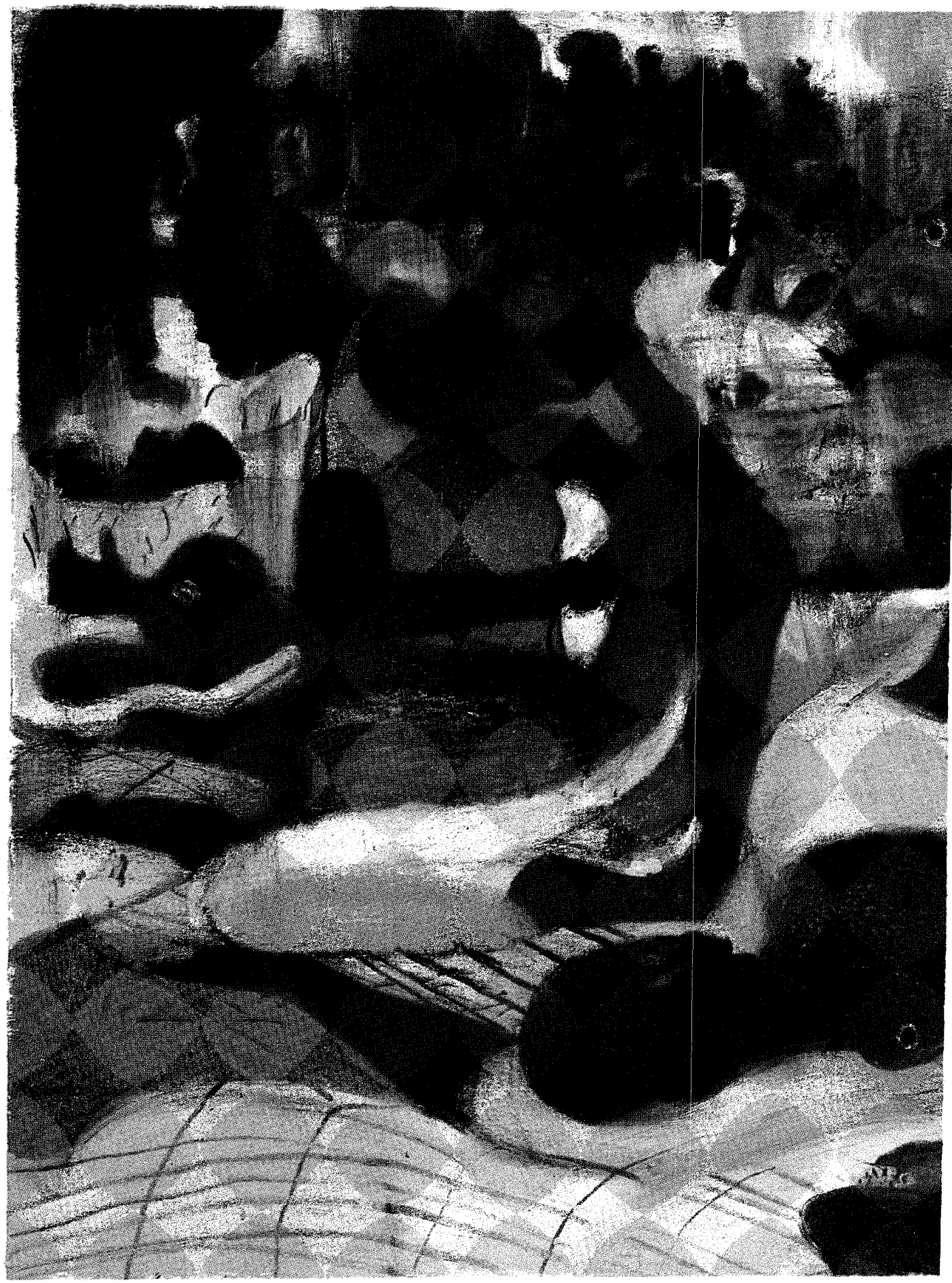

RWANDA 1994: *"No Rwandese has been spared by this catastrophe . . . . This disaster, which is unfolding be*

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eyes, is our collective responsibility."—United Nations Secretary-General Boutros Boutros-Ghali, July 22nd.

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FICTION

WAR AND PEACE

BY THOMAS McGUANE

MY son, Clay, is at the car lot in town and my daughter, Karen, is way off to Powderville. But they talk on the phone a lot and I know that's how they cooked up this business with the Indian. They concluded that my attitude was from being by myself so much. In other words, no contact with my own past, which at this point is my life. Karen arranged to bring the Indian to the house for a visit. She stood in my kitchen and told me what she was going to do, period. I didn't say a word. I just lit a cigarette and looked at her.

It so happens that I know this Cheyenne quite well—John Red Wolf, or, as he was known in the service, John R. Wolf. He was my friend. Even though we had gone from Montana to Alameda, California, then to the Solomon Islands on the same cruiser, we only met after I had ridden half the 40-mm. gun mount over the side in the wake of an attack by a suicide plane. I remember it was an overcast day and we had reason to fear Japs coming in from the low cloud cover. We never heard this one. Or at least I didn't, after what living between the two five-inch guns had done to my eardrums. The Jap plane dropped like a rock and blew up about a city block in front of me and took my gun mount into pieces. I went over the side with a bunch of dead and dying guys who had been passing shells from the ammunition bay. The minute I knew I was alive and floating in the big ground swell from the Philippines, I'm thinking about the sharks that shadowed the ship from about mid-Pacific until we got to Saipan—big pets of the cruiser, that looked like submarines. As a matter of fact, they got right into the dead guys and were cleaning them up when Mr. Red Wolf pulled me into the lifeboat.

The next day, we were playing catch on the stern. I had loaned my glove to an officer and he never returned it. John Red Wolf just went up and recovered it straight out of the officer's quarters so we could play catch together—two guys from Montana anchored off a little island covered with abandoned Jap bunkers and a blown-up ammo dump that looked like a hole right in the middle of the world. The Indian wasn't particularly afraid of officers.

We almost got used to the kamikazes, they were such a regular feature there toward the end, when the Emperor knew he'd had the course. Every now and then something would happen you couldn't forget, though, like the Zero that came from between the two little islands near Jolo and Tawi Tawi, about five feet off the water, weaving with amazing skill. Then he elevated and just caught the stern catapult, and blew up. Before the firemen could move and before we even had time to admire the skill of this pilot, a hand came whistling down the deck and stopped next to the sick-bay ventilator. We went over to look at it: this little brown Jap hand. It really shook us up. Isn't that something? That air show was right out of the Olympics, and here was this loose hand.

When we resumed boxing matches on the fantail for the first time since the New Hebrides, I attended with my new friend Red Wolf. This big farm kid from Indiana put on the gloves with a smaller but more experienced Mexican from California. The Mexican danced around until some of the guys started booing, but he kept it up till the farm boy was out of gas. Then the Mexican began wailing on his head. It wasn't good. We kept seeing his face flatten, with hair all pointed one way and sweat drops flying out over the ocean. Red Wolf remarks, "Yes sir, this makes a lot of sense." We began to feel we'd helped the Mexican arrange an assassination. It must've been catching, because even though there was an enthusiastic crowd, by the Marianas boxing on the ship was kaput. For months afterward, anytime we were on the fantail Red Wolf would remember it and say, "That made a lot of sense, didn't it?"

The ship smelled, because the captain didn't want subs following our garbage. Therefore, we kept our garbage and the ship smelled like a dump. Red Wolf says, "I'll take the subs." It was hot. We slept on deck with seabags for pillows and had big theories about the stars, which swarmed right down onto the surface of the sea. Sometimes, when it was too hot to sleep, like on our way down to Borneo, me and Red Wolf we talked about home.

I told him I ranched a little, and he told me he was an auto mechanic and a medicine man. He said, "That'd be like a preacher man to you, only my religion ain't the same as your religion."

At first, it made it look like we had less in common than I thought. But the more we talked we realized we had the land we lived on, which I guess neither one of us owned, though at one point Red Wolf made a joke about how he really owned my ranch. This kind of talk was so much like the talk we had with the Southern rebels on the ship, about the War Between the States, that we dropped it, a way of saying, What the fuck, this is war. By the time the Japs were backing down toward the mainland, the only country we had was this light cruiser. At first, guys would show off, reciting every state of the union and its capital, but that gave out long before the equator. By Subic Bay, the only country we had was the ship.

One of the last things our task force took on was the shelling of a bunch of islands near New Georgia, if I remember right, where we succeeded in setting off a Jap ammuni-

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tion dump. What fireworks! During this bombardment, Red Wolf showed one and all what kind of stuff he was made out of. To wit: a five-inch shell hung fire in the gun, and while the whole crew waited for this horror to discharge and blow a hole in the side of our ship, Red Wolf worked alone to free the shell, after which it was dumped over the side. The Navy should have cited him for bravery but never did. We sailors won't forget, for whatever that's worth. They said it was humanly impossible to remove that shell by yourself. Red Wolf said that being a medicine man gave him extra powers where required.

Sometimes, when Roosevelt was being broadcast to all hands over the loudspeakers, Red Wolf and me would find a quiet spot to visit about some of the things that were so amazing, or worse, to young fellows from the sagebrush such as us. Like when a Jap torpedo bomber crippled us in '43 and we had to seal off a flooded compartment with seventeen of our buddies still inside. Funny thing was, we shot that plane down after he cut his torpedo loose. The pilot bailed out and we turned him to hamburger with the 20-mm. Later, we heard that was against the rules of war. Tell it to our buddies. We discussed other close calls, like seeing a periscope on a moonlight night and our ship zigzagging all over the ocean to keep from getting sunk. We discussed guys that couldn't take the heat and concussion and boredom and finally went Asiatic and had to be sent home. I'd like to have a nickel for every time we looked out there at all the flying death and said to each other, "It's like a movie!" For example, the big powder magazine that went up on Tarawa—a rolling ball of smoke and flame, full of dead Japs. Other stuff going up: pillboxes, assembly areas, truck depots. Never a dull moment. Only Hollywood could come close to what we went through. Or like at Magicienne Bay when Jap shore batteries opened up on the battleship California. Or when we'd watch those dark hillsides with the little tongues of light from the flamethrowers. Bodies were always floating past us, Japs and Americans, just bobbing meatballs that used to have moms and home towns. One time the ship got caught in a gigantic oceanic whirlpool. Bing Crosby was on the air from Radio Tokyo. The ship swinging in huge circles toward a hole in the center, and we're listening to this crooner and basically saying, Fuck the consequences. It was something, that war. Like I say, never a dull moment. You don't hear much about it anymore. Vietnam captured the country's imagination. Guys like me and Red Wolf, we don't exist. Don't exist.

One day, another suicide plane came in, lost its bombs before it reached us, then the canopy peels away, then a wing, it came in over the stern, bounced sideways. The motor came loose and slid across the ship, killing the mount captain on another 40-mm. They found his earphones wrapped around a roll of his scalp about a hundred feet away. We were getting pretty squirrelly every time they called general quarters. We were getting worn out by having to be so good in the clutch every time the Nips were in the mood to play ball.

But it didn't matter. The war was over. Truman said so on the radio. Hi, I'm Harry. The war is over. Next thing, the Japs signed the peace papers on board the Missouri. We let them keep their little fucking emperor. Red Wolf and I are standing on the fantail. Two nobodies from the boonies. We're waving goodbye to the enemy and all the dead, whoever the hell they were.

John Red Wolf and I were discharged from the United States Navy at the Navy receiving station in San Diego, California. Red Wolf asks this blue-eyed twenty-one-year-old officer if he had a good idea how we could get to Montana. The officer said, "That's your problem, sailor." It was obvious to both of us this character hadn't been west of California, much less Leyte Gulf or the Solomons, where the lead really flew.

Red Wolf remarked, "I ain't a sailor anymore, Shit-for-brains. I'm an Indian trying to get back to the reservation. Care to step outside and help me with the directions?" The officer froze where he's at and we went out into the California sunshine. It seemed like everybody and his dog wanted to welcome us home. Something about that didn't set right.

When you've been through a lot of things with someone that are hard to understand, maybe too big to understand, you get fairly close to that person without having to say too much. Then you get someplace where there is less happening and you start to feel like you ought to say something but nothing comes to you.

That's what took place on the bus ride to Montana.

"You think this desert will ever end?" I asked Red Wolf.

"How should I know?"

About fourteen hours later, Red Wolf says, "It looks a lot better with a few hills."

By this time I was in on it, whatever it was: I just grunted. When we hit that first "Welcome to Montana" sign, we were staring out the window like we were stuck with this scenery.

I remember I wanted to ask John what he was going to do with the rest of his life. I just didn't dare. The last place I really knew that Cheyenne was on the Inland Sea of Japan.

You don't realize how much you miss your own life until something brings it back. The *Gazette* had a picture of a battleship graveyard near Mobile, Alabama, and I recognized our little cruiser in the pack of wrecked ships. I had to go out in the yard so the kids didn't see me.

I'm not all that worried anymore what anybody sees me do or don't do. But when Karen comes down the driveway I really feel like I'm afraid. She stops her car under the China willow across from the porch. I can tell exactly who is with her. I'm having to tell myself to breathe out. I'm watching Karen. She's moving her hands a lot. She's having to talk to Red Wolf. He's looking down and listening. He's scared, too. ♦

GREAT MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC

[*From the Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press*]

ANNAPOLIS—An estimated 129,000 Americans had returned to the upper Chesapeake Bay this spring to spawn, evidence that the gradual comeback of the ravaged species has resumed after an off-year in 1993.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

KNIGHTS AT THE OPERA

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

THE rise of the Scottish composer Judith Weir has been—at least up to now—as brisk, as colorful, and as cheering as events tend to be in her operas. Her latest piece, "Blond Eckbert," was introduced earlier this year by the English National Opera, and opened last week in Santa Fe, where her American reputation was effectively founded, in 1989, by "A Night at the Chinese Opera"; "The Vanishing Bridegroom" followed, in St. Louis in 1992. Like those operas, "Blond Eckbert" is a crisp retelling of narrative material that feels—both in itself and in the way it's retold—slightly alien and maybe slightly quaint. Ms. Weir, who writes her own librettos, seems at once to share and to suspect Western cultural pride, perhaps because, as a Scot and as a woman, she isn't quite a member of the club. Her values are those of lightness, simplicity, strangeness: the values of Stravinsky, who was another outsider. The darkness, depth, and danger in her work arrive only by stealth.

Each of her operas has offered imagery as bright and as removed from common vision as that of a children's picture book, but each has shown how stories, and reactions to stories, can suddenly reveal people to themselves and to others. This time, Ms. Weir has taken a story by Ludwig Tieck, "Der Blonde Eckbert," which starts out in a seemingly familiar, uncomplicated manner and then breaks the rules as it goes along—a story in which the power of narrative is simultaneously asserted (by what happens) and undermined (by our diminishing trust in what we're told happens), so that we find ourselves slowly eased out of a world of simple identification and belief. Written in 1796, this was one of the earliest literary fairy tales, and perhaps the wrench of traditional motifs from their traditional context is what leaves a hole in the tale through which confidence leaks away.

Judith Weir's "Blond Eckbert": A fairy tale goes to Santa Fe.

Blond Eckbert is introduced as a knight who, once upon a time, lived quietly with his wife, Berthe, in a castle in the Harz Mountains. Their only frequent visitor was Walther, and one dark autumn evening Eckbert invited him to stay. To pass the time, Berthe related the story of her life: how she ran away from home; how she lived for six years in a forest hut with an old woman, a dog she doesn't name, and a marvellous bird, which laid eggs containing jewels; how she left, taking the bird with her; how she strangled the bird; and how she married Eckbert. Already there are problems with this story, in that Berthe's actions, especially leaving the old woman and killing the bird, aren't sufficiently motivated, nor are they adequately glued into the narrative by emotional response: events occur in a sudden present, without any past and without any future. In contrast, Berthe rhapsodizes for long paragraphs on her journey from her parents' home, and gives us plentiful Romantic imagery of landscapes reflecting her feelings; she expresses her loneliness but not her connections.

However, in terms of verisimilitude worse is to come. Walther says good night, and thanks Berthe for her story of the magical bird and the dog Strohmian. Eckbert starts to worry that Walther will use the story against them, and Berthe frets so much about how Walther could have known the dog's name that she falls ill. Some time later, almost on an impulse, Eckbert murders his friend in the forest; when he returns home, Berthe, too, is dead. Melancholy, he goes to the town and finds another friend, Hugo, but rushes off when it seems to him that Hugo looks like Walther. Back in the country, he meets an old woman (the indefinite article leaves it indefinite whether she is the same old woman who fostered Berthe), who tells him that she was Hugo and Walther, and that Berthe was his sister. As if concussed by these statements,

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which complete the story only by adding huge question marks to it, Eckbert falls dying to the ground.

Walter Benjamin described the story as "the locus classicus of the theory of forgetting," and Ernst Bloch wrote an interpretation based partly on a conversation with him. Berthe, in leaving the dog behind, and leaving the old woman without any means of support, has also forgotten herself: she lives on as a phantom. Walther, hearing the story, sees the real Berthe back in the hut with the dog, and by naming the dog he awakens her to her unreality. A more up-to-date analysis might be interested in the retrieved memories, and in how both Berthe and Eckbert are floored by them. Yet it seems that no interpretation can tie up all the loose ends. Perhaps this is a story that not only tells of forgetting (Eckbert, too, forgets—forgets that Berthe is his sister) but has itself been partly forgotten, and the gaps filled with common fairy-tale stuff: rough parents, travel, hut in the woods, miracle bird, marriage, death, revelation. If one were to put the whole of Germanic folktale and saga into a computer and then ask it to come up with a new story, "Der Blonde Eckbert" might well be the result.

Ms. Weir's opera, based on such an enigmatic and switchback narrative, disappoints by its neatness, which is achieved in several ways. Disparities of scale, and therefore of tone, are smoothed out. Whereas in the Tieck story Berthe's narration occupies nearly two-thirds of the space, so that one almost forgets the frame in which it's placed (amnesia afflicts the reader, too), the operatic equivalent is very much more concise, and also very much more usual: opera is full of people who recount their previous experiences in ballad or aria. In reverse fashion, the opera slows down the final tumbling rush of unlikely explanations, and makes of Tieck's half page a whole scene. Ms. Weir also tidies up the plot by removing the most sinister aspect of Berthe's life story: instead of killing the bird, she lets it go. In the story, the bird somehow goes on after death singing its song (which, in *Waldeinsamkeit*, introduced a key expression of solitude-in-nature to the vocabulary of German Romanticism), testifying at once to the eternal recurrence of nature and the eternal unreliability of narrative. In the opera, not only is the bird not killed but it takes on the role of narrator, telling the story to the dog. Tieck's narrator—hidden, perhaps fallacious, increasingly puzzled over—gives way to one about whom the same uncertainties can't arise.

In presenting a messenger bird, a forest, and an incestuous couple removed from society, "Blond Eckbert" chimes with Wagner's "Ring," though Ms. Weir seems understandably nervous about the relationship. Her structure is determinedly anti-Wagnerian: not endless melody but quick thoughts, and two acts over in little more than an hour. Also, she has denied that the German ambience is important, and, indeed, the presence of four horns in the otherwise modest orchestra might have been designed to show up how far this slim, nonchalant score can remain from forest murmurs, even when it has the right means and the right opportunity. Invitations to a Wagnerian language of motivic prescience and reminiscence are also diverted or declined. When Berthe, in her soliloquy, refers to the dog, the double-basses slip in the figure to which its name will later be sung. "But that's more of a parody of leitmotif," Ms. Weir has said. "I couldn't quite take it seriously."

Not quite taking it seriously is maybe what the opera's about. The problem is that in avoiding solemnity Ms. Weir hasn't, this time, found anything else. Not much happens. Absences don't signify. The music disclaims power. Berthe tells her tale in the short, syllabic, unphrased bursts and spills typical of Ms. Weir's operas, and the vocal lines throughout the piece are commonly doubled in the orchestra, to join music and words in an equation that smartly eliminates meaning. We sing this way because the music sounds this way; the music sounds this way because we sing this way.

Since Ms. Weir's kind of vocal writing gets through text quickly, and since there isn't much to say in any case, a lot of the opera is taken up by preludes and interludes, which are sometimes nicely done. A few pages of urban scene setting gain a hollow blare from the use of wordless chorus, and a little later there's a fine passage for divided strings with harp. However, other sequences suffer from the general malnourishment, and even the best sections don't sound engaged with the story. They're just passing through. Nothing of any great moment, or any particular humor, is happening here. Much more could have been done on the tremulous boundaries between action and narration, and between character and

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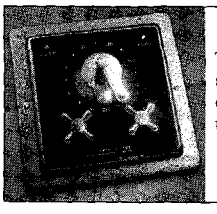

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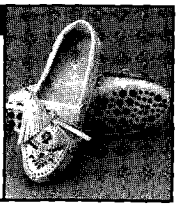

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character: Ms. Weir opens the door a couple of times—notably in a scene where Berthe is singing her dying words while Eckbert is reading them in a letter—but the disquieting possibilities are no more than glimpsed. The last disclosure—as Eckbert, in his final groans, begins to sing the theme of the "Flying Prelude," which brought on the bird at the start—seems to be that the title character now recognizes the kind of world in which he exists. It's only an opera. No worries.

The piece was conducted, rather raggedly on the first night, by Sian Edwards, who took over at the start of this season as the E.N.O.'s music director. There was a decent cast. The production, by Tim Hopkins, with designs by Nigel Lowery, was all too foolish-clever. (Santa Fe has its own production, by Francesca Zambello.)

MEANWHILE, at Covent Garden the Royal Opera was reviving its 1991 première production of Harrison Birtwistle's "Gawain," with a tightened score and a tightened staging. It seemed vastly improved: shorter but bigger, and stronger. However, the change may have been more in us than in it, that the second time around we can appreciate a new Birtwistle sound (generally bass-brass heavy and clangorous with cymbalom but also, especially in the second act, full of varied riches) and a new Birtwistle way of presenting drama, with a strong emphasis on the evocation of savage kingship, winter landscapes, and brutal magic trials. This is a composer who isn't worried by the Wagnerian echoes in his story, based on the Middle English poem "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight." He has his own ways of creating the grandeur and the span, and he was well served by his conductor, Elgar Howarth, and by the principal members of the cast: François Le Roux as the marred hero, who comes back from combat grimly unable to accept plaudits and laurels; John Tomlinson as the Green Knight, who has introduced Gawain to the bleakness outside Arthur's castle (a forceful bleakness felt in his voice); and Marie Angel as the sorceress Morgan le Fay, whose gleeful-malignant witchery warbles through much of the score. "Gawain" is the third of Mr. Birtwistle's operas awaiting American production; with "The Second Mrs. Kong," scheduled for Glyndebourne in October, there will be four. ♦

JAZZ

KING LOUIS

BY WHITNEY BALLIETT

WYNTON MARSALIS, the thirty-two-year-old virtuoso jazz-and-classical trumpet player, ideologue, and Pooh-Bah of the Lincoln Center jazz program, has praised Louis Armstrong so often ("I love him. He was king" and "It's unbelievable the level of majesty he reached") that he has helped make it official: Armstrong, who died in 1971, just short of his seventieth birthday, lives. (He lives in academia, too; the Louis Armstrong Archives have opened at Queens College.) Of course, Miles Davis and Dizzy Gillespie, who, in their different ways, made Marsalis possible, also loved Armstrong. Davis once said, "You can't play anything on the horn that Louis hasn't played—even modern." And Gillespie, who had a feeling for apothegms, said, "No him, no me." Even Bing Crosby, generally Mr. Cool, said that Armstrong was the "beginning and the end of music in America." Armstrong knocked out nonmusicians as well. Gerald Murphy, the painter and bon vivant, had a copy of "Weather Bird," Armstrong's stunning 1928 duet with Earl Hines, placed in the keel of the hundred-foot schooner he had built in the early thirties, and he named the boat Weatherbird. And Tallulah Bankhead stayed sane throughout a three-year run on Broadway of Noël Coward's "Private Lives" by playing Armstrong's 1927 recording of "Potato Head Blues" during every performance. Armstrong even wowed the longhairs. Virgil Thomson wrote in 1936, "His style of improvisation would seem to have combined the highest reaches of instrumental virtuosity with the most tensely disciplined melodic structure and the most spontaneous emotional expression."

By the end of his life, Armstrong had become as famous as Coca-Cola. He had also become the first black American superstar, and belonged in that uneasy American pantheon that includes Henry Ford, Lindbergh, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and F.D.R. But celebrity is often mindlessly conferred when the celebrated can no longer do what made him famous, or when what he invented has become buried and forgotten under accumulated applause. (How many of Judy Garland's fans, fervently cheering her quavery, wrecked singing in the late sixties, remembered the startling perfection of her 1939 "Over the Rainbow" in "The Wizard of Oz"?) Eventually, the Armstrong who had revolutionized American music in the late twenties and early thirties all but vanished inside his famous image. You knew when you went to see him that you'd hear "Indiana," "When It's Sleepy-Time Down South," "Mack the Knife," "Tiger Rag" ("One of them good ol' good ones"), "Hello, Dolly," and "My Bucket's Got a Hole in It." You knew there would be a lot of horsing around (his enormous singer Velma Middleton doing the splits) and mock hilarity (ribald jokes, blinding smiles, pop-eyed grimaces). You knew that Armstrong's invincible singing would sound as if it were coming from the center of the earth, but that his trumpet playing would sound stencilled and tired, as would much of the playing of his All Stars. You also knew, though, that you were listening to Louis *Armstrong*, and that you had better pay attention, because he might suddenly stop you with an impassioned "Sunny Side of the Street" like the one he got off late on the closing night of the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival.

What you should have known but probably didn't when you heard him was that toward the end of his career he was senselessly overbooked and overworked. He told Richard Meryman in 1966, "This life I got is very rough and few can do it. Now I'll come off five months on

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Louis Armstrong, Newport Jazz Festival, May 3, 1955.

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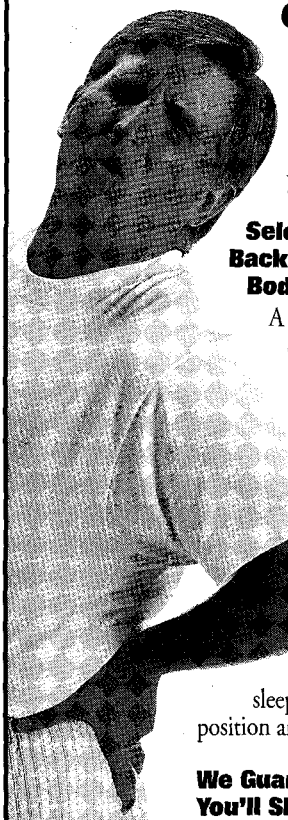

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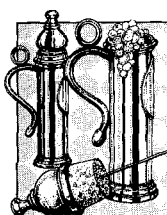

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the road, have maybe a week off, then right back out. We don't have no days off—feel like I spent nine thousand hours on buses, get off a bus, hop a plane, get in town just in time to play a gig, chops are cold, come off that stage too tired to raise an eyelash. Sometimes up at 5:30 the next morning to get to that next gig—just a whole lot of ringing and twisting and jumping and bumping and things." But Armstrong never rebelled. He was devoted to his manager, a former Chicago hoodlum named Joe Glaser, who was once described by the mild-mannered Max Gordon as "the most obscene, the most outrageous, and the toughest agent I've ever bought an act from." Armstrong regarded Glaser as his protector. "If you didn't have a white captain to back you in the old days—to put his hand on your shoulder—you was just a damn sad nigger," he said to Larry L. King in 1967. "If a Negro had the proper white man to reach the law and say, 'What the hell you mean locking up MY nigger?' then—quite naturally—the law would walk him free. Get in that jail *without* your white boss, and yonder comes the chain gang!" But Armstrong wouldn't have rebelled anyway. His music, no matter how, why, where, or how often he was asked to perform it, was his badge and his heart, and had been since Joe Oliver summoned him to Chicago from New Orleans in 1922 to play second cornet in his Creole Jazz Band. Oliver set Armstrong's life in motion, and Armstrong, in his gratitude, never paused.

Born in a back alley in New Orleans to a domestic and prostitute, Mayann Albert, and a shiftless laborer, Willie Armstrong, he had been a wild street kid, uneducated and directionless. In 1913, he was sent to the Colored Waifs' Home for Boys, where he picked up the rudiments of the cornet. He married for the first time in 1918 (he was married four times), and a year later he worked in Fate Marable's band on the riverboat S.S. Sydney. There he learned to read music, and was heard ecstatically when the boat docked at various places upriver by Bix Beiderbecke and Jess Stacy.

During the first half of Armstrong's career, he performed as a soloist in front of various-sized big bands. (The sixty and more Hot Five and Hot Seven

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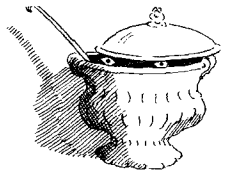
records he made between 1925 and 1928 were simply studio sessions.) And from 1947 until he fell ill, in the late sixties, he led his All Stars, an ambiguous swing sextet that started out on a lofty musical level (Barney Bigard on clarinet, Jack Teagarden on trombone, Earl Hines on piano, Arvell Shaw on bass, and Sidney Catlett on drums) and went slowly downhill after the originals left. Soon after he arrived in Chicago, he had learned from watching the great dancer Bill (Bojangles) Robinson that playing his instrument was only part of what he was supposed to do in front of an audience; the rest was to *entertain*—to be comical and loose and sharp. (Armstrong was often accused by younger musicians of behaving onstage like an Uncle Tom, but there was nothing servile about him. Armstrong onstage was the same as Armstrong offstage—a tough, primitive, funny genius, full of high jinks and body jokes. He was also his own kind of racial activist, angrily quitting a State Department tour when Governor Faubus obstructed school integration in Arkansas.) In his way, Armstrong was an autodidact, and he loved to write, particularly letters. Here is part of his description of Robinson's act at a matinée in 1922 at the Erlanger Theatre. He wrote it in longhand a year or two before he died:

> I had Bill Johnson to take me to a matinee show one day so I could see this man whom I had heard and read about in my early days in N.O. And Bojangles came up to every expectations and opinions that I had of him before I saw him in person. . . . It was a long time before Bojangles could open his mouth. That's how popular he was and well liked by all who understood his greatness as a dancer and a showman. He waited after the thunderous applause had finished—and looked up into the booth and said to the man who controlled the lights—Bill said (to him) *Give* me a *light My* color. And *all* the lights *all* over the house "*went out.*" And *me* sitting there when this happened with the whole audience just roaring with laughter. . . Then Bojangles went into his act. His every move was a beautiful picture. . . . He imitated a *trombone* with his walking cane to his mouth. . . . He told a lot of funny jokes. . . . Then he went into his dance and finished by skating off of the stage with a silent sound and tempo. *Wow* what an artist. I was sold on him ever since.

ARMSTRONG immediately shook things up in Chicago. He broke away from the shelter of the collective New Orleans ensemble and became the first jazz soloist. He unwittingly made the improvising soloist into a hero, and by the mid-thirties the landscape he had created was full of Benny Goodmans and Roy Eldridges and Art Tatums and Coleman Hawkinses. His tone filled out and became statuesque and instantly identifiable, and it never diminished. The missed or cracked notes that had dogged him in the early twenties vanished. He began putting his notes in unexpected places, creating irresistible surprises. These rhythmic jolts pointed the way for Billie Holiday and Lester Young and Red Allen, and echoes can still be heard in the playing of pianists like John Lewis and Dave McKenna and Tommy Flanagan. The solos and cadenzas he recorded in Chicago in 1928 on numbers like "Muggles," "Tight Like This," "Basin Street Blues," and "West End Blues" were so fresh and brilliant that a whole generation of musicians fell into line behind him. He also discovered, lamentably, that he could bring an audience to its feet by playing forty or fifty high C's in a row, and several times came close to permanently ruining his lip. At the same time, as if to balance this grandstanding, he occasionally moved down into his low register, with alarmingly beautiful results. Whenever he did this—in the first chorus of his solo on the 1929 "Knockin' a Jug"; on both takes of "Some of These Days," made later the same year; and in his muted opening solos on "Sweethearts on Parade" and "All of Me," recorded in 1930 and 1932—he would slip into a slow-turning half-time as well, and you suddenly knew that here was the lyrical, moving, secret center of Louis Armstrong. He continued to share these secrets on perhaps a third of the thirty or so numbers he recorded for Victor between December of 1932 and the following April. His solos on "That's My Home," "Basin Street Blues," "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues," "Hustlin' and Bustlin' for Baby," and "Laughin' Louie" radiated a breadth and majesty usually associated with classical music. They had long-held, vibratoless whole notes—planes of sound—arching blue notes, uncannily graceful upper-register figures, and rhythmic dislocations, all governed by a regal ease. Armstrong seemed, in effect, to be standing on a hilltop, declaring, for all who cared to listen, a new music.



Although Armstrong told the Belgian critic Robert Goffin around this time that he was "the rage of the nation," things began to go mysteriously wrong in his life. He went to Europe for the first time, and had severe lip problems and was called "barbaric." He had run-ins with a crooked manager and with the Mob in Chicago and New York. His second wife, Lil Hardin, sued for divorce, and his wife-to-be, Alpha, began spending his money. When he returned to the recording studios in October of 1935, he was a different Armstrong. The lyricism and majesty had been damped. His backup band, led by the pianist Luis Russell, was nondescript (it didn't come to life until Sidney Catlett joined in 1939), and he was forced, with Glaser already at the controls, to record a lot of third-rate material. In fact, Benny Goodman was the rage of the nation, and Armstrong, the great innovator, had slipped off to one side. And so it went for him right into the mid-forties, with bebop washing over jazz and the big bands starting to go under. But late in 1946 the phoenix stirred. One of Armstrong's old models, Bunk Johnson, dragged out of retirement by New Orleans revivalists, had come to New York and was creating a small uproar, and Armstrong, perhaps goaded by this New Orleans ghost, started appearing in the recording studios and at concerts with various small New Orleans-style bands. Some of the burnish reappeared in his playing, and the idea took hold at the management level that perhaps the time had come to dump his big band and put him with a small group modelled loosely on the old Hot Fives and Hot Sevens. The All Stars were assembled, and they opened at Billy Berg's in Los Angeles in mid-1947, and would, in their many transmutations during the next twenty years, make both Glaser and Armstrong millionaires.

One part of Armstrong's arsenal never changed—his voice. People parodied his gravelly-guttural sound, but this was largely because they didn't know how to get through its bulk and weight to what was inside, to his *singing*. He was, in truth, a marvellous, lightsome

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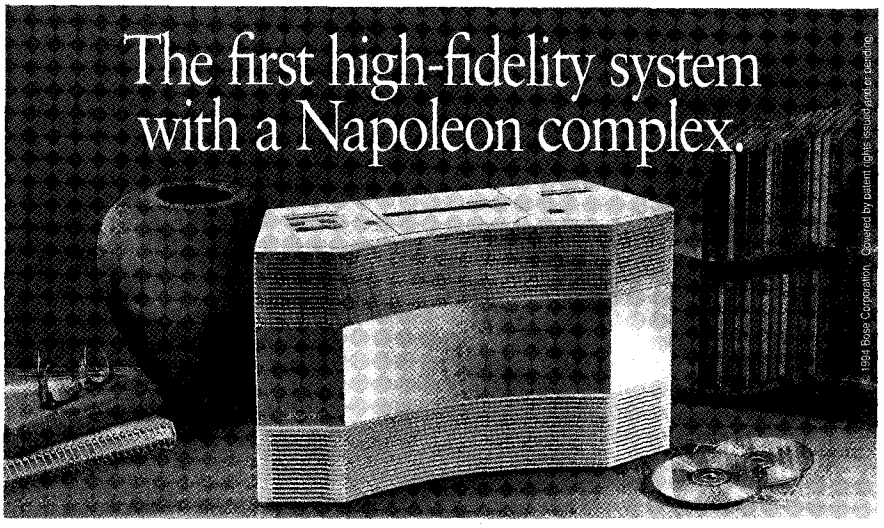

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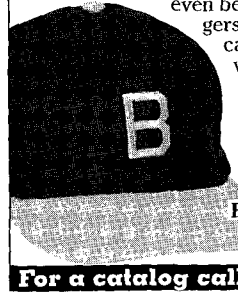

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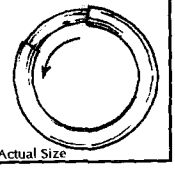

Actual Size

singer. (It has often been said that his singing was a direct extension, a kind of mirror, of his playing. But his singing was more of a distillation of his trumpet work. He used the same rhythmic tricks, the improvisation, and the free emotion, but he eliminated the impurities in his playing—the high notes and the by-rote figures.) He never sang out of tune, or put his accents and notes in the wrong place. He knew how to articulate, and how to set each song, no matter how trifling, into focus. He could sing ballads and up-tempo songs and the blues. He could turn a novelty number like the 1932 "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train" into something at once comic and swinging and melancholy. He invented jazz singing, providing a munificent lode for everyone from Bing Crosby and Louis Prima to Billie Holiday and Ella Fitzgerald. He demonstrated that four-four time was not a trap but a frame to work against. Listen to the split-second pause between "Louis" and "Dolly" near the beginning of the most famous recording he ever made.

In the mid-fifties, the record producers George Avakian and Milt Gabler, each in his own way, brought the old, florescent Armstrong briefly but brilliantly back to life. Avakian took the All Stars, made up by then of Barney Bigard on clarinet, Trummy Young on trombone, Billy Kyle on piano, Arvell Shaw on bass, and Barrett Deems on drums, into Columbia's studios, and they set down more than twenty numbers by W. C. Handy and Fats Waller, most notably a slow, luminous middle-register "Blue, Turning Gray Over You." A year later, Gabler, the founder of Commodore Records and a longtime A. & R. man at Decca Records, hit upon the notion of having the All Stars (one welcome change: Edmond Hall had replaced Bigard) re-create forty or so of Armstrong's classic recordings from the twenties and early thirties. With Gabler's consent, he scheduled three successive sessions in December of 1956 and four in January of 1957. Sy Oliver and Bob Haggart wrote arrangements that loosely followed the originals, and the outlines of Armstrong's old solos were sketched out on the lead sheets—for him to do with as he chose. A reed section was added on half the numbers, for supporting riffs and inspirational organ

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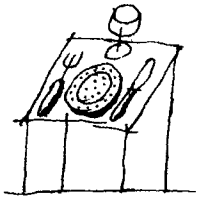
chords. The critic Leonard Feather supplied autobiographical segments for Armstrong to read between the numbers, and the whole was issued as "Satchmo: A Musical Autobiography of Louis Armstrong." Mosaic Records, the astute reissue house in Stamford, Connecticut, has brought out the "Autobiography" again, minus Feather's interpolations and with a long, searching Armstrong-as-hero essay by Dan Morgenstern. But Mosaic has academic tendencies, and has surrounded the "Autobiography" with all the generally undistinguished studio sessions made by the All Stars for Decca, calling the project "The Complete Decca Studio Recordings of Louis Armstrong and the All Stars."



Twenty numbers in the "Autobiography" are based on material Armstrong recorded in the late twenties and early thirties, and the rest on the earlier Hot Fives and Hot Sevens. There is an anemic feel to these last; it was not easy for polished musicians like Young and Kyle and Hall to go back thirty years and get inside the heads of primitive players like Johnny Dodds and Kid Ory. But "Gully Low Blues" captures the thick slow-blues atmosphere of the original, and "King of the Zulus" easily surpasses its predecessor. It is a medium-tempo blues with some nonsense talk in the middle and two Spanish-tinged stop-time sections, and Armstrong plays with a dark, feverish dexterity. He throws off blue notes, trills, little runs, double-time figures, and behind-the-beat pauses. The color and shape of his two solos eerily suggest what Joe Oliver must have sounded like in his prime. The remake of "Knockin' a Jug" is stunning. The original, recorded early one morning with three black musicians (Armstrong, Kaiser Marshall on sticks and brushes, and Happy Caldwell on tenor saxophone) and four white ones (Eddie Lang on guitar, Joe Sullivan on piano, Eddie Condon on guitar, and Jack Teagarden on trombone), is simply a string of blues solos, taken at a medium-slow tempo and capped by Armstrong's two majestic closing choruses. (It was one of the first mixed recording sessions, but no fear; personnel were not yet listed on 78-r.p.m. record labels.) The new "Knockin' a Jug" follows the same pattern, with Barrett Deems (see Marshall on the original) playing a flawless press roll with his sticks on a wood block behind the opening and closing choruses. After Kyle's solo, the reed section, anchored by a baritone saxophone, comes in, and Armstrong takes his two choruses, starting lower than on the original and gradually working his way up through his middle register, using several rests along the way. Halfway into the first chorus, he suddenly dislocates the time, charging quickly and briefly ahead, then falling back (all in the space of a measure) to the four-four flow of the chorus. It is one of the handful of classic recorded slow-blues solos, and its melancholy is almost palpable—everything down and out in Armstrong's life compressed into twenty-four bars.

There are half a dozen other marvellous tracks in the "Autobiography," and they include a very slow "If I Could Be with You," with an astonishing, aching Armstrong vocal; an equally slow "Lazy River" that has a startling four-bar break made up of a climbing glissando, and, just after, four rending repeated staccato notes; a long, leisurely "Sunny Side of the Street," with Armstrong's second vocal chorus restored; and a "Some of These Days," in which his second solo captures much of the secret, low, half-time wonder of his original 1929 solos.

After the "Autobiography" was finished, Armstrong settled back into the entertainment machine Joe Glaser built for him. But, as he told Richard Meryman, he got home once in a while. Armstrong's friend the publicist Phoebe Jacobs remembered recently what it was like to visit him at his house in Queens. "It was wild," she said. "Sometimes when you arrived, he'd be playing along with a recording by Benny Goodman or Guy Lombardo, and taping it. Or singing along with Mahalia Jackson and taping that. And while you were talking, he'd tape you without telling you. But his real therapy was his writing. He'd say to me, 'You lick the envelopes and the stamps, I'll do the writing.' His library was amazing. He had everything there was about black music, and he even had two books about Hitler. 'If you want to hate someone, Pops,' he'd say, 'you got to know why you hate him.' " ♦

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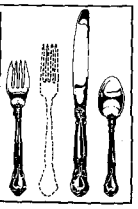

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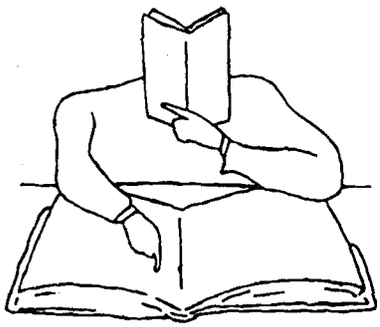

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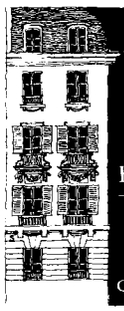

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FORTY-EIGHT YEARS, NO SECRETS

BY FRANCINE DU PLESSIX GRAY

Love and Hatred: The Stormy Marriage of Leo and Sonya Tolstoy
by William L. Shirer
(Simon & Schuster; $25)

When Count Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy, at the age of thirty-four, proposed marriage to eighteen-year-old Sofya Andreyevna Behrs, he was already looked on as one of the most promising writers in Russia, and was as desirable a catch as any family could hope for. Several of his novellas had been published to great critical acclaim. His four-thousand-acre estate, Yasnaya Polyana, inherited from his mother, Princess Volkonskaya, brought him a substantial income. By 1862, he had served with distinction in the Crimean War, had travelled throughout Europe, had forsworn the hard drinking and obsessive gambling of his dissipated youth, and had generally sown his wild oats; he felt a need to settle down and was eagerly searching for a suitable wife.

It was quite natural that he should gravitate toward the three daughters of the Behrs, a close-knit family of the Moscow intelligentsia, who lived in an apartment in the Kremlin. Dr. Behrs was the chief court physician of Czar Alexander II. Mme. Behrs, who came, like Tolstoy, from old country gentry, was only two years older than the writer and had been a close childhood friend. Tolstoy was a romantic by temperament, and, having lost his mother when he was two and his father when he was nine, he wanted to marry a young woman who desired, as he did, a large family; above all, he wished to marry for love. After some months of scrutinizing the Behrs' three daughters, he began to court Sofya, the middle one, a slender girl with a dazzling smile, magnificent dark eyes, and outstanding intellectual gifts. She was multilingual and widely read, was proficient at the piano and at watercolors, wrote poetry and short prose fiction, and had already received a certificate in the tutoring of young children. Sofya, whom Tolstoy called Sonya, the diminutive used by many of her biographers, also had what a contemporary described as "*du chien*," that untranslatable French euphemism, popular among fashionable Russians, which connotes "bite"—a mordant stylishness and a piquant sex appeal.

That last quality was not lost on Tolstoy. The sexual attraction he had felt for Sonya since the beginning of their courtship was so powerful that he infringed on all conventions by insisting that their marriage be celebrated within a week of his proposal, forcing the Behrs to organize church service and wedding feast, wedding dress and trousseau, in a span of seven days. And although Tolstoy, even at thirty-four, was no beauty by contemporary standards—he was a thickset, brawny man, with a bushy auburn beard and red peasant hands, and had already lost most of his teeth—Sonya felt an equally powerful attraction to him. Tolstoy, both the man and the writer, had mesmerized her since childhood; at the age of ten, she commemorated one of his visits to the family by tying a ribbon around the leg of a chair he had sat on, and by her mid-teens she had committed entire passages of his writing to memory.

Along with the singular haste of the wedding, Tolstoy imposed another, more ominous requirement on Sonya as a condition for their marriage. An ardent disciple of the doctrines of sincerity and candor propounded by Rousseau, he believed that spouses should have no secrets from each other, and four days before the wedding he insisted that he and Sonya read each other's diaries. So while Tolstoy perused the chaste meditations of his fiancée's adolescence, the sheltered, decorous Sonya had to study the records of her fiancé's bachelor youth: the gambling and drunken orgies and whoring he had indulged in since he lost his virginity, at the age of fourteen; homosexual longings during his early twenties; the loveless copulations with serfs on his estate; his bouts of venereal disease; the feelings of deep guilt that followed all his sexual encounters. Most painful of all, Sonya had to read about his passionate affair with

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the peasant woman Axinya, who still lived at Yasnaya Polyana with their illegitimate son, and would continue to do so throughout the Tolstoys' long marriage. Sonya never forgave that particular instance of her husband's sinful past; she was scarred by it for life and would refer to it repeatedly throughout a half century and some half a million words of diary entries.

Directly after the wedding ceremony, on September 23, 1862, the couple set off on the two-day ride to Yasnaya Polyana, a hundred and thirty miles south of Moscow. With the exception of a few winter seasons in the capital, they remained there, and for the next forty-eight years—throughout the growth of Tolstoy's worldwide fame, throughout Sonya's sixteen pregnancies and thirteen childbirths, and throughout their shared family tragedies (only eight of the Tolstoys' offspring survived into adulthood)—they continued the morbid habit of reading each other's journals, in which they recorded one of the most tempestuous marriages in literary history: a union by turns violently acrimonious and charged with sexual passion, mutually nurturing and lethally destructive. By insisting on invading the mystery of each other's psyches, they proved that indiscriminate truth-telling can be more damaging of trust than the most contrived duplicity. Few marriages better exemplify the brutality of unleashed candor, and few were in greater need of heeding La Rochefoucauld's maxim "Nothing so much prevents our being authentic as our efforts to seem so."

Leo and Sonya Tolstoy: Shirer's last book champions the wife's cause in a marriage that became an epic folie à deux.

Ever since the Tolstoys' deaths—his in 1910, during an attempt to escape his wife, hers in 1919—scholars have been divided into opposing camps over the spouses. For many decades, there was a tendency to see the marriage exclusively through Leo's eyes and to denigrate Sonya as a shrewish Xanthippe who was the source of most of Tolstoy's torments. Although Henri Troyat, in his superb 1968 biography of the Master, broke all precedent in his sympathy for Sonya, it is only since the nineteen-eighties, when her journals began to be translated and published in the West, that biographers have been able to observe the Tolstoys' marriage from both vantage points.

William Shirer, one of the century's eminent war correspondents and the author of, among other works, "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," completed "Love and Hatred: The Stormy Marriage of Leo and Sonya Tolstoy"—the record of an epic marital war—shortly before his death, last December, at the age of eighty-nine. Shirer's book goes further than any other work to date in rehabilitating Sonya: it attempts to show that the tragic estrangements of the Tolstoys' marriage were caused not so much by her intemperate character as by the agonizing discords in Tolstoy's own soul.

THE custom of fiancés' exchanging diaries was not unusual in nineteenth-century Russia. Czar Nicholas II and his future wife, Alexandra, did it, and so did Sonya's sister Tanya and her fiancé, and one of the Tolstoys' daughters and her intended, and several of the writer's fictional protagonists. But it was not a practice that couples usually followed after marriage, as the Tolstoys did. In their case, the duty of diary-reading, initially imposed by Tolstoy, became a veritable addiction for his bride. Although some years might go by when Tolstoy ceased writing his diary altogether, and was too engrossed by his work to read his wife's, the diaries remained the currency of Sonya's marriage—her way of gaining access to her husband's immensely complex psyche, and of retaining power over him. Over the years, this transgression of marital civility—this invasion of the other's innermost thoughts—grew into a pact of mutual punishment and wounding, a sadomasochistic folie à deux. However frequently and violently and publicly the Tolstoys quarrelled, their spoken words were but a lower court in relation to the higher tribunal of their written words: they resorted to their journals to record those accusations which they had not dared shout aloud. ("They're going to their rooms to write their diaries," the Tolstoy children used to say when their parents quarrelled with particular fury.)

Through the first decade and a half of their marriage, the Tolstoys' diary-fixation had no disastrous impact on their relations. Sonya's journals, in fact, often record the loving reconciliations that followed their bickering. ("Who could be happier?" she wrote in 1868. "Could any marriage be more happy and harmonious than ours?") And the years from 1865 to 1877, when Tolstoy was writing both "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina," were also the years of Sonya's greatest emotional stability. She bore nine children in the first fifteen years of their marriage (on Tolstoy's insistence, all their offspring were born on the same knobby leather divan on which he himself had come into the world), and took charge of their education, teaching them history, Russian grammar, painting, music, and French, and at mealtime correcting every mistake they made in that language. (Their father was in charge of teaching them arithmetic and Russian literature.) Although Countess Tolstoy had a considerable array of domestic helpers, not to mention an English governess, she assumed all the central responsibilities, and many of the menial details, of run-

KUBEKI ANUKEW PARKER

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ning a large household and a huge estate. This dynamo cut and sewed clothes for the entire family, made the children's toys, put on puppet shows and other entertainments for them, and did some of the family laundry herself, in the belief that no one else could do it as well. She also acted as her husband's sole copyist and editorial adviser.

Only Sonya could read Tolstoy's barely legible longhand, and she took immense pride in sitting down every night, after the last child had been tucked into bed, and copying dozens of pages of his scrawl in her neat, elegant hand. She was also her husband's principal researcher, making translations, at his request, from English and German, and translating his "On Life" into French. She still found time to read widely and play the piano, and, according to the couple's diaries, to make love to her husband almost every night during the months when she was not expecting a child—a duty that for the first few decades she relished far less than her household chores, but one that she began to appreciate in her fifties, when she was no longer afraid of getting pregnant.

Shirer tends to favor Sonya at her husband's expense, but the record shows that both Tolstoys were vile-tempered, narcissistic, moody, and extravagantly domineering; each of them would surely have lived far more serenely with a calmer, more forbearing partner. Sonya Tolstoy was no more a saint than her husband. Not supremely egotistical, as Tolstoy was, but highly egocentric, she was pathologically jealous and possessive of him, easily upset by his cold manner, by his striking inability to display emotions to those he loved. And she inevitably grew all the more insecure with the constant reading of her husband's diaries, in which he often recorded his most vengeful emotions in the full knowledge that she would see them there. ("She will remain a millstone around my neck . . . until I die," he wrote of his wife twenty-two years into their union.) Made neurotically volatile by such affronts, she had no way of realizing that their pact of mutual candor only obscured their perception of each other. Plagued by lightning changes of mood, Sonya switched from love to loathing, from laughter to tears with frightening speed, provoking storms in order to bask in the ensuing lull.

But Sonya Tolstoy's intelligence, sense of duty, and self-sacrifice were exceptional. ("For me *aimer* . . . was something closer to suffering," she once wrote.) After Tolstoy's renunciation of private property, in 1881, when he assigned her all copyrights from his writings, Sonya acted as his literary agent and publisher, producing admirable editions of his novels and stories. She also spent much time lobbying for the removal of censorship restrictions on those of his writings which had been banned: Shirer offers a telling vignette of an audience she obtained with the Czar to plead for permission to publish the savagely misogynist "Kreutzer Sonata," even though she had been deeply hurt by its use of autobiographical details of her marriage. She ceaselessly wrote to the press in her husband's defense and continued to copy out even those anticlerical articles and stories which she found most offensive to her sensibilities and religious beliefs. In the eighteen-nineties and nineteen-hundreds, she published an anthology of her own tales for children; some of her short fiction; and a collection of prose poems under the pseudonym A Tired Woman.

DESPITE the Tolstoys' almost incessant strife, which, ironically, seemed to inspire the extensive meditations on the nature and purpose of marriage which inform many of the author's greatest novels, they remained faithful throughout their marriage. (Shirer and all other Tolstoy biographers I know of agree that Sonya's infatuation with the effete musician Sergei Taneyev, though it enraged her husband and incited his first desire to leave her, was strictly platonic.) The ultimate collapse of their relations was caused by factors even more destructive than infidelity: by Tolstoy's midlife crisis, which led him to evolve a stringently ascetic form of Christian anarchism; and, eventually, by the ascendance over Tolstoy of his sinister, treacherous disciple Vladimir Chertkov, who in the last two decades of the Tolstoys' life together did all he could to alienate the spouses.

Tolstoy's spiritual crisis began shortly after the publication of "Anna Karenina," in 1877, when, approaching the age of fifty, he had become the most famous man in Russia, its wealthiest writer, and the head of a thriving family. It was at that moment that he began to question the purpose and meaning of life—a questioning that was prevalent among Russian novelists, and spawned numerous satires of the chronically tormented Slavic soul, but that particularly anguished Tolstoy. At first, he tried returning to the practices of the Orthodox Church, but within a few months he found the Church's dogma intolerable. The Christian anarchism he evolved in the following years was based on independent study of the Gospels. It opposed organized government and private property, and espoused that theory of nonviolent resistance to evil which was to form the thought of Gandhi, the most famous of Tolstoy's hundreds of thousands of disciples. During this searing process of soul-searching, which led him, in 1881, to announce that a "new" Tolstoy had been born, he became scornful—indeed, ashamed—of all his past writings; he described "Anna Karenina" to a friend as "an abomination" that "no longer exists for me," and decided to write only religious and moral tracts that would instruct men on how to better their lives and save their souls.

But during this rebirth Tolstoy became increasingly depressed and torn, for he realized that he was unable to live by his own principles. "I am guilty, I live in sin, I deserve contempt because I do not practice what I preach," he wrote to a disciple. Even though he had transferred all his property and all his copyrights to his wife and children, wore only peasant clothes, made his own shoes, and spent more and more time in his fields, helping with the sowing and harvesting of the crops, he remained the lord of an enormous estate, waited on by dozens of liveried servants. As his most brilliant recent biographer, A. N. Wilson, remarks, the patriarch of Yasnaya Polyana exemplified "what Bonhoeffer called valuing our own innocence above the happiness of others." Tolstoy's inner conflicts so tortured him that he hid all ropes on his estate, and stopped hunting with a gun, in order to lessen the temptation to suicide. Over the years, his anguish was certainly not abated by his worldwide fame, which, ironically, fed far more on his revolutionary new doctrines, and on the eccentric image wrought by his playing the peasant, than on the greatness of his fiction.

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The evolution of Tolstoy's new philosophy was bound to alienate him severely from Sonya, a devout, traditional Orthodox Christian, who was appalled by his repudiation of private property, his rejection of the Church, and his refusal to write any more "artistic" novels. Sonya, who remained strikingly attractive and elegant into her last decades, enjoyed all the material and financial rewards of being an aristocrat, and her intolerance of the lower classes maddened Tolstoy; she referred to the disciples—mostly artisans, workers, and students—who thronged to Yasnaya Polyana to pay homage to her husband as "the dark ones," because of their usually unwashed state. And she denounced her husband's renunciation of worldly goods as "purely verbal"—a hypocritical ploy to garner more publicity and become even more famous.

The Tolstoys' relations were further strained by the professed asceticism of Tolstoy's new religion. Both in his diaries and in his published writings he was denigrating the institutions of marriage and family and vilifying sexual relations, even between spouses, as "nasty and criminal lust." This caused him yet another kind of anguish. In spite of the revulsion that he always felt after the sexual act, Tolstoy continued to lust for his wife into his seventies and eighties, and he expressed his inner strife in such diary jottings as "Copulation is an abomination which can only be thought of without revulsion under the influence of sexual desire. . . . I'm writing this at a time when I'm possessed myself by sexual desire against which I can't fight." Indeed, one of the greatest embarrassments of Tolstoy's professions of sexual abstinence is that he made Sonya pregnant, for the tenth time, the very year he began to preach marital chastity. The irony was not lost on the Countess. "He would like the eyes of the world to see him on the pedestal which he tried so hard to erect for himself," she wrote in her journal. "But his diaries cast him into . . . filth . . .and that infuriates him."

But, as Shirer takes pains to show, the discords brought to Tolstoy's marriage by his conversion were minor compared with those provoked by Chertkov, who swiftly cast a hypnotic spell over the writer. Deceitful, rude, humorless, and arrogant, Chertkov was not exactly a charlatan, but something far more dangerous: a zealot with a genuine devotion to Tolstoy. His ultimate goal was to gain control over all of Tolstoy's diaries and manuscripts, which had been in Sonya's charge for decades. Within a year of his appearance at Tolstoy's home, in 1883, she saw through his tactics and began to fight back ferociously. Shrewdly assessing her stubbornness and will power, Chertkov knew that he could achieve his goal only by destroying her relationship with her husband and, in the process, undermining her sanity. He was abetted in this task by the Tolstoys' twelfth-born and youngest surviving child, Alexandra, or Sasha. She was the only one of the Tolstoys' offspring who took sides against her mother.

Chertkov worked on many fronts to replace Sonya in Tolstoy's life. In 1908, when he returned from some years of exile in England, he made his most important inroad by persuading the writer to show him his diaries. Sonya was outraged: the very soul of her marriage was at stake. However naïve and destructive the Tolstoys' exchange of diaries may seem to us today, it had been for Sonya a life-binding pact of confidence, which was now being destroyed by a humbug intruder. "[My husband's] diaries are the holy of holies of his life, and consequently of mine with him," she angrily wrote to Chertkov. And she confided to her own diary, "Chertkov . . . has taken from me all I have lived by for forty-eight years." The disciple had resurfaced at a time when Sonya had been made particularly unstable by the tragic death, at the age of seven, of her youngest and favorite child, Vanechka—a uniquely gifted boy, whom the Tolstoys had looked on as the truest recipient of his father's genius. It was also the time when Tolstoy was venting his self-hatred in increasingly vicious diatribes, in both spoken and diary form, against his wife. "She alone is poisoning the last hours, days, months of my life!" he wrote in his journal, never acknowledging that it was Chertkov, not Sonya, who was by far the stronger source of poison.

The couple's last decade was ravaged by an absurd, tragicomic tug-of-war over Tolstoy's diaries—over whatever was left of his subconscious. Tolstoy attempted to keep some secret journals, which neither Chertkov nor Sonya was allowed to see. Sonya started to follow the two men on their walks, spying on them from behind trees and with binoculars to discover what

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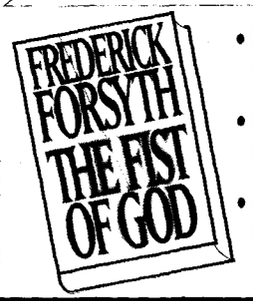

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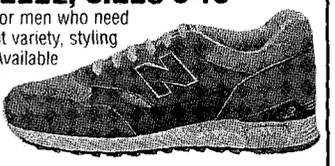
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documents they might be sharing, and snooping about the house when her husband was sleeping in order to find his diaries before they got into Chertkov's hands. Chertkov repeatedly advised his idol to leave his wife, and even persuaded Tolstoy to write a new will, which would give Chertkov control over all the writings. (After her husband's death, Sonya managed to have the will revoked.) Whenever Chertkov gained a new level of ascendancy over Tolstoy, Sonya became increasingly irrational; firing a toy pistol, for example, at portraits of Chertkov and of her daughter Sasha which hung in her husband's study. As various physicians were summoned to Yasnaya Polyana and muttered about her "critical time of life," she resorted to a variety of suicide attempts, mostly modelled on those of her husband's fictional heroines: going to the railroad station, like Anna Karenina, with the intention of throwing herself under an approaching train; running out barely clad into the woods in subzero temperatures; throwing herself into one of Yasnaya Polyana's ponds.

In 1909, Tolstoy tried to placate his wife by placing his diaries in a bank safe, but Sonya was too far gone in her hysteria to be appeased. When she started accusing her husband of having homosexual relations with his disciple—which she did publicly, at the dinner table, in the presence of many relatives and friends—the outraged Tolstoy found the situation intolerable. (And, in fact, Sonya had it all wrong: Tolstoy's attraction to Chertkov was probably all the deeper because he was *not* physically drawn to him, and was thus absolved of his perpetual guilt about his sexual lust.) By the fall of 1910, the eighty-two-year-old Tolstoy knew that the only way to retain his sanity was to leave his companion of forty-eight years, whom he still loved deeply but could not endure. He had been brooding for some time over this form of symbolic suicide. "Go away from everyone? Where to? To God, to die? . . . I wish for death," he had written two years previously. So, in the chill predawn hours of a day in late October, dressed in his peasant garb, he set off with a doctor friend (Sasha and Chertkov would join them in a few days) in search of holiness and peace. He died of pneumonia ten days later, in the railroad station of Astapovo, a tiny provincial town, many hours' journey from home, that was by then encircled by thousands of admiring strangers from all over the world. Fearing that the sight of Sonya would hasten Tolstoy's death, Sasha and Chertkov allowed her to see her husband only in his last three hours, after he had permanently lost consciousness.

ALTHOUGH eminently readable, Shirer's "Love and Hatred" is a rambling, poorly organized volume. Beyond telling us that his wife is Russian and helped him to translate some heretofore unpublished documents of the Tolstoys' last few years, Shirer offers no real explanation of his fascination with the Tolstoys' stormy union. His descriptions of Tolstoy's fiction are comically trite. His analysis of the warring parties' psyches is shallow, particularly in its slapdash characterization of Tolstoy, and his prose is slipshod and indifferent. But this is the first work in English to focus exclusively on the last decades of the Tolstoys' marriage (Shirer devotes a third of his book to the year of Tolstoy's death alone), and its closing chapters are the most powerful to date on the writer's extraordinary end.

"Two titanic struggles," Shirer says, dominated Tolstoy's life, one with himself and the other with his wife. Tolstoy, he reminds us, referred to the latter as "a struggle to the death." In a series of brief chapters on the couple's early life he rightly emphasizes the lasting trauma Sonya suffered as a result of her first reading of Tolstoy's diaries. Shirer's characterization of Chertkov, and the catastrophic impact he had on Sonya, is brutally accurate. And he astutely points out Tolstoy's remarkable lack of critical sensitivity toward the work of fellow-writers, past or present. ("There was something Jewish in his blood," Tolstoy said in explaining his extreme distaste for Dostoyevski; and he told Chekhov, "Shakespeare's plays are terrible, but yours are even worse.") Shirer also has eloquent insights into the muzhik-like uncouthness with which the supposedly ascetic Tolstoy boasted of his sexuality, shocking even his most liberal friends. ("Did you fuck a lot of whores in your youth?" he once asked Chekhov. "I was an indefatigable fucker.")

The major problem, however, with Shirer's anthologizing of Tolstoy's boorishness and sexism is that, like some of our more primitive feminist biographers, he fails to give these traits a coherent sociohistorical setting and, as a result, turns a literary giant into a pitifully two-dimensional character. Tolstoy's misogynist, guilt-ridden attitude toward sexuality was indeed extreme, but it seems merely pathological and aberrant if it is not viewed within the larger context of Russian culture. In matters of sexuality, the asceticism of the Russian Orthodox Church was never counterbalanced, as it was in Roman Catholicism, by a tradition of chivalric love, or by the liberating secular influences of a Renaissance or an Enlightenment; thus, Russian culture remained deprived of that idealization of marital sex which prevails in much of the Roman Catholic tradition. When Tolstoy looks on Sonya as the archetypal temptress, the source of his most carnal and cardinal sins, he is simply reflecting the archaism of the Orthodox clergy, which looked on the female sex, even within the institution of marriage, as the source of all spiritual danger.

Another weakness of Shirer's portrait is his failure to discuss Tolstoy's singular isolation. Tolstoy belonged to none of the major ideological streams that divided educated opinion in the Russia of his time. Although he shared the Slavophiles' romantic anti-intellectualism and their distrust of Western liberalism, he militantly spurned their belief in Church-approved Christian values and in the Russian monarchy. He agreed with the populists' rejection of private property but disdained their trust in natural science, in social and political reform, and in material progress. The aging Tolstoy was only too well aware of his solitude, both as a human being and as a thinker. He was a total loner—a man best described as, in Isaiah Berlin's words, "the most tragic of the great writers, a desperate old man, beyond human aid, wandering self-blinded at Colonus."

Nevertheless, "Love and Hatred" is worth reading just for the last thirty-five pages, which record with cinematic vividness the details of Tolstoy's flight from home and his end: the convent cells in which he tried to find peace; Sonya's relentless pursuit of her husband, and her hysterical pleas for his return ("Lyo-

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vochka . . . Return, for God's sake, for the sake of the love of God of which you speak to everyone"); the insidious Chertkov cheering him on ("I cannot express in words the joy I feel in hearing that you have gone away"); the old sage learning, to his horror, that his flight has been publicized on the front page of every Russian newspaper; the onset of his pneumonia; the last six days, spent in the cottage of a humble stationmaster. Shirer describes the crowds of journalists arriving in the tiny village from all over the world to report on the prophet's illness, sleeping in empty railroad coaches hastily provided by the government; the police reinforcements; the Pathé film crew instructed to shoot pictures of the dying man; the emissaries sent by the Holy Synod in the hope that Tolstoy would formally repent and die in the bosom of the Church. Tolstoy's death created one of the first great media circuses of the century. Shirer is able to re-create it with special eloquence because, as a distinguished journalist himself, he was only too aware of the grotesque ironies of such press events: Tolstoy, the tortured pilgrim fleeing from his home so that he could peacefully finish his meditations on the Meaning of Life, ended his days in the midst of frenzied news scavengers. In its best moments, Shirer's book is a marvellous commentary on the toll of genius: on its possessors; on the ill-fated persons called to be their helpmates; on the dreadful frailty of their marriages; and on the lucid opacity that needs to be preserved in all marital unions.

Tolstoy drew his last breath in the dawn of November 7, 1910, as Sonya whispered prayers over his body. Immediately after her husband's death, and after Chertkov's departure from her life, she regained the calm and composure of her earlier years. Until the week before her own death, on November 4, 1919, she walked daily to her husband's burial site, in the woods near their home, to pray by his grave. After the Russian Revolution, at Lenin's express wish she was allowed to remain at Yasnaya Polyana when it was turned into a government farm. In her last decade, she summed up her life in the following words: "Let indulgence be shown toward the woman who perhaps did not have the strength to carry, on her fragile shoulders . . . the burden of a high vocation, that of the wife of a genius and a great man." ♦

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KITTENS IN COMBAT

BY BRUCE McCALL

(*Excerpted from a privately published novel by a U.S. Army General.*)

"PSHAW, Penny! A pat of unsalted butter lightly daubed on the firing mechanism will unjam that silly old M-16 of yours in a jiff!" Lance Corporal Babs was checking out her makeup in the hand mirror she'd won for Best Recipe of the Month in the 3rd Infantry Division and wondering how she and Penny and the gals had ever found themselves here at the front, missing their beauty sleep, scrunched down in the dark in this icky bivouac without so much as running water. Fiddlesticks!

"Sh-h-h, gals!" It was Sergeant Trixie, the party-pooper squad leader, who actually seemed to like night patrols. Of course, with her build and her grooming, she'd only be back in the barracks without a date most nights anyway. "There's enemy snipers everywhere, and we have to flush 'em out. Corporal Shirley, Corporal Betty, you take the point—and leave those bulky handbags behind. Corporal Babs, Corporal Penny, you take the left and right flanks. O.K., ladies, let's move!!"

The girls tiptoed daintily up the darkened path winding through the creepy jungle. Babs was following Penny and thinking that if she'd just lost a little off her hips in basic training, and did something with her hair, maybe Penny would be getting letters like one from her Joe yesterday. What a dresser. What a dancer. What a . . .

KA-POW! BAMA-BAMA-BAM! Some silly goose out there was shooting off a gun!

"Jeepers creepers! Look what lugging this gosh-darn mortar has done to my nails!" It was Shirley, cradling the heavy weapon in her arms like the baby girl she was going to have as soon as this dad-blamed war was over. "Now, how do you work this thing? I'm hopeless when it comes to anything more complicated than a can opener. Why, I. . ."

Boom-boom-boom KABANGGG!!

The explosion knocked Babs' portable hair dryer right out of her hands. She darted for cover in the undergrowth as if running to a January white sale. "Ee-yew! Bugs!" She brushed her hair frantically, cursing Sergeant Trixie for making everybody rush so much that she'd forgotten her bug spray and her hair spray.

"Babs, Babs, give me a hand! I managed to get nail-polish remover all over my sidearm!" It was Winnie—Winnie the Whiner, the gals called her behind her back. Babs just couldn't understand what that cute lieutenant saw in her. She was. . .

"Eeek!" Darlene was scampering back along the trail as fast as she could with a broken heel. "I think I saw a bat! Ugh!"

Those sudden big bangs in the darkness had just ruined everybody's concentration. Now they were lost. And when it came to a sense of direction, Babs mused, they were all just hopeless. She remembered the way Duane's face would crinkle up in mock anger every time she misread the road map.

"Betty! Stop picking flowers and cover me while I try and get the sniper over there in those trees." Sergeant Trixie, looking even more unkempt than usual, was actually crawling along on her elbows and knees in the goopy mud, as if she were a man or something.

"I can't bear to look," Babs mumbled. This shooting at snipers, at a person you had never been formally introduced to—it was like dunking somebody else's date at a swimming party. What if their folks knew your folks? Babs always missed on purpose, even though she'd won the archery prize at Camp Gitchee Gumee two years running.

But that was nothing compared with this. Army-issue emery boards that wore out in no time, shopping at a PX that didn't even have an Ann Taylor, much less a Benetton. War was, Babs decided, heck. Time for a good old cry. ♦

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